

HISTORY  
OF  
THE SISTERS OF CHARITY  
OF  
LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

BY A  
MEMBER OF THE COMMUNITY.

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1898.  
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"When you see our good Sisters of Charity, give them as great a blessing as your hands and your heart can afford; it will not be more than I wish for them. When I received them, I did one of the very few good things I ever did for Kansas."—*Extract from a letter of Rt. Rev. J. B. Miede, S.J., while traveling in the year 1873, in South America, to collect means to finish the Cathedral in his Episcopal City, addressed to Rev. Albert Hejman, Scipio, Kansas.*

Nihil obstat.  
Kansas City, Kansas,  
August 15, 1898.

✠ LUDOVICUS MARIA, O.S.B.,  
Epp. Leavenworth.





## PREFACE.

When it was proposed to me by my superiors that I should write, or rather compile a history of our community, the difficulties connected with such an undertaking presented themselves also at the same time. It is true I had authentic documents, in the letters written by various members of the community, and presented as precious heir-looms, at the Mother House, to refer to, and be guided by; I had also the advantage of a personal knowledge of the principal events in the history of our community, and the honor of a long and intimate acquaintance with those who were actors in those events. Yet, with all this, the difficulties of the undertaking, as they presented themselves to my mind, were not a few. I had, in order to give a true narrative, to speak of persons yet alive—my daily associates; and of others who, though dead, had left behind them many friends who revered their memories and retained an accurate knowledge of all their deeds and words; and, I might add, of even their thoughts. I would likewise be compelled to take cognizance of the acts of those constituted in authority, as well as of others, in more humble spheres. Under such circumstances the danger of offending the judicious reader by lavishness of praise on the one hand, or of falling under the suspicion of prejudice by refusing to give merit its due on the other, were to me formidable barriers, which I feared I would not be able to surmount.

There were reasons also, though, in truth, not cogent ones, which urged me to undertake the work. The pleasure it would afford the future members of our community to read an unadorned but true history of its rise and progress; to know of the trials and tribulations its founders were called upon to undergo, appeared to me worthy of consider-

ation. The knowledge, moreover, that with the lapse of two or three more decades the narrative of what might be called an eye-witness would become an impossibility urged me to undertake the work. I have therefore endeavored to give a true history of the rise and progress of our community, have suppressed nothing that, in my judgment, ought to have been told; and, for fear of seeming partial, I confess that I may be guilty of some sins of omission by failing to give the full measure of honor where it was so justly due. Conscious of my own imperfections as an historian, I place my book in the hands of the community to which I have the honor to belong; and if it answers a good purpose for some future and abler historian than myself, I shall feel amply repaid.

*The Author.*

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## CHAPTER I.

Happy is the community that forgets not the poverty of its beginnings, the poverty that seems ever a prophecy of ultimate success. Saint Vincent of Paul, Father of the Poor, as all nations have delighted to call him, the Founder of that little congregation of Daughters of Charity which was to be the pattern of a score of sisterhoods consecrated to the succor of the poor, the sick, and the homeless—the wise man of his age was wont to pray that his daughters in Christ might be always poor, lest they should forget to be humble. Poverty, complete and entire, the poverty of the early Christians who “sold all and followed Him,” the poverty so beloved of the mystic of Assisi—this is the foundation on which is built the splendid work of the Sisters of Charity.

In the unwritten history of the Church in America—unwritten because the knowledge of its noblest deeds perished with the humble, heroic men and women who performed them—no chapter would be more inspiring than that which chronicles the rise and growth of our religious communities. It is a story of faith and courage, faith in Providence because the work was God’s own, the God of the sparrows and the field lilies; courage that nothing could shake, that faced privations and hardships such as but few pioneers have ever braved. And the elders will tell you, if you ask them how such trials could be borne, that the happiest season of their lives was that same “starving time,” as a brave Sister named it, when a dinner of bread and water was thought sumptuous, because there was no certainty that the bread might not be lacking at supper-time. This is the common history of many American communities; but for the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth the way was beset with difficulties and disappointments beyond the common. God



seemed, in His wisdom, disposed to try the infant congregation as few were ever tried before; and more than once the hearts of Mother Xavier and her devoted band must have failed them had they been of common stuff. There was truest humility in the hearts of the Sisters, and that complete abandonment of self to the will of the Most High which comes of perfect faith. "We never feared," said one of the first Leavenworth Sisters; "we were always in His hands. We felt that He would preserve us and further our work if it were in accord with His holy designs. And if not, the crash could not come too soon. Not that we ever doubted the result; in the darkest hour our mission seemed never so clear; and our prayer was that we might be made worthy of it."

And, in truth, the little company had need of dauntless hearts and steadfast souls. The first two decades of its existence were, from the human view-point, full of anything but promise. When Mother Xavier and her five associates accepted the offer of Bishop Miles, to give them charge of his orphanage, hospital, and schools, they little dreamed what the future had in store for them. But when that future had opened before them, and presented the necessity of seeking a home in a distant land, they accepted the inevitable with willing hearts, and, knowing that God's ways are not the ways of men, they submitted all to His guidance. And, in the light of later events, there can be no doubt that the force which removed them from Tennessee was an instrument of Divine Providence. At its best, the diocese of Nashville afforded but a circumscribed field for the activity of the rapidly increasing company, while the great Northwest, with its vast resources and boundless opportunities, lay as a virgin soil waiting for its toiler's hand. To the thoroughness of that work, the stately Academy and Mother House at Mount Saint Mary's, with its Novitiate filled to overflowing with zealous students of the Rule of St. Vincent, and the

admirably equipped hospitals, boarding- and day-schools, and orphanages—thirty-two in all—scattered throughout the West, bear eloquent witness. It was not an easy nor an unearned triumph, but one gained by patient effort, enduring courage, and abiding faith.

Bright as is the present, it is but the dawning of a brighter day; for the harvest calls for more and yet more laborers and the cry will not be stilled. A hundred parishes ask teachers for their schools, and scarce ten can be accommodated; but soldiers will not be wanting always to the Lord, and the future is full of promise. The time of adversity seems but yesterday; and few indeed of the professed members of the community but have felt the hunger and cold and the thousand afflictions that are the portion of the very poor. In poverty the work was begun; in poverty it has spread and increases mightily; in poverty it will ever be carried on, for the spirit of St. Vincent of Paul is here, living and potent, in the pure souls of the Sisters of Charity, the servants and the stewards of the poor and desolate. St. Vincent loved Christ's poor with an ardor not less fervent than that which moved St. Laurence to proclaim them "the treasures of the Church"; and his zeal and love still live in the hearts of his faithful children.

## CHAPTER II.

Broad as the world is the work of the Sisters of Charity. "The poor you have always with you," said Christ to His apostles; and the spirit of St. Vincent of Paul is alien to no century or clime. The loving enthusiasm that kindled the hearts of Madame Le Gras and her first associates finds its counterpart in the zeal of every religious who wears the habit of the Servants of the Poor. It is nothing wonderful that the history of the various American communities of Sisters of Charity should be little more than repetitions of the story of that happy company whose members learned the Rule from the lips of the Saint who fashioned it. They are strangely alike in their beginnings and their marvelous growth, and identical in their aims. Outwardly they are not the same, for changes and adaptations in the Rule were necessary and inevitable to fit it for the novel conditions of a foreign country. In France, where provision for the support of religious and charitable institutions is made by the government, the primary intention of St. Vincent could be scrupulously fulfilled, and his Daughters of Charity became the nurses of the sick, and took care of the aged and the fatherless.

In America, the logic of necessity compelled the Sisters to turn to teaching as the only means of livelihood at their command. The poor and the helpless, however, were not forgotten, and the academy was usually the mainstay of the hospital and the orphanage.

In a new country, too, the lack of schools for the training of the young is always more keenly felt than of asylums for the wretched, and the good done by the Sisters of Charity in directing the minds and hearts of their pupils is not the least of their glories. Christian education is the impera-

tive need of our day, when the public schools teach all but the greatest of sciences, the knowledge of God.

It will, doubtless, be many years before the Sisters can abandon so important a work as the forming of the youth of the land.

The regeneration of the world—God's world, gone so sadly astray, has been the dream and the desire of countless saints. But the world is vulnerable at only one point—the hearts of its children, and if Christ's kingdom is to be regained, it must be by youthful crusaders.

Noble is the office of comforting the afflicted, of nursing shattered bodies back to health and strength, of teaching stricken sinners how to die, but holier and higher is the shielding of His little ones from the knowledge of sin and evil. All manner of good works is the province of the Daughters of St. Vincent; they have been ever mindful of his command, "What lies to your hand, that do," and their cheerful devotion to the cause of Christian education has been visibly blessed by God.

And so it happened that the first American community of Sisters of Charity became teachers and nurses. The first decade of the present century saw its establishment. Archbishop Carroll and his zealous co-laborers experienced the greatest difficulty in finding instructors for the schools that were so necessary to the existence and growth of the Church in the United States. Appeals to Europe were fruitless; and it was not until 1808 that there came an answer to their prayers.

In that year Mother Elizabeth Seton, a woman of great piety and remarkable intellectual gifts, a widow and a convert, was called to Baltimore to preside over a newly established school. Almost from her conversion, three years before, Mother Seton, like another Madame Le Gras, had cherished the design of devoting her life wholly to the service of God. In Baltimore the way was made clear. There she

found ardent colleagues in the work which she had undertaken, earnest young women whose longings were her own; and within a twelvemonth the new community had taken form. The Rule of St. Vincent of Paul, modified in a manner to accord with the changed conditions of a missionary country, was adopted by Mother Seton and her associates; and in 1809 the first establishment of the Sisters of Charity in the United States was made at St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg, Maryland.

Of the company at St. Joseph's and its subsequent doings so much has been written that it were idle to say more. With one incident in its history we have to do—the appointment of Rev. John R. David as its second Ecclesiastical Superior. He brought to the discharge of this duty eminent qualifications. Before the fury of the Revolution drove him from France, he had been a professor in the seminaries of the Sulpitians, and his training gave him an almost intuitive knowledge of the spiritual wants of his new charges. Short as was the period of his service, it was not too brief for him to become thoroughly familiar with the daily life of the little band, and the slightest provision of their admirable Rule, knowledge which was to be of incalculable benefit to another congregation of Sisters of Charity, as yet undreamed of, who were to venerate him as their Founder.

In spite of his shattered health and extreme physical weakness, due to over-exertion on the Maryland Mission, Father David, when his intimate friend, Father Flaget, was named first Bishop of Bardstown, volunteered to accompany him into the Kentucky wilderness and take charge of his seminary, the establishment of which was the Bishop's first desire. Knowing his peculiar fitness for the office, Bishop Flaget accepted his offer joyfully, and together in the summer of 1810 the two friends set out for the scene of their future labors.

Kentucky had need of them—need of missionaries and

of teachers for her schools. Hardly less necessary to the evangelization of a country than the missionary himself, is the teacher. Bishop Flaget brought with him three students, the nucleus of his seminary, but the lack of teachers could not be so easily supplied. Daughters of Charity might have been secured in France, had not the poverty of the diocese—poverty so extreme that the Bishop after his consecration had been compelled to tarry six months in Baltimore until some kind friends made up a purse for his traveling expenses—precluded any such attempt. To the community at St. Joseph's, Father David turned for assistance, but the calls from the Baltimore diocese taxed its resources to the utmost, and the cry from beyond the mountains could not be answered; Sisters could not be spared to undertake the Kentucky Mission.

Disappointed, but not discouraged, Bishop Flaget resolved to essay the founding of a new community. It was a hazardous experiment, he well knew, to attempt to train young women to the religious state without wise and holy persons to guide and direct them. In Father David, however, he felt he had a powerful ally. Apart from his zeal and prudence, which pointed him out as the natural director of the new Sisterhood, his providential connection with the Maryland congregation had given him a clear and lofty conception of the religious life.

Father David's humility would have prompted him to refuse such a trying charge, but his zeal and his faith in God, who chooses at times the most lowly as His instrument, conquered doubt and fear, and he accepted the added burden now laid upon his shoulders.

His first care was to provide a temporary shelter for those who might offer themselves. Late in the autumn of 1812 the new Superior and his seminarians turned builders for a moment, and a roomy cabin of unhewn logs was erected in one corner of the seminary farm. The first of Decem-

her saw its expected tenants, Teresa Carico and Elizabeth Wells, in possession, and they entered at once upon their new mode of life.

This was the modest beginning of the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth, a society whose potent influence all the West was to feel and bless.

Midwinter brought a third recruit in the person of Catharine Spalding, a woman hardly less remarkable than Mother Seton herself, a natural leader, whose prudence and foresight were to be, for many years, the bulwarks of the community's existence. At Passion-tide the log-cabin sheltered six; enough, the Bishop thought, to warrant the adoption of a more regular manner of living.

On Easter Monday a provisional organization was effected, and after the election of Catharine Spalding as Mother Superior, Father David outlined a temporary code of laws for the government of the community. The Sisters were overjoyed to feel the closer bond of a common rule and submission to a common authority. With the solemn blessing of the Bishop upon their work—for he had presided at the election, and at its close had made a stirring exhortation and given them his episcopal benediction—the Sisters felt that their efforts could not be utterly fruitless.

Father David was indefatigable. His anxiety for the material welfare of his charges was quite as great as his solicitude for their spiritual advancement, and it was not long before he had provided for them, near the Church of St. Thomas, a larger and more comfortable house, the *Nazareth* from which the community takes its name. On no occasion did he spare himself; his instructions to the Sisters on the aims and ends of a religious life were supplemented by lessons in grammar, history, mathematics—all the sciences which they would be called upon to teach in the projected schools, for these had not yet been established; teachers must first be trained if their teaching was to be effective.

As missionary priest and sole master of the seminary, Father David had but little time for leisure, but every moment of it was devoted to his dear Sisters of Nazareth. Eagerly they responded to his guidance. Their progress under the circumstances that hedged them in was wonderfully rapid. Two hours daily were all that could be given to study, for from the first the Sisters were compelled to be self-supporting. The rest of the day was given up to religious exercises and to labors in the field, at the wheel, and at the loom. They were gardeners, farmers, and hewers of wood. Cloth of their weaving was almost the only wear of the settlers about St. Thomas; for a time they were the seminary tailors, and through it all they were modest, cheerful, uncomplaining, true Sisters of Charity, although their habit was anything but uniform and their vows were as yet unspoken.

It was Father David's cherished design that his community should in time adopt the rule and the habit which St. Vincent of Paul, two centuries before, had given to his beloved Daughters of Charity. Bishop Flaget, who had also seen the wonders this Order had worked in France before the Revolution, shared his admiration for it, and entered heartily into his plans to make the Nazareth community the American counterpart of the French community.

With this end in view, the provisional rule had been closely modelled upon that of St. Vincent. No opportunity was lost to foster in the hearts of the Sisters a great love for the poor and the helpless, and a zealous devotion to their interests.

As Nazareth flourished, the circle of its charity grew wider; schools, hospitals, and asylums sprang up throughout the diocese and the State, and St. Vincent's gentle gospel of love was preached in many and strange places.

The establishment in 1819 of a day-school at Bardstown, the site of Bishop Flaget's see, marked the beginning of Nazareth's missionary period.



Father David, when his duties were multiplied by his consecration as Bishop Flaget's coadjutor, did not forget his Daughters in Christ. In the forming of the Novices he had always taken an especial delight, and even after his resignation of the office of Superior, he continued his instructions to them. His interest in his pupils never flagged; to the day of his death he lost no opportunity to kindle in their young hearts the fervor that burned in his own.

Of the many whom he trained, *three* were destined, after trials and sufferings such as religious had seldom endured, to carry his teachings and ideals into the wilderness beyond the Mississippi, there to begin a work not less remarkable than Nazareth's own.

The story of Nazareth's first thirty years is but the prologue, necessary, if we would fully understand the history of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kansas.

## CHAPTER III.

Nazareth's missionary field was not always to be bounded by the Cumberland foot-hills and the broad flood of the Ohio. Until 1841, the Sisters had contented themselves with attending to the schools and charities of Kentucky. In that year, however, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Miles, of Nashville, prevailed upon them to send a colony into Tennessee, and in the autumn they opened a boarding- and day-school in a house near his Cathedral, and in a few months St. John's Hospital was established. Their labors met with immediate success. The training of the pupils who flocked to their class-room called in a short time for the services of more Sisters from the Mother House. St. John's Hospital proved to be a God-send to the city, and, handicapped though they were by poverty, they were able to relieve numerous cases of suffering and want, and soon they had endeared themselves to the sick and helpless of the place. But the Sisters were to give a still more striking proof of their love and devotion.

In 1848 the Asiatic cholera made its second appearance in America. Skill and science were powerless to combat its progress; fear and terror filled the hearts even of physicians. In Nashville it was most malignant, and scarce a family escaped its blighting touch. The rich and the well-to-do, whose clean food and airy dwellings might have protected them, fled to the country; the poor were left in their squalid tenements, without nurses, without adequate medical advice, to fight the battle out alone. To these the Sisters devoted themselves night and day. No hovel was too noisome for their visiting, no atmosphere too tainted for their breathing. Their courage and constancy won admiration and confidence; the hearts of the infidel and the ignorant

were touched by the spectacle of such heroic self-sacrifice, and the divine light of faith illumined more than one sinclouded soul.

"Comforters of the afflicted," these daughters of St. Vincent truly were. Three of the company had battled with the plague when it ravaged Kentucky in '33, and they were able to treat it intelligently, and not infrequently effecting cures. When relief was out of the question, these evangelist nurses taught their patients how to die. With infinite tenderness and patience they watched beside them in their agony, forgetting their own weariness, that they might keep a precious soul from the snares of Satan. In many cases the stricken ones were little expecting death and had made but scant provision for its approach. The lives of the Sisters were as so many inspirations, because a noble deed is more potent for good than the most powerful of sermons, and the unflinching bravery, the unquestioning devotion that marked their every act, wrought mighty changes in hearts that had long forgotten the touch of grace divine.

Through the terrible scenes of that long, stagnant summer and tardy fall the Sisters bore themselves dauntlessly, though every fiber of their beings was torn with pity for the anguish they could not alleviate. A special providence seemed to watch over them and protect them when physical weakness meant almost certain death. They sacrificed sleep and strength continually, and yet were preserved unscathed. When the plague had ceased in Nashville, the citizens returned to find the Sisters again in their classrooms, ready to take up the work of the school year.

In the East, meanwhile, a series of events was transpiring which could not but exert, sooner or later, an influence on the work in Nashville. With the growth of Mother Seton's admirable congregation at Emmittsburg, its sphere expanded until it included half a dozen States. The Church

was making mighty, onward strides, and it was inconceivable that the Maryland community could keep pace with its progress in so many dioceses. In New York, particularly, the number of Sisters put at the disposal of the Bishop was wholly inadequate to the task in hand, and more could not be sent to him, for the very sufficient reason that every Sister in the Order was already employed. Apparently the only remedy was the establishment of a Mother House in New York, which should supply the daily increasing wants of the diocese.

This course Bishop Hughes proposed to Father Deloul, the Superior General at Emmittsburg, and it met with his hearty commendation. Far from hindering the execution of the plan, Father Deloul offered to release from their vows of obedience to him such of the Sisters as chose to remain in New York. Than this act of the Superior General nothing could be more in accord with the spirit of St. Vincent of Paul, the spirit that animates and inspires every true Daughter of Charity. Into their councils selfish ambition never enters; power, except power for good, is never sought; the aggrandizement of the community at the expense of even the least of their charities is wholly foreign to their purpose. No thought of the material advantages which the Maryland community would sacrifice by surrendering the rich province of New York was allowed to bar the progress of the work.

Cheerfully, though with regret—for between the Sisters who clung to the Mother House and those who elected to remain in New York there existed the closest and dearest of friendships—the bonds that united them were severed, and the two congregations went their separate ways. The wisdom of their action became more apparent as the years went by, and Bishop Hughes' little company waxed great as that of Emmittsburg, which had suffered nothing because of its generosity.

So notable an event as the division of Mother Seton's community could not but have an influence on the destinies of other Sisterhoods. The Bishop of Cincinnati followed the example set him by Bishop Hughes, and again the Maryland Mother House acquiesced in the detachment of a part of its active force.

It was only natural that Bishop Miles should claim the privilege granted by Emmittsburg to his brother Bishops. Although he was in every way satisfied with the work of the Kentucky missionaries in Nashville, there were two or three points on which he was at variance with the authorities at Nazareth. It was his wish, among other things, that the Sisters should sing in the Cathedral choir. To this the council at Nazareth would never agree. He disapproved, also, of the frequent changes made in his staff of teachers—changes which are deemed necessary by the Superiors of all religious orders, to the maintenance of discipline—because the new instructors sent him were not always as happy in the conduct of the classes as were their predecessors.

Nazareth could not yield in matters so vital, and to the Bishop the existing order of affairs was a continual annoyance.

Moved by the success which had attended Bishop Hughes' recent experiment in New York, Bishop Miles resolved to attempt a similar undertaking in Nashville. He had much to gain and little to lose, for the rapid growth of the congregation of the Sisters of Mercy, and their eagerness to gain a foot-hold in every unoccupied diocese, put it within his power to dispense altogether with the services of the Sisters of Nazareth, if his proposals were rejected. His priests were entirely in sympathy with his plans. "It would be a great consolation," said one of them, "for the Bishop to have a community of his own, a Sisterhood which he could control without foreign interference of any sort. Who could know the wants of a diocese so well as the ordinary of that

diocese?" Certainly the project was a wise one and opportune, and it could not but be productive of much good.

Finally, in 1851, the Bishop made his desire to form a diocesan community known to the Sisters. His proposal was taken into consideration, and the result was that six of their number decided to place themselves under his jurisdiction. Their names were: Sister Xavier Ross, Sister Mary Vincent Kearney, Sister Joanna Bruner, Sister Ellen Davis, Sister Jane Francis Kennedy and Sister Baptista Kelly.

The Superiors at Nazareth were soon made acquainted with the state of affairs. They came to Nashville to investigate the matter; and, finding they had been rightly informed, the Sisters who adhered to Nazareth were sent home and the school property advertised for sale. Throughout all the negotiations the most kindly feeling was manifested. Mother Catharine only attempted to dissuade them from precipitancy. Knowing, too, the countless dangers and hardships which must confront them if they persevered in their intention, she trembled lest their courage might lead them into peril. They were her spiritual children in Christ, and their welfare was above every other consideration. The resolution of the six was unshaken. They did not underestimate the trials which they knew were in store for them. Their sorrow at the thought of giving up forever their convent home and life-long friends in Kentucky was very bitter, but this call to a new sphere of action, the field of their desire, was imperative, and could not be disobeyed.

Had Mother Catharine known how severely the courage and constancy of the little band she left behind were to be tried in the coming years, she might have made an attempt to turn them from their purpose and win them back to the Nazareth fold.

## CHAPTER IV.

Amore charming place was not to be found in Nashville than St. Mary's Academy on Vine Street, owned by the Sisters of Charity. The house had once been a private residence and had been sold at a great sacrifice. It had spacious rooms, ornamented with stucco-work of most beautiful designs; bright, wide halls; large-paned windows, from which the soft Southern sun was seldom excluded. To the house was attached a flower garden that was truly a delight to behold. Here were found sweet-scented roses of all hues and shades, cape myrtle trees, magnolias, white and yellow jessamine, white and purple lilacs, pinks—real, true *pink pinks* of forty years ago, sweet violets, calycanthus bushes, altheas, "old man," mignonette, and many other flowers, large and small, that in those days were found in the yards of homes of Tennessee. There were also tall shade-trees where brilliant-plumaged birds chose to spend the entire summer season, and all day long serenaded the appreciative Sisters. Under the shade of these trees, on rustic seats, or in the summer-house embowered in roses which stood in the center of the garden, the Sisters frequently spent their recreations—one sewing, making garments for her own wear or for that of a poor family; another would be putting in a stitch to save nine; another mending a habit for a Sister at the hospital, who had declared that if some one was not moved to take compassion on her, she would soon be like Miss Flora McFlinmsey, "with nothing to wear"; no one ever sat with idle hands, but, busy as their fingers were, from time to time their eyes would rest in ardent admiration on the many and varied beauties of this flower-scented spot. But, alas! 'tis true, "all that's bright must fade." Now these charming days are forever past—the remembrance was to be, in time,

like that of a dream; the garden was deserted, the birds had no longer the Sisters as admiring listeners, the house was left empty for awhile until new purchasers could be found, and it then passed into strange hands.

Of the eleven Sisters engaged at the Academy, eight returned to Nazareth, leaving Sister Xavier, Sister Mary Vincent, and Sister Joanna, who went to join the three Sisters who were in charge of St John's Hospital. The three Sisters who had been teachers in St. Mary's Academy found no difficulty in nursing the sick, especially Sister Joanna; she always said of herself, "The love of my life was the sick."

These six Sisters were soon joined by two from Nazareth, Sister Pauline Gibson and Sister Dorothy Villeneuve, who also wished to transfer their allegiance to Bishop Miles. They were gladly received by the Sisters at the Hospital, who were also taking care of some orphan children, who sometimes numbered as many as fifteen at a time. They, and the Sisters who took charge of them, lived in a cottage in the yard of the Hospital. The number of orphans increased rapidly, and it soon became necessary to procure a more roomy house.

Very soon after the separation of the Sisters from the Mother House, the Bishop appointed Rev. Ivo Schacht, a Belgian priest, their Ecclesiastical Superior. This Father was full of zeal and spirituality. He took the greatest pains to train the Sisters in the spirit of St. Vincent, which he seemed to understand as well as if he had made it the study of his life. Besides bestowing great care on the spiritual welfare of the little band, he endeavored to place them in a position to do more good. He purchased a large building opposite the Cathedral. Three Sisters with their orphan charges were removed to this house, the others remaining with their sick at St. John's.

The Sisters were not long without help in their arduous duties. Several pious girls in Nashville applied to be re-



ceived as Postulants, the first one being Everarda Voorvoart—now Sister Julia—a native of Holland, but whose family for some time had been living in Nashville. Six candidates came from Cincinnati. Thus recruited, the Sisters were enabled to enlarge the sphere of their usefulness. They opened a day-school in the basement of the Cathedral. In the new purchase made by Father Schacht there was a long two-story wing. This afforded ample room for the orphans. Boarding pupils were lodged and taught in the main building, now known as St. Vincent's Home. Between the front rooms and the wing there was a very large porch, which in summer was a great comfort. The property was purchased from Dr. Cheatham. His office of four nice airy rooms stood apart from the other buildings, and this was utilized for a Novitiate. There could not have been found in the city premises more suitable and well-arranged for the Sisters' use.

As soon as the schools were in running order, Father Schacht made preparations for a trip to Europe. While abroad, he did not forget the interests of the Church in Nashville, nor of the Sisters of Charity. Upon his return, he brought quantities of vestments, linen, etc., for the Cathedral, and for the Sisters he procured from the Mother House of the Daughters of Charity in Paris the "*Cours complet de meditation pour tous les Jours de l'année à l'usage des Filles de la Charité*," "*Retraits des Mois à l'usage des Filles de la Charité*" in two volumes, and the "*Formulaire de Prières à l'usage des Filles de la Charité*." These books have been of immense benefit to the community in training the Novices in the true spirit of St. Vincent, as they were composed for the sole use of the Daughters of Charity by Père Etienne, who was Superior General of the Sisters in France for upwards of forty years. They were first published in the year 1848.

The Sisters of Nashville were very poor; they owned no

property and the proceeds of their schools were scarcely sufficient to obtain for them the necessaries of life. The butchers of the city were extremely kind; they furnished *gratis* all the meat for the orphans. This was a great help. Six mornings in the week two little creatures sallied forth with their basket between them, wending their way to the market-house. They made their round of the stalls without a word. As soon as the meat-vender saw them, he understood their errand and put his portion into their basket. Of course, the Sisters had to procure a better quality of meat for their few boarders, but they themselves partook of the orphans' fare.

Early in the fall of 1853 the ladies of the congregation kindly proposed a fair. All entered into the plan with great zeal. It was held in the Odd Fellows' Hall, and was most liberally patronized by the non-Catholic ladies in the highest social circles. These had never before taken part in the like, but now came forward to assist in the orphans' fair. One lady, whose slaves were so numerous as to be in one another's way, and who kept, besides, two white girls in her service, donned a work apron and went into the kitchen to cook, and thought it an honor to do so. She also carved, and poured coffee during the supper at the hall, and another distinguished lady served the table until the close of the fair.

The proceeds far exceeded what any one expected, and dispelled the gloom which the approaching winter had cast over the Sisters. Now, the orphans could have shoes for the cold weather, raiment and bed-clothing—all they needed could be procured without incurring debts.

A short time after the events narrated, a few gentlemen, Mr. Joseph Hamilton as prompter, presented several pieces of blue merino to make uniforms for the orphans. No time was lost in preparing the dresses, and those generous young men soon had the pleasure of seeing the little girls

every Sunday in their becoming merino frocks, white aprons, and suitable hats. None of these kind gentlemen were Catholics, but a few of their number rented pews in the Catholic Church. The Sisters were soon called upon to mourn the loss of one of these generous friends, in the person of Mr. Joseph Hamilton, who with a comrade wishing to cross the Cumberland River, and unwilling to wait for the ferry-boat which was on the other side, rushed into the river intending to swim cross, but he was caught in an eddy and unfortunately drowned. His death was sincerely regretted both by the Sisters and the orphans.

It soon became necessary that the Sisters should extend their charity to the orphan *boys* as well as girls. But where would they find a place for them? They had not a room that could be spared, not even for a beginning. A friend soon came forward and provided a home. Father Schacht purchased a farm of one hundred and forty acres, three and a half miles from Nashville. The only building on it was a huge log-cabin. This was the Sisters' first dwelling-place in the country—verifying the words of St. Vincent: "No other cell than a poor cabin."

Here they gathered the little fellows around them, and soon taught them to make themselves useful in many ways, especially in making a vegetable garden, helping to clear up the place by pulling up weeds and gathering up brush. Never was there a happier lot of little boys.

In the course of a few months a neat two-story brick house was erected, due to the indefatigable zeal and energy of Father Schacht. This building was for the accommodation of the Sisters and the smaller children. The larger ones still lodged at the cabin with two men that had been hired to work the farm. But alas! what was the labor of two men and a few boys for one hundred and forty acres? The necessity was soon felt for two or three of the Sisters at a time to take their turns with the outdoor work.

On one like occasion, when three Sisters from the city school in vacation-time went to the country to lend their aid, Mike Devine remarked, "One of those Sisters looks as proud as the devil." Next morning when the "proud" one, Sister Xavier, started out bright and early, with her little boys and milk-pails, and had called the men and boys to breakfast much sooner than usual, Mike exclaimed, "But, faith, and she's the one for the work!" This man's sayings amused everyone. He was pious and at the same time very eccentric. He lost his way one night in the streets of Nashville, and as he wandered on, not knowing which way to turn, he was accosted by a beautiful lady, who, inquiring into his trouble, put him on the right way home, revealed many things—among others, the Civil War, which was afterwards to convulse the Union—gave him her blessing and disappeared. Poor Mike! he often told his story only to be laughed at. But after the Sisters had come to Kansas and had so often witnessed the war scenes with their own eyes, they frequently spoke of Mike's strange experiences. The war had not been thought of, or dreamed of at the time of Mike's revelations. He firmly believed that the beautiful lady of that night was the Blessed Virgin, whose most devout client he had ever been.

As soon as vacation had come, as many Sisters as could be spared from town hastened to the farm to offer their services as workers in the field. It was a great novelty to these Sisters, and though in a few days the novelty wore off, they persevered diligently in taking their "turns" with the Sisters at the farm, until barely sufficient time was left them to prepare for the fall term. Their only cause of serious grief during the time was that a Sister sprained her wrist in binding oats and had to be carried fainting from the field. After the advent of the town Sisters, the farming went on famously. The men plowed, harrowed, and prepared the soil, the Sisters planted the corn and other seeds, while the

little boys kept the weeds from getting ahead and cultivated the young plants in the vegetable garden. Soon all had the pleasure of seeing a flourishing crop with its promise of a bountiful harvest.

These Sister-farmers raised corn, wheat, oats, and peanuts. The wife of a neighboring farmer, a Mrs. Morgan, had given the Sisters the wherewithal to begin their peanut crop. Sister Joanna, head farmer, watched with anxiety the appearance of the peanuts. The vines soon came in view and bloomed profusely, but Sister Joanna watched in vain for the nuts. She feared the crop was to be a failure. Mrs. Morgan, who was a friendly body, came occasionally to see how her neighbor-farmers were faring. To her Sister Joanna expressed her fears that there would be no peanuts—there was not a single one to be seen on the vines. Mrs. Morgan was amused, and soon convinced Sister Joanna that she would have a plentiful crop; digging a little way into the earth, she pointed out a hill of fine, good-sized peanuts. Sister Joanna was so glad and surprised that after Mrs. Morgan's departure, she had to display the wonder to the other Sisters, in the meantime unearthing several hills of nuts. She was not aware that she was thus putting a temptation in the way of the turkeys. But so it was, for when the turkeys had begun to taste of the nuts, it was not long before they had devoured the entire crop. The Sisters had raised several turkeys, dozens of chickens, and occasionally even had eggs to sell. They had some cows, made their own butter, which was always fresh and good, for they had a cool, delightful spring-house made in the side of a hill, in which to keep their milk and butter.

When the Sisters returned from the fields at noon, they would find a plentiful meal of fried bacon with "brown gravy"—made of flour browned, into which was poured sweet milk, with a pinch of pepper and salt thrown in—there were few that did not relish Tennessee "middling" thus

prepared, corn-bread, eggs fried and boiled, fresh butter, and both sweet and butter milk. On Sundays, occasionally, they were regaled with a chicken stew.

In the fields a Sister would from time to time recite aloud the Mysteries of the Rosary, the others answering. Frequently a Sister would say, "Let us recite a decade of the Rosary for the souls in Purgatory," or, "for the conversion of sinners," or, "for those in their last agony," or, "for the grace of a happy death for ourselves, our friends, benefactors, and enemies." Then they would recite together the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Sometimes they would meditate in silence. How they did enjoy everything—"the dewy morns, the sun-steeped noons, the mellow eves"!

Even now, after the lapse of forty years, the Sisters, when speaking of those times, will exclaim, "O those *early, happy days!*" "O those *happy, early days!*" Peace and recollection reigned supreme in this small rural community, for many a one of them had learned already the holy art of building a solitude in her heart where she might live to God amidst the bustle of exterior duties—not that sometimes they were not concerned at the prospect for the future, but as the wise Chinese proverb says: "You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you *may prevent* them from stopping to build nests in your hair." The birds of sadness built no nests in the hair of these Sister-farmers; they were too constantly employed to give them the leisure to do so. The Sisters had also much to console them in the continued happiness and good health of the children. There was not much sickness at the farm; the only case was that of a little boy who died of typhoid fever.

After the town Sisters had reluctantly left the farm, and the walnuts were ripe, the boys would hitch up the horse to a wagon, go to the wood pasture, and gather basket-fuls, some of which they would carry to them for the winter. These excursions the boys enjoyed very much.

Every Saturday the Sisters and some boys that could assist went around the entire farm to examine and repair the fences. This was no slight job, for the first rails appeared to be second-hand. However, the farm was a perfect success. The town Sisters were sorry when their visits to the country were no longer a necessity, though still, in vacation time, they spent every day possible at their beloved farm, where they had passed such delightful days as are seldom known in this life.

As soon as the crop was garnered, the boys had school every day, and the Sisters were well pleased with the progress they made. Among the children were some of very bright promise; but all were docile and happy.

The first death among the Nashville Sisters was that of Sister Jane Francis, on the 18th of February 1854, and the same year, December 6th, Sister Ellen passed to her reward. These two were much missed by the young community.

The years '55 and '56 passed prosperously; the schools in town were doing well; the orphans gave satisfaction; the hospital did good daily, and the Sisters had every reason to be thankful to Divine Providence. So far all had gone well. Every thing connected with the infant community seemed to prosper and to give fair promise for the future. But alas! and alas! early in the year 1857 a cloud appeared on the horizon, small at first and not much noticed, but in a few months it increased in size and threw its shadow on the budding prospects of the hitherto thriving Nashville community. In 1856 Father Schacht, still the Ecclesiastical Superior, had begun the construction of an Academy and Mother House on a part of the farm grounds. To pay for this he had used, by permission, deposits received from members of the Nashville congregation. The building was already completed, and the Sisters, Novices, and Postulants domiciled therein—the Academy bade fair to have a full attendance, and it would not have been long before the debt on the house would have been paid, when an unexpected

event entirely changed the fortunes of the Sisters of Nashville.

A misunderstanding that had long been brewing between the Bishop and Father Schacht resulted in the latter leaving the diocese, shortly after the Sisters were domiciled in their new residence. They had not anticipated the serious consequences of this event. Father Schacht regretted the perplexed situation in which he would leave the community, but he was powerless to assist them farther, so they were left to weather the storm alone. The Sisters never blamed Father Schacht, for they knew that, under the circumstances, it would have been impossible for him to remain longer in the diocese. When the depositors learned of Father Schacht's departure, they began to clamor for their money; the Bishop would not assume the debt, so what course was left for the Sisters to pursue? Had the creditors consented to wait, the debt would in due time have been liquidated; but no, their clamors became so urgent that Mother Xavier, after consulting the Bishop, who still refused to assume the debt contracted by Father Schacht, and consulting with the Sisters, resolved to sell all they possessed in the world and pay their debts.

The Academy and farm were advertised for sale, and every article of furniture that was not absolutely necessary for their use was disposed of in order to liquidate the debt contracted on the Academy.

How mysterious are the ways of Divine Providence! Before these troubles broke out, the Sisters had not thought of leaving Tennessee, although they often felt and spoke of their circumscribed sphere in that State. They were hemmed in on all sides by older religious institutions, and could not hope to extend their usefulness beyond the limits of Tennessee. Now a more extended vista opened before their view. They might emigrate to one of the Northwestern Territories and have a wide field for their labors. The prospect was inviting.



## CHAPTER V.

Since they had renounced their allegiance to Nazareth, the oldest Sister had presided over the little Nashville community, but it was soon found that this arrangement would not be sufficient when other houses would have to be established. A council of the entire community was called, and it was unanimously resolved a Mother and other officers should be elected according to the Constitutions of St. Vincent of Paul. Accordingly Father Schacht called the Sisters together and said officers were elected—a Mother Superior, an assistant, a treasurer and procuratrix. The two Sisters presiding over the orphans and St. John's Hospital were designated by the title of Sister Servants.

Sister Xavier was elected Mother Superior. Ann Ross (Sister Xavier) was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, November 17, 1813, of Protestant parents. Her father, Richard Ross, was a Methodist preacher, and her mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Taylor, was a devout class-leader. She said one day to Ann, "I doubt if your father ever had much religion, for I have never yet heard him shout." Mother Xavier remarked, when telling this saying of her mother, "And I never felt any inclination to *shout* until after I had become a Catholic."

There were five children in the family: Joseph, Philip, Taylor, Ann, and Eunice. Ann was the pride of her father. She was a pretty, attractive girl, small, graceful in her movements, had dark hair, which she wore in natural ringlets, black, expressive eyes, and excellent teeth, which she preserved intact to the day of her death. George Eliot says the *essential attributes of a lady* are "high veracity, delicate honor in her dealings, deference to others, and refined

personal habits." These attributes Ann Ross possessed from her earliest years.

When Ann was fifteen years old, she became acquainted with a girl named Caroline Robinson, a few years older than herself, and a convert to the Catholic faith. Caroline was of a decided character, talented, prudent, and good. She afterwards became a member of the Nazareth community, only preceding Ann's entrance into the same Order by a few months.

Caroline one Sunday asked Ann to accompany her to Benediction. Ann complied with her request through a spirit of curiosity, as she had never been in a Catholic church. When they entered and she saw Caroline kneel down, she felt impelled to kneel also. No sooner had she done so than she burst into a flood of tears. Upon their departure from the church, Caroline wisely made no remark, though she could not have failed to notice her friend's emotion as Ann knelt by her side. Ann's parents, having learned of this visit to the church, were much displeased with her and requested that she should not repeat the offense, for her family were bitterly opposed to the Catholic faith, more especially her father and her brother Joseph. For a year after this visit to the Church, Ann made inquiries of every one she thought able to give her information about the Catholic belief, and read with great interest the few books on the subject that she was fortunate enough to obtain. One year after she entered the same church, also with Caroline, and the priest she had seen the previous year was the celebrant of the Holy Mass. His name was Father Mullen. After Mass, Ann told Caroline she could stand it no longer, that she had not passed a happy day for a year, she was so apprehensive that something might occur to prevent her from entering the One True Fold. She asked to be taken immediately to the priest. This was done, and Ann was introduced to Father Mullen, the first priest to

whom she had ever spoken. Father Mullen found her fairly instructed, and placed her in the hands of Sister Olympia, to be prepared for baptism.

In the course of a few weeks she was baptized, and when she informed her family of the event, they treated her as if she were no longer a daughter of the house. Her father insisted that she should eat meat on Friday—this she never did. One Sunday, when she was preparing for Mass, her brother Joseph asked her where she was going; when she told him, he became frightfully angry and excited, and assured her that she should never leave the house with his knowledge for that purpose, except over his dead body. Mother Xavier used to say that on this occasion she “saw murder in his eye.” She removed her wraps and retired to her room to say her Mass prayers. Her brother Philip was inclined to befriend her in her trials, but he stood in too great awe of his elder brother Joseph to prove himself a very valiant champion. When she decided to become a member of the Nazareth community, she had to leave home without the permission of her parents, who sternly refused to give it.

She had been at Nazareth for some months, and was already a Novice, when she was summoned to the parlor to see her father and mother, who announced to her that they had come to take her home with them, even if they had to resort to force.

When her mother first caught sight of her, in her not very becoming Novice's dress and cap, she exclaimed in tears, “O my disfigured child!” When her father discovered, on taking off her “hideous little cap,” that she no longer possessed her long black ringlets, his grief and passion broke forth in a very extravagant manner. Her mother had come provided with an entire worldly outfit, which she compelled Sister Xavier to assume. Sister Xavier consulted Bishop Flaget, who was at that time in Bards-

town, not far distant from the Convent. The Bishop told her that, as she was under age, she would be compelled to go with her parents; that, if God wanted her to return, He would provide the means for her to do so. After this decision of His Lordship, Mr. and Mrs. Ross with their recovered treasure left Nazareth as soon as possible, arrived at Louisville, and went to take the boat for Cincinnati. When they arrived at the wharf, the captain said to Mr. Ross: "Do you know that the cholera is raging along the river? Five of my passengers died on the trip from New Orleans to this place." Of course, Mr. Ross returned to the city with his family. They went to the Galt House, where they were in the habit of stopping, and were met at the entrance by a lady who had made the acquaintance of Mrs. Ross previous to her trip to Nazareth. When she saw Sister Xavier looking so grief-stricken, she said, "Dear Mrs. Ross, is it not a pity to pluck this young flower from the hand of God?" Mrs. Ross, who, in her way, loved and feared God, was deeply moved. Sister Xavier perceived the impression the speech of the lady had made upon the heart of her mother. When they were in their own room, and Mr. Ross had gone to the office to transact some business, Sister Xavier said to her mother, "How can you see me suffer so, and make no effort to render me happy?" Her mother replied, "Well, Ann, my dear child, if you can get away, you may go with my blessing." Affectionately kissing her mother, Sister Xavier left the room and hurried out of the hotel, fearing every moment to meet her father. She did not stop until she had attained the top of Jefferson Street, where the Infirmary of the Sisters of Charity was, and where Mother Catharine Spalding received her with open arms.

Her father did not again attempt to take her from Nazareth, whither she returned in a few days. Her mother wrote to her frequently and in the kindest terms. Three years after, her father wrote her a letter full of reproaches.

It also contained a lock of gray hair, with the words, "*You have done this.*" When she had last seen him, his hair was as dark as her own. She never received from him another line—he never forgave her. This was a source of exquisite suffering to poor little Sister Xavier, who loved her father most tenderly.

Sister Xavier finished her Novitiate so rudely interrupted, and in a few months after was sent to Louisville to the Orphan Asylum to teach. This work satisfied the desire of her heart and soul. Up to the last hour of her life she loved to teach the orphans. She had great *love for the orphan*. She was most cautious in mentioning the defects of the children, fearing that it might injure their future prospects in any degree, but it was only absolute necessity and duty that would cause her to mention the faults of any one. She was thus cautious in speaking of even the known faults of persons, and more than ever so if it were a priest or any one consecrated to God by the religious habit. She treated the orphans with much respect and deference, and they universally placed confidence in her, for they knew intuitively that to them she was a true sister and a person to be trusted. How she labored for their advantage! She thought she never did enough in their service. She would frequently warn the Sisters to be very careful of the feelings of the poor and the orphans.

In all her long life it was noticed that she expected not a little from those about her, and never knew what it was to be idle herself. She wanted herself and her Sisters to spend themselves for the honor and glory of God! A year before her death, she was conversing with Mother Josephine, who was at the Mother House, after a stay of some years in the West. They were speaking of some houses of the Order recently opened there. "She asked me," says Mother Josephine, "if those houses gave glory to God. I said to her, 'They must—poor children are taught, and the

sick are cared for, with or without means.' She raised her eyes to Heaven and said, 'God be praised! that is a great consolation to me. The Sisters are so good, I love them dearly!'"

In Louisville, Sister Xavier had charge of the Orphan Asylum under the title of *Sister Servant*, and she truly deserved it. They were poor, and keenly felt the effects of real poverty. In winter the Sisters did not think of having fires in their dormitories, nor in the community-room until after supper, when as many as could be spared from presiding over the children met together to spend an hour in sewing, knitting, and cheerful conversation. Sister Xavier was always the soul of these pleasant hours. Coming out of the warm class-room, in some spare moments during the day, she would go to her cold, chilly bedroom, where her writing-desk stood, and there balance her accounts and answer her correspondents. It was here she contracted the serious cold that finally resulted in total deafness. This affliction came on gradually, but by 1858 she was compelled to use an ear-trumpet.

In 1853 she was transferred to Nashville. A Sister who lived with her there says: "I knew Mother Xavier from the fall of 1854 up to August, 1890, and for all that time she was a constant source of edification to me. When I was a Postulant in the community, she would send me and an orphan child with meat and food to a poor family; I wondered at this, as we were absolutely poor ourselves, but I soon learned that she was the soul of charity for her neighbor. She often and often told us to be careful of the feelings of the poor. She was very quick-tempered, but if by speaking hastily she thought she had wounded one's feelings, she would not sleep until she had apologized in so heavenly a way that you could not help loving and admiring her. She was refined in all her actions, and would never countenance the least rough or unbecoming language. She was a

lady by word and example." This is the testimony of a Sister who had constant intercourse with Mother Xavier for thirty-six years.

Says another Sister, on hearing of her death: "Could I portray my admiration of our dear Mother Xavier, it would serve to illumine a choice page in her admirable life. In the early days of my religious life, I revered her more than I loved her, for I knew her then only as the timid child can know and appreciate.

"Time went on, her term of office as Mother Superior ended, and our dear Mother Xavier was sent to Helena, Montana, there to take charge of the Academy. I do not remember how long she remained there, but I do recall with pleasure that her next mission, in the fall of 1880, commenced at Independence, Mo., where at that time we conducted the parish school and an Academy. There, in the morning of my mission life, did I learn to know our venerable Mother.

"Like sunshine, and birds, and songs, and flowers, did she help to make each day pleasant and beautiful. In her were strikingly blended such purity of desire, rectitude of purpose, power of sympathy and love, together with the many other qualities of the true woman, that the more I knew, the more I loved her.

"If 'the merest flower that blooms may awaken thoughts that lie too deep for tears,' how difficult is it then to describe the character of one whose humanity, justice, truthfulness, honesty, honor, fidelity, courage, integrity, reverence, and piety constituted her strength and marked her true in thought, word, and deed. If we behold God in the works of Nature, how much more strikingly manifest is He in those favored souls in which His infinite bounty has placed the harmony of virtues and rectitude of will that go to make the Saint!

"What an evidence did she give in her long life that 'to serve God is to reign'!"

Another Sister writes: "I first met Mother Xavier the twenty-first of October, 1892, in St. Vincent's classroom, where we all assembled, Novices and Postulants, on Wednesday afternoon of every week, to attend the religious instruction she gave that day. Mother Xavier continued these weekly instructions until a year and a half later, when her failing health and advanced age obliged her to discontinue them. She continued, however, still to give retreats to the Postulants and Novices, preceding their reception of the holy habit and making their vows, until January 5, 1895, when she gave the last retreat to Sister Basilissa, who made her vows on the following day.

"Many times, when I had charge of the Chapel, did dear Mother Xavier call me to the sacristy to give directions about decorating the altar, for her interest in the Novices was so great that she thought she could not help them enough. On one occasion, she called my attention to the fact that I had entirely slighted the two beautiful statues of Adoring Angels on either side of the main altar; I had not given them a single flower, so completely had I been absorbed in the decoration of the main and side altars. But after this they were never neglected, and whenever I pray to my Guardian Angel, I seldom forget Mother Xavier.

"Month after month passed until May came, with all of its devotions in honor of our Blessed Lady. With it also came beautiful flowers, for never since this charming May of which I speak has the yard of Mount St. Mary's been filled with such an abundance of them. The days glided by until one evening, when placing bouquets on our Lady's altar, Mother came and asked me if I had placed there a flower for her. To my shame, I was obliged to answer, 'No, Mother;' and Mother, in her kind way, smiled and said, 'Sister, I will begin a Novena to-day and will close it on the



last day in May, and will you please put a flower on the altar each day for my intention?" This I cheerfully promised to do, and never after forgot our dear Mother Xavier when decorating the altars, especially around the Adoring Angels."

Still another Sister says: "I have been always very much edified by what I have seen and heard of our dear Mother Xavier. Many of her instructions in the Novitiate are indelibly impressed on my mind. She was a living example of all she taught us in words—namely, the practice of our Holy Rule and the edification of all around us. 'If you do not edify, you disedify,' she would say to us."

When Rev. Ignatius Panken, S.J., then in Florissant Mo., heard that a history of the Leavenworth Sisters was in contemplation, he wrote under date of September 3, 1896, as follows: "I praise your resolution to write a history of your community and the various foundations of which you are now enjoying the benefits. I regret that I cannot help you more, owing to lack of dates and details. Your older Sisters were fortunate in having had such men as Bishop Miede and Father De Smet to aid them and the clergy in Christianizing and civilizing the 'Far West.' Forget not to mention the heroic sacrifices and the trials of the first and early comers.

"With regard to the Sisters with whom I became acquainted, I must say that, though they were in the greatest financial embarrassments, I found them working hard, hopeful in God, and resigned to His holy will. This was especially the case with Mother Xavier Ross. As to herself, she was pious, humble, modest, charitable, diffident of her own opinions, and always consulting the proper persons in any important matter, whether it concerned herself or others. As a Superior, she was firm in maintaining discipline, but mild in the manner of enforcing it, also in giving corrections and reprehensions. An offer was made to the

Sisters to come to a diocese in the East and establish a school in a large and rich parish. At the same time some of the clergy were calling for Sisters to go West. Mother Xavier consulted me, as the Bishop was absent, and I, off-handed I may say, gave my opinion and said, 'It seems to me God has destined you for the West.' And thus well-to-do parishes were refused, and poor and needy ones were accepted.

"In the monthly consultations she insisted that a Sister should not give her mere 'impression'—*i. e.*, should state her opinion, or vote on any subject with a good and solid reason only. 'I think so, and this is my reason,' was her great saying; so much for her fairness and justice."

A famous writer says: "It is always good to know a noble woman, a charming human being, if only in passing; it refreshes one like flowers and woods and clear brooks; it is as good as a group of Spice islands to one—she wafts the pleasantest influences even from a distance."

Such a charming human being, such a noble woman, was Mother Xavier Ross, Foundress and first Mother of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kansas.

## CHAPTER VI.

In the fall of 1858 a Metropolitan Council was to be held in St. Louis, Mo., of which see Nashville, Tenn., and Leavenworth, Kas., were both suffragans. A friend suggested that by having some one in St. Louis to represent the Sisters of Nashville when the Bishops convened, a home might be obtained in a diocese north of St. Louis.

The Sisters had, from their first thought of leaving Tennessee, directed their attention to Kansas, believing they would find there what they now sought, ample space for their labors of charity, and eventually they hoped to be employed in evangelizing the Indians, a work for which they most ardently longed. The Sisters again conferred among themselves, and it was decided that Mother Xavier should go to St. Louis and represent their case, their hopes, and their requirements.

Mother Xavier left Nashville shortly after this decision of her Sisters. On arriving in St. Louis, she was hospitably received by the Sisters of Mercy, with whom she remained during her stay in the city. Her first step was to visit the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick and lay the whole matter before His Grace. He listened most attentively, asking only a few necessary questions. At the close of the interview, the Archbishop gave little encouragement. He knew no Bishop that would receive them. Discouraging as this was, Mother Xavier still hoped. Then it was she asked this question: "Most reverend Archbishop, if any one of the Bishops belonging to your province were willing to receive us into his diocese, would Your Grace prevent him?" "Oh no, my child," answered the Archbishop, "I would not." With this small crumb of comfort Mother Xavier took her leave.



RT. REV. J. B. MIEGE, S.J.

Learning that Rev. Father De Smet, S.J., the celebrated Indian missionary, with whom she had a reading acquaintance, was at St. Xavier's College, Mother Xavier determined at once to see and take counsel of him. Father De Smet considered her visit to St. Louis very opportune, as the Bishop of Leavenworth, who was most anxious to get a colony of Sisters, would be in St. Louis next day. The kind Father also encouraged her to believe he would be glad to receive the Sisters of Nashville, and advised her to see His Lordship before the opening of the Council, and in the meantime he would advise the Bishop of the intended visit as soon as possible after his arrival. Thus Divine Providence raised up this efficient friend at the moment of the Sisters' greatest need. Father De Smet also visited Mother Xavier at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy, and gave her much valuable advice, which the community adopted afterwards and found most salutary.

Right Rev. Bishop Miede arrived as expected, and was soon informed of the situation of the poor Sisters who were seeking a home. Mother Xavier saw, immediately on being presented to His Lordship, that he had learned all from Father De Smet, and from the benign expression of his countenance she derived great comfort, and felt immediately that her cause was won.

After a short conversation, the Bishop expressed his entire willingness to receive the community; he only waited to learn what would be *its* requirements. These were few—namely, that the Sisterhood would be allowed to carry out to the letter the Rules and Constitutions of St. Vincent of Paul, and that the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the diocese would always be their Ecclesiastical Superior.

His Lordship expressed himself well satisfied, and said it would give him much pleasure to see the Sisters in Leavenworth.

Father De Smet was highly gratified at the result of an

affair in which he had taken so great an interest. He congratulated Mother Xavier, and spoke in the highest terms of the kindness and other amiable qualities of the Bishop of Leavenworth.

Mother Xavier, before leaving St. Louis, went to ask Bishop Miege's blessing for all the community. On this occasion he urged that they should, if possible, be in Kansas by the first of November, representing the unpleasantness of traveling later in the season. The terminus of the railroad then was three miles below Jefferson City, and boats were uncertain on account of the descending ice in the upper Mississippi.

Before Mother Xavier left Nashville, the community commenced a Novena to the Queen of Heaven, promising her that if she would provide a home for them, the same Novena should be said *in æternum* in her honor, and to commemorate her mercy in their regard. So far the promise has been faithfully kept, and no evening passes without a hymn and a prayer to this gracious Queen, commencing with the words, "Incomparable Virgin, chosen by the ever Adorable Trinity from all Eternity, to be the most pure Mother of Jesus," etc. With what grateful hearts should the Sisters of Leavenworth daily recite this prayer, and beg this Incomparable Virgin still to watch over her devoted children, on whatever mission their lot may be cast!

When Mother Xavier arrived in Nashville, after a hasty visit to the Sisters in town, she hurried to the farm, where the Sisters came in a body to meet her. Her first words were, "The Blessed Virgin has heard our prayer." One may be well assured that the Novena was said that evening with streaming tears and grateful hearts.

The next step was to inform Rt. Rev. Bishop Miles of her success in procuring a *Home*. His Lordship was astonished at the rapidity with which the business had been transacted, but He who has said, "Your ways are not My

ways, and your thoughts are not My thoughts," was doing His own work.

Preparations were made immediately for the journey of the community northward. Half orphans were returned to their relatives or guardians with letters sufficiently explanative, and homes secured for several in private families for those who were entire orphans, with the exception of four girls, who, being old enough to choose for themselves, preferred to accompany the Sisters. One of them became a member of the community, one was adopted by a lady in easy circumstances, the third married well, and the fourth married an ex-governor of a State, who was a millionaire.

The preparations went steadily on, but Mother Xavier began to fear that, after the step was taken, the Sisters might regret the change and wish themselves out of Kansas, a Territory scarcely considered at that time within the pale of civilization. As the anxiety of her mind increased, she laid her thoughts on the subject before her Sisters, telling them her fears and apprehensions. Immediately they besought her to go to Kansas and see for herself. Still she objected, "I might be pleased, and you all might not be at all satisfied." "No," they exclaimed; "if you are satisfied and like the country, we will like it also."

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Farrell, old-time residents of Nashville, had been sincere friends of the Sisters, so Mother Xavier went to consult them about the expediency of her following the suggestion of the Sisters. These good friends thought it a most prudential and necessary measure, and before Mother Xavier left the house, Mrs. Farrell volunteered to accompany her to Kansas, as she was "much in need of a trip somewhere." Poor Mother Xavier was overjoyed, and in a few days she and Mrs. Farrell were on their way to Leavenworth.

The railroad in Tennessee had just been brought into operation. It was altogether a rough affair, but preferable

to the coach, by which they had to perform part of their journey. They reached St. Louis safely, and next morning, when they took their seats in beautiful, clean coaches, filled with genteel-looking travelers, it seemed like a transition from an old to a new world. Mother Xavier remarked to Mrs. Farrell that civilization appeared to be west of the Missouri instead of east. After a pleasant trip, they arrived in the evening at Jefferson City, Mo. On leaving the conveyance, the first act was to inquire for the residence of the priest, in order to obtain from His Reverence advice with regard to a hotel. The Father directed them to one conducted by clever, polite people and with quiet, orderly servants.

The old steamer *Victoria* was making her last trip north, previous to undergoing thorough repairs, and would start next morning for Leavenworth. Some of the passengers were citizens of that place; among their number were Major Hunt and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Ewing.

The *Victoria* brought her passengers safely to their destination. Our travelers lodged at the Planters' Hotel, where everything impressed them favorably. The building was new, the furniture fresh and clean, the fare excellent, and all accommodations first class. As soon as they had breakfast, Mother Xavier and Mrs. Farrell started out to see the city and visit the Bishop. As they passed through the streets several ladies came out to welcome the Sister, whom they recognized to be such by her habit. The citizens had been aware for some time of the Sisters' expected arrival. The city of Leavenworth was then, in 1858, forty years ago, more promising to a stranger than it is to-day. All then was new and stirring, and it bade fair to become rapidly a large, commercial city. The travelers were much pleased with the country, and admired above all the Western hills and glorious sunsets.

It was verging on noon before they reached the Bish-



op's residence. His Lordship was surprised, as well as pleased, to see the Sister whom he had met so short a time before in St. Louis. When she explained her reasons for visiting Kansas, His Lordship hoped she would not be so disappointed as to abandon altogether the idea of coming. Mother Xavier, told him, on the contrary, she was more than satisfied with what she had seen, and was well disposed to continue to be so.

On the arrival of Mother Xavier and Mrs. Farrell, one of the Reverend Fathers, who resided at the episcopal residence, went to obtain hospitality for them at Mr. Hickman's, the nearest Catholic family. They were most kindly received by Mr. Hickman and his estimable wife and their two dear children, Pascal and Mary, who vied with their parents in paying every attention to the strangers.

The next day the Bishop took his visitors to see the Church property, and the house he designed for the Sisters' first convent. It was located on the same block as the Bishop's house, and consisted of eight tiny bits of rooms. Back of it there was a small frame, that would serve as a kitchen and refectory. On the same enclosure stood a large frame building intended for the parish school-house. The Bishop also pointed out seven lots which he intended to give the Sisters, and whereon now stands St. John's Hospital. The Cathedral, a frame building, a near relative in size to the one destined to be the Sisters' house, was on the south side of Kickapoo Street, nearly opposite the Sisters' residence.

Mother Xavier felt that she had every reason to be thankful to the Father of all for the protecting care His Divine Providence had extended over the community. She *marveled* at the goodness of God to her and them.

In one of the priests who belonged to the Bishop's household Mother Xavier recognized an old friend, whom she had known in Louisville, Ky., some years before. This

was Rev. Father Heiman, who became a staunch friend and an energetic benefactor to the Leavenworth community. The priests were all very kind and seemed to enter into their Bishop's sentiments, in everything relative to the well-being of the Sisters.

As soon as all that was necessary had been seen and said, our travelers turned their faces southward, after a short stay—from Friday to the following Tuesday.

Mrs. Farrell was well satisfied with the future prospects of her cherished community, and Mother Xavier happy in the thought that Kansas would soon be the home of herself and all the dear Sisters. She had contemplated with pleasure the expanse of country, an extensive field in which zealous souls might labor successfully for the honor and glory of God. Her heart went out even beyond the Rocky Mountains, to the shores of the vast Pacific, as the theater of their labors. Her soul, so long a prey to harrowing anxieties, was now raised in thankfulness to God for having raised the pall which for some months had rested so heavily upon the poor Sisters of Nashville. All difficulties seemed now removed. The last words of Bishop Miege were, "Start north as soon as possible." All doubts and misgivings being at an end, the return was much more agreeable than the going.

To the Sisters at the farm the time had appeared an age, they were so anxious to learn the result of this important trip. Like the mother of Tobias, some one or other of the Sisters was daily running out, looking round about, and going into all the ways by which there seemed any hope Mother Xavier would return, that she might if possible see her coming afar off; but a Sister was not the first to see Mother Xavier returning. While the Sisters were at dinner, a troop of small orphan boys—they were served before the Sisters—were in the meadow lot, gathering walnuts; their sharp eyes discerned down the white pike in the far

distance two black habits, for Mother Xavier had brought a Sister from the city with her; whereupon, leaving their baskets for awhile, they scampered to the house, shouting as they ran, "Mother is coming! Mother is coming!" for they also knew that much depended upon this arrival, so anxiously watched. The Sisters left the table and hastened in a body to the gate to welcome her, and escorted her in great happiness to the house, for they saw at a glance, by the brightness of her countenance, that "*all was well.*"

The Sisters gathered around her, professed Sisters, Novices, and Postulants, for nearly all the community was now at the farm. She was on this occasion, as she said, "if never before in her life, the center of attraction." She begged the Sisters to allow her to take a little necessary repose, and said that if they would have an early supper, she would after it recount her adventures.

To this proposal all assented and the usual routine of community life was resumed until the time appointed by Mother to fulfill her promise; this she did, telling them first the events of her trip Westward and her reception at the Bishop's palace; then she described the palace, not nearly so comfortable a dwelling as their house on the farm; of her continued and increasing respect and reverence for the amiable Bishop, who, under the Providence of God, was so soon to be their Ecclesiastical Superior; and of her happy meeting with her old friend, Father Heiman, and of the kindness of the clergy whom she had met in Kansas, and indeed of the favorable reception she had met from all with whom she became acquainted.

The Sisters asked her, "What of the country?" This she described in nearly the identical words of Jaramillo, one of the chroniclers of the expedition of Coronado, when, in 1540, they were in search of Cibola, the fair province with its seven gorgeous cities. These they never found, for they existed only in fancy; but on this journey Coronado and his

venturesome cavaliers marched over the plains and through the valleys of Kansas, and Jaramillo had said of this portion of his trip: "It is not a region of mountains; there are only some hills, some plains, and some streams of very fine water. It satisfied me completely. I presume that it is very fertile and favorable for the cultivation of all kinds of fruit."

When Mother Xavier told the Sisters that the name *Kansas* is derived from the name of the dominant tribe of Indians found in this region of country when first visited by the Spaniards, and that the word "Kansas" is said to signify in the language of the Kansas tribe, *smoky*—the Sisters interposed, saying then that the atmosphere was not clear and they did not understand why she was so pleased with the country. Mother Xavier assured them that the atmosphere was delightful, and that she had heard from those who had been some time in the Territory that the air had less humidity than in the Eastern States, and that there were more sunny days. Then the Sisters concluded that the term *Kansas* had been applied to the country from the smoke proceeding from the numerous wigwams that dotted the plains and hill-tops.

When asked about the style of houses she had seen, Mother Xavier said she found as well built and as luxuriously furnished houses there as she had ever seen in Nashville, but, of course, these were exceptional cases, as the Territory was still so young. But that everything *essential* to the wants of man is to be found in Kansas; limestone and sandstone for building purposes, and that coal enough to last for centuries is to be had in nearly every part of the country, that salt is found in abundance; and Mother Xavier added that there was no danger of starvation, as there were such herds of buffalo on the plains—and immediately all were anxious to know if she had seen any; Mother regretted that she had not seen a live one, but had seen



MOTHER XAVIER.

many of their *hides*, or *robes*, as they were called, and had eaten the tongue, which was very palatable food. She had heard some of her fellow-travelers say that a live buffalo is a very formidable-looking animal, some of them being five feet eight inches at the shoulders, and over ten feet from nose to tip of tail, and many weighed over 1600 pounds. In the summer it is a very ugly animal, but about October it rids itself of a coat of mud which it has worn for two months, and its hair is much to be admired, as it then comes out with a full suit of beautiful brown or black, which thickens as winter approaches and is a protection from the cold.

She also told them that the plains of Kansas at an early date gave pasture to buffalo and other herbivorous animals more numerous than the domestic flocks and herds of any people who had ever lived on the earth, so luxuriant and nutritious were the grasses of the country.

A Sister asked her if there were any trees—she feared not many if it were such a fine grazing country. Mother Xavier told her that there were numbers of trees to be found, especially along the river-bottoms, of the same species they were accustomed to see in Kentucky and Tennessee, such as the sycamore, willow, walnut, locust, box-elder, ash, flowering dogwood, mulberry, elm, papaw, sumac, haw, red-bud, crabapple, persimmon, wild cherry, plum, oaks of various kinds, maples, cottonwood, linden, and many others. The Sister then remarked that she would not feel so much that she was in a strange land surrounded by these reminders of her native home.

Mother Xavier said she perceived not much difference between Tennessee and Kansas; of course, her stay had been brief, but she had talked with many intelligent persons and gained all the information possible about the young Territory. She knew the climate in winter was much more severe, and the winds brisker, but that she was convinced they had every reason to believe that by going to Kansas

each Sister could say truly to herself: "The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places."

The young Sisters sat by waiting, if possible, to get in a word "edgewise" to ask Mother "if she saw any Indians," for the words *Indian*, *missionary*, *Far West*, *wigwam*, *squaw*, *pappoose*, *tomahawk*, *stake*, *scalp*, and the like, had great attractions for them—they were full of fervor, and were ready to follow in the footsteps of the glorious missionaries whose blood had been shed by these Red Men of the forest; *at least* they fancied they were.

Mother told them she had seen some, but that they were very harmless-looking beings—no war-paint, no feathers, no war-whoops. But perchance, if these fervent young Sisters would have patience, they yet might in the distant future have the gratification of seeing a warrior in festive attire, and more than that, they might yet have the pleasure of being tomahawked and scalped by him. This reply caused the Sisters to laugh merrily—at such an *enticing prospect*.

Mother continued to talk of the Indians; told them that the first settlers in the plains and valleys of Kansas are supposed to have been the four Indian tribes: the Pawnees, Osages, Kansas, and Paducas. The Kansas were fewer in number but were braver and nobler. They belonged to the great Dacotah family, so much dreaded by the more easterly tribes. They were faithful friends and were kind to the sick and disabled, but when these brave Kansans became acquainted with the whites, they gradually became more and more indolent, and, as a usual result, in a short time their old-time glory had departed, and there were now only a few remnants of the powerful nation from which the flourishing Territory had received its name. As late as 1854 there was not a large town in Kansas, but the Shawnees, Delawares, Pottawatomies, Wyandottes, Kickapoos, Ottawas, Chippewas, Sacs and Foxes, Peorias, Kaskaskias,

Weas, the Kaws or Kansas, all had tracts of land which had been ceded them under various treaties with the general government. The enterprising blue-eyed Saxon race envied the Red Man the possession of this fertile Territory, and in a few years had taken possession of it, little caring what became of the poor Indian.

There were few Indians in Kansas at the time Mother Xavier made her trip in 1858. Kansas was beginning to be thickly settled by the whites. Between 1849 and 1850 it was estimated that as many as ninety thousand persons passed through Eastern Kansas, on their way to the *Far West*; "These were traders going to Santa Fé, the Mormons to Deseret, the emigrants to Oregon, the gold-seekers to California, the soldiers of General Kearney to the Mexican frontier—all began their toilsome journeys across the grassy plains and along the limpid streams and rivers of Kansas."

Sister Mary Vincent now inquired as to the *financial* outlook for the Sisters in Kansas. Mother Xavier replied with a bright smile, quoting the words of a holy woman, "'A wise man needs but little, and a Saint still less'—so let each and all of us be *Saints* and our wants will be few."

It was now near prayer-time, and the bell-ringer asked Mother Xavier to allow the Sisters to remain up an hour longer than usual, but this request Mother would not grant, saying it would not be just to deprive the Sisters of their needed rest, and that in place of the extra time the Sister had requested, she would give recreation for the morrow, when they could ask questions concerning their future new home, at their "own sweet will."



## CHAPTER VII.

When Rt. Rev. Bishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, heard of the intended departure of the Nashville Sisters for Kansas—for the event caused no little stir—he wrote to Bishop Miles requesting him to see that the members of the community who had joined from his diocese should, if they wished, return, and he would secure their admission into the Convent of the Sisters of Charity in his episcopal city. Three returned; seven remained.

It was now the beginning of October, and every exertion was made to have the first company of Sisters start for Leavenworth by the first of the ensuing month; accordingly on November 1, 1858, five Sisters, Sister Mary Vincent Kearney, Sister Mary Joseph Taylor, Sister Aloysia O'Brien, Sister Regina McGrain; one Novice, Sister Placida Cassidy; two Postulants, Annie Carney and Ellen McCormick; and one orphan girl, Rosa V. Kelly, left Nashville for Kansas. They traveled by rail as far as Elizabethtown, Ky., where they were transferred to coaches; their luggage consisted of such a number and variety of trunks, packages, bundles, and baskets, that the driver became furious and began cursing at a fearful rate, to the great dismay of the Sisters, one of whom came near being crushed by a falling trunk; but the little band had a powerful champion in Mr. James Farrell, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Farrell, of Nashville, who was going to Kansas to see the country with a view to entering into business there if he liked it—he caught the trunk in its descent, thus averting the threatened danger. He also rebuked the driver and others for their profanity. As for the Sisters, they could not say Rosaries sufficient to repair the insults offered our Divine

Lord by those impious men, and many tears were mingled with their prayers.

In a few hours, a narrow but deep stream of water presented itself, and on the further side a precipitous bank. It was considered impossible to cross with both passengers and baggage. All the passengers left the coach and crossed the water on a plank. Every one felt a great risk had been encountered and drew a fervent breath of relief when the opposite side had been reached. After ascending the bank, all gladly reentered the coach, and at 6 p. m. arrived in Louisville, Ky.

As the Sisters entered the hall of the Galt House, a small boy—and where is it that the “small boy” is not?—who was standing at the entrance, called out in a loud voice to a lady standing by him, “O mamma! mamma! see the beggars!” Each of the voyagers was laden with two or three baskets, bundles, handboxes, and packages, such as we see even nowadays, when the Sisters of a younger generation are sent on a mission. It seems to be a community failing.

After a refreshing repast, our party took the train for St. Louis, were in time for connection, and went straight on to the terminus of the Missouri Pacific Railroad; there they were detained only a short time. A steamer was freighted and waiting for the train passengers to join those already aboard. At 5 p. m. the warning bell was rung, and soon the boat left the wharf. During two or three days all went well, but after that the increasing quantity of floating ice and adverse winds compelled them to stop frequently at the southern point of the sand-bars, where the water was generally shallow. Contending against these obstacles, the progress of the boat was necessarily slow, so that it was late in the evening of the eighth day when the steamer reached Leavenworth, November 11th.

As Mother Xavier had done, the party stopped for the

night at the Planters' Hotel, and early next morning sought the Bishop's residence. His Lordship was, at the moment of the Sisters' arrival, celebrating Holy Mass at the Cathedral. This did not prevent their being most cordially received. Rev. James H. Defouri greeted them like old friends. He invited them into the parlor, which was bare and cold, but in the room was an old-fashioned tin stove, and by it were lying kindling and paper; Father Defouri went down on his knees by the stove, struck a match, and had a cheerful warmth in a few minutes.

He made the Sisters gather round the stove whilst he went to have the Bishop's housekeeper prepare their breakfast. This was served in the Bishop's dining-room. There they found a most inviting meal placed before them on a snowy-white table-cloth. During Father Defouri's temporary absence from the room, Sister Mary Vincent, the eldest of the party, remarked on the whiteness of the table-cloth, and warned them all to be very careful not to soil it in the least. Father Defouri and the housekeeper came in to serve the Sisters. The good Father poured the coffee, and as soon as he had filled a cup for Sister Placida, she spilled it all over the snowy cloth. She was the most timid of the little band—her embarrassment may easily be imagined. Father Defouri came to her rescue and the damage was repaired as well as could be done under the circumstances.

Whilst they were at the table, His Lordship came into the room, but would not allow them to rise until they had finished their breakfast. He welcomed them in the most hospitable manner.

At nine o'clock they were conducted to the convent already mentioned; the house was entirely devoid of furniture, and looked dismal enough. They were taken into what was to be the community-room, where there were a few smoldering logs in the fire-place, and the only occupant of the room, as yet, was a little cat sitting gazing into the

dying embers, which at their entrance looked lazily around to see who was disturbing its dozing day-dreams, but, upon further scrutiny, seemed to be well satisfied with the supposed intruders, for it began purring around them as if to give them a welcome, and for the future was a most devoted adherent of the Sisters of Leavenworth.

Their baggage and furniture arrived the same day. The furniture consisted of two pianos, bedding, tableware, a little round table with one leg and a marble top which invariably fell off when moving it unless "handled with care," some chairs, two guitars, fourteen pictures representing events in the life of St. Vincent of Paul, and a small plaster image of the Blessed Virgin, dear to the hearts of the Sisters, for before it their successful Novena had been made; this now stands in the community-room at the Mother House.

As soon as the baggage and furniture had come, the latter was arranged in the rooms; appearances were less gloomy, and the work of unpacking kept hands and thoughts busy, which was a blessing for all just then.

In the meantime provisions were sent in by the ladies, and before night the Sisters were feeling quite cheerful.

Notwithstanding the kindness of the clergy and the people, the Sisters necessarily had much to suffer, but their confidence in God was great, and they knew well that hardships are to be encountered in all beginnings. Rev. Father Heiman was a zealous and efficient friend; through his influence wood and flour were furnished to the little community during its first winter in Kansas—indeed, scarce a week passed that did not bring from him some useful present, either in furniture or groceries.

The second party, that left Nashville the first of December, consisted of five Sisters: Sister Julia Voorvoart, Sister Vincentia Kelly, Sister Gertrude Ryan, Sister Ann Davis, Sister Rosalia Chagnon; and three orphan girls: Kitty

Moran, Mary Johnson, and Mary Killelay. They traveled by railroad to Louisville and from there to St. Louis by boat, where they took passage on a north-bound steamer, notwithstanding the great quantity of ice floating in the river. The steamer had great difficulty in ascending on account of the ice. At Blue Mills the captain decided to go no further, as they found it impossible to stem the heavy masses of floating ice, which threatened to engulf the boat. The poor Sisters and their baggage were put off into another boat already ice-bound. A few families shared the same fate. The rest of the passengers returned with the steamer. The Sisters and their fellow-travelers remained on the stationary boat from noon until next morning, when they crossed the Missouri in small boats, in order to reach wagons on the west side of the river. These wagons were prepared to transport to Leavenworth travelers thus situated. The roads were almost impassable, but at noon on the second day all arrived safely in Leavenworth, much fatigued and sore from joltings over the mud-holes. The reunion with their companions, who were anxiously expecting them, was, as may be fancied, a joyful one. They found the first arrivals well and happy.

Mother Xavier and Sister Joanna were all of the community now left in Nashville. They remained to attend to some business affairs and procure suitable homes for a few orphans still unprovided for. They were detained nearly four months, and were all that time the welcome guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Farrell, and from the first hour of their stay until the last the smiles that welcomed them were always the same. Mr. Farrell's purse was ever open to them, and upon two or three occasions they were obliged to draw pretty heavily upon his bounty. When the graveyard was removed to another location after the Sisters' departure, Mr. and Mrs. Farrell had the bodies of Sister Jane Francis and Sister Ellen disinterred and placed in their own private

burial-ground. The community considers these two noble friends as their best benefactors. Death has claimed them long since, but never will they be forgotten by the Sisters of Leavenworth, and as long as the community exists will fervent prayers ascend for the repose of their dear souls. "*Requiescant in pace; et lux perpetua luceat eis.*"

The last of January, 1859, their business being so arranged as no longer to require their presence, Mother Xavier and Sister Joanna made preparations for their journey to Kansas. When the moment of their departure arrived, many of their old friends, who had assembled to say good-bye to the last of the Sisters, wept bitterly at the idea of their leaving to return no more. One lady could not restrain her feelings; she threw herself upon the floor beside Mother Xavier and sobbed as if her heart would break. Dear Mrs. Buddeke! She was always a true friend to the little community.

The steamer was advertised to leave at 4 p. m. At 3:30 the Sisters must say farewell to their long-trying benefactors, Mr. and Mrs. Farrell; mutual tears were shed amid silent adieus. Mrs. Flowers, Mrs. Buddeke, and Mrs. Farrell went with the Sisters to the boat. These kind friends remained until the last moment, then bade them a sad farewell. The Sisters took with them a parting testimonial from the citizens of Nashville, a solid silver pitcher, two cups, and a salver. On the pitcher is this inscription:

"A token of  
Esteem and Gratitude  
respectfully inscribed to  
the Sisters of Charity  
by the Citizens of Nashville  
December 4th, 1858."

This pitcher and salver stand now in the Chaplain's dining-room at the Mother House. One of the cups Mother Xavier gave as a Christmas present to Bishop Miege when the community had nothing else worthy of his acceptance. On each cup was engraved "Sisters of Charity."

The Sisters stopped for a few days in St. Louis. In the meantime there were rumors of no more steamers going north until the river was entirely clear of ice. This was very discouraging news for the Sisters. However, there came a few days of very moderate, open weather, and, to their great joy, an advertisement appeared, announcing that the *Ella* would leave port next day for Leavenworth. They found the *Ella* a very clean and apparently new steamer. The officers were gentlemanly, the servants polite—everything bade fair for a pleasant voyage, but alas! what so fickle as the weather? It soon changed its mood; sheets of floating ice became larger and larger every hour, so that the progress of the boat was greatly impeded and frequently stopped altogether for a short time, until finally she was obliged to remain stationary a few miles below Jefferson City, and all on board soon discovered that the vessel was ice-bound. Most of the passengers went up to the city to secure board and lodging in the hotels, and about 2 o'clock p. m. a *board-bill* was posted in the *Ella*. The poor Sisters saw at once that they too must leave the boat, to get hospitality from some Catholic family in Jefferson City. The captain saw them reading the board-bill, and immediately stepped up, saying: "Sisters, that is not for you; as long as the weather may keep us here, *you* will have no board to pay." This was a great relief—they thanked the kind gentleman, and told him frankly that their anxiety was caused by lack of funds, and that they had felt themselves compelled to leave the *Ella*, until his gracious words reassured them. Only a few families remained on board until the ice relaxed its grasp, which was just *eleven days*. During this time no travelers ever received more attention or better fare than the Sisters. Besides the three meals daily, the waiters brought a bountiful luncheon into the ladies' cabin every evening. At last the ice, instead of presenting a solid surface, began to split, and then to move. These appearances were hailed with joy

by the inmates of the *Ells*. Soon great masses of ice swept slowly by, and, as has been already said, after a detention of eleven days, the steamer was once more at liberty, and seemed like a thing of life, as she moved proudly from the shore. With her small number of passengers, the boat was soon at the wharf of Missouri's capital, where was presented a scene of great bustle and activity; more freight and more passengers were entering, and those who had left the ice-bound boat now gladly returned to her pleasant accommodations. The citizens cheered as the steamer moved off, wishing it and its inmates a happy voyage. There was still considerable ice in the river, but not enough to prevent the progress of the boat, and after a few days' prosperous run, she arrived safely at Leavenworth, February 26, 1859. It was a bright sunshiny day, cold, clear, and bracing. They had no sooner landed at the wharf than they were greeted by the orphan girls who had accompanied the Sisters to Kansas—Rosa Kelly, Kittie Moran, and Mary Johnson. The girls were radiant with delight at the sight of the Sisters who had been so long expected, and whose advent had been so ardently longed for. The happiness of the Sisters at being once more all reunited cannot be expressed. They greeted each other with mingled smiles and tears, while their grateful hearts were lifted up to God in unfeigned thankfulness.

Recreation was given at the dinner-table, and indeed it was high carnival for several days. No one could keep silence, their hearts were too full of joy; but the carnival was kept mostly in words, for the larder was as yet rather bare. Sister Gertrude, who was then Procuratrix, ventured, on the arrival of the last Sisters, to give Brother John, a Jesuit Brother, who sometimes did the marketing for her, an extra ten cents for meat; when he remarked, "Sister Gertrude must be going to give a feast to-day."



That afternoon, Bishop Miede, accompanied by Father Heiman and Father Defouri, came to welcome the last arrivals, and on the morrow came Father Casimir, a Benedictine, who was at that time, and continued to be until his lamented death, the honored confessor of the little community.

Sister Joanna says the day after they arrived a little old woman came to see them, to air her grievances, complaining of some one to whom she had loaned money, that he "paid it back in *drips* and *drabs* and it neither went here nor there."

The Catholic children welcomed the Sisters by an entertainment, consisting of addresses, dialogues, and songs. The children were dressed in their gayest holiday attire and everywhere reigned an air of happiness.

One song sung on this occasion particularly pleased Sister Joanna, and she has repeated some of the words that she had not forgotten in forty years:

"It was a cold and starry evening,  
Moonlight shone in silver lines,  
Airy voices sad were grieving  
In the dark and haunted pines.  
Pale a mother watched her dearest,  
Wept she o'er her darling boy.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
O, mother, hearest thou those sounds of joy?"

\* \* \* \* \*  
Forth a lovely image flew,  
She was dressed in snow-white brightness.  
As she caught my startled view,  
She took my hand in her cold fingers  
And laid her head upon my heart.  
O, how that cold touch lingers!  
Will it never more depart?"

O, how docile and affectionate were the children in those days! How thankful the Catholic parents to have Catholic schools for their children! The Catholic congrega-

tion was full of fervor and zeal for all that pertained to their holy religion. It was a most edifying sight to see the faithful on Sunday morning, flocking to the different Masses at the poor little frame Cathedral. Truly, everything in Leavenworth seemed full of fervor and promise to the Sisters just arrived from the South.

## CHAPTER VIII.

The Convent began in a short time to assume a more comfortable and religious aspect. The Sisters soon commenced teaching in two small frame buildings. The girls were taught in the one on Kickapoo Street opposite the Convent; the boys' school-house was on Kiowa, north of the Bishop's residence. The great need of a boarding-school became more apparent every day. The Rt. Rev. Bishop was so urgent on the subject, that he suggested to the Sisters that they rent a house and begin the good work as soon as possible. Several houses were examined with the intention of renting one of them; after eight or ten days of walking, talking, and consulting on the matter, the pretty cottage with an attic on the corner of Sixth and Kickapoo was secured. At that time the house was new and quite attractive. In it the Sisters opened their first school for boarders in the spring of 1860. They soon had as many pupils as the building would accommodate, and his Lordship saw the necessity of a house large enough to afford room for all who might apply. This led to the erection of the first St. Mary's Academy on Kickapoo. When the Sisters were discussing the ways and means for this large building, Bishop Miege, upon reflection, told them that he knew a man who had control of a little money, sufficient to put up such a building as they contemplated, and would either put it up and rent it to them, or loan them the money for a term without interest. They preferred that the man would build and they would rent from him—"the man" was Bishop Miege himself. The building was put up, and the Sisters rented it at fifty dollars a month. The house was begun in the year 1860 and was soon ready for occupancy. The day the Sisters took possession of their fine new

Academy was a happy one for them and the citizens of Leavenworth, for, although not so large or imposing as teaching institutions of the present day, it was then sufficient for its purpose, and an ornament to the city. It was soon filled with young girls from nearly every city in Kansas, some from Missouri, Colorado, New Mexico, Wyoming, and Utah. In a word, St. Mary's Academy, Leavenworth, in a few years became a very popular boarding-school.

The Sisters of Charity not being incorporated at that time, the graduating honors consisted of a beautiful floral crown and gold medal for superior merit. All who received the highest honors of the school were required then, as now, to go through the entire academic course of studies.

The Morris High School had from its first opening a large attendance, and many Catholic children were among the number. In order that there might be no excuse for parents to send their children there instead of to the parochial school, the Sisters formed a select class, and the children composing it were admitted to the boarders' class. This arrangement gave great satisfaction, and it was continued as long as St. Mary's remained in the city. But, as time advanced and new members were received into the Sisterhood, and a greater number of pupils made application to enter the boarding department, the want of a still larger building was felt more and more every day.

Shortly after their settlement in Leavenworth, Rt. Rev. Bishop Miede conferred an everlasting blessing upon the community by establishing a Novitiate on a firm ecclesiastical basis. The Rules he gave became more and more consolidated each year, and time only proves their wisdom.

During six months after entering, each candidate continued to wear the secular dress, with the exception of a brown veil worn over the head in the chapel, etc. At the expiration of this time, if there was mutual satisfaction—that is, if the community was satisfied with the candidate, and

she with the community—she was invested in the holy habit of the Sisters of Charity and received with it the name by which she would be known in the Order. She had still eighteen months' probation before profession, the whole period of noviceship being two years, thus allowing each one time to know her own mind fully. There have been some changes since that time; the term of noviceship has been extended; it is now two years and six months—that is, the candidate wears the secular dress for six months, and after receiving the habit remains in the Novitiate for two years.

At first candidates came in slowly. The first were from Leavenworth and vicinity; others followed from different parts of Kansas. During the second and third years of their location in Leavenworth, Rev. Father Driscoll, S.J., of Cincinnati, Ohio, began to patronize their little community by sending them as many good pious girls as their small house could accommodate. The Sisterhood can never be sufficiently thankful to that kind, zealous Father, and to the other Fathers of the Society of Jesus, for the interest they took in sending Postulants to Leavenworth; also Brother De Meyer, S.J., was most zealous in this good work. When that good Brother saw a pious girl praying alone in St. Xavier's Church, in Cincinnati, he would go to the pew and ask if she did not "want to be a Sister." In this way several vocations were secured for Kansas.

The Novices attend all religious exercises in the Convent Chapel, and receive instructions regularly from the reverend Chaplain. They also have instructions from the Mistress of Novices, on the Rules, every week, and study and recite Catechism once a week. All make a short retreat before receiving the holy habit, and one before making their profession. No pains are spared to ground them well in the knowledge of their duties and the spirit of their state.

What a blessed lot is that of a fervent Sister of Charity! How conscientiously should she strive to prepare herself to

discharge the duties of her high and holy vocation! Her employments are but a continuation of those of our Divine Lord Himself whilst He was upon earth. What a consolation to serve the King of heaven and earth in the manner most agreeable and acceptable to His Sacred Heart!

## CHAPTER IX.

*"Ad astra per aspera,"* "To the stars through difficulties," was the legend adopted for the Great Seal of Kansas in 1861, when it was admitted into the Union as a State. No one at all conversant with the history of its struggle for admission can question the appropriateness of the device.

The struggle which separated the Northern and Southern States in the sad Civil War was hastened on by events that occurred in the young Territory of Kansas, and "the sweet assuring smile of peace fell over the land for the first time in her existence when the war ended."

The summer and fall of 1854 witnessed the settlement of Kansas as a Territory. In Congress there had been angry and bitter debates as to whether this new, promising Territory, when admitted into the Union, should have slave labor or not. The pro-slavery party were anxious to secure the State for slavery; the anti-slavery for freedom.

Hon. William H. Seward, of New York, said in the United States Senate in 1854: "Come on, then, gentlemen of the slave States; since there is no escaping your challenge, I accept it in behalf of freedom. We will engage in competition for the virgin soil of Kansas, and God give the victory to the side that is stronger in numbers as it is in right!"

The gentlemen of the slave States, as invited, did "come on"; the first movement came from the slave-holders of Missouri, who crossed the Missouri River and took up lands in the new Territory. The Free-State papers thus chronicled the event: "The Missourians poured over the border in thousands, with bowie-knives in their boots, their belts bristling with revolvers, their guns upon their shoulders, and three gallons of whisky per vote in their wagons."

Next the New England Aid Society, of Boston, sent out

a body of armed emigrants, and this body was followed by immigrants from the different Eastern and Northern States. A Congregational clergyman was put in charge of a party from Maine. He afterwards wrote to a friend: "If you have any lingering doubts of the doctrine of *total depravity*, you should organize another party of Maine lumbermen, and pilot them to Kansas." The poor good preacher washed his hands of such employment for the future.

The Free-State settlers had their headquarters at Lawrence and Topeka; the Slave-State at Leavenworth and Leecompton. Each party tried its best to overcome the other. Elections were constantly contested. A man from Missouri being asked if he thought he had a right to vote in Kansas, replied: "As much as a man from Massachusetts—why not?"

In the Northern and Eastern States the papers frequently had advertisements with such headings as "Ho for Kansas!" Sometimes the papers were full of accounts of the woeful state of the Territory, and petitions that more assistance be sent to the Free-State men.

James H. Lane, in opening a Free-State meeting in 1855, said: "Mr. President, if I believed a prayer from me would do any good, it would be that you might be imbued with the wisdom of Solomon, the caution of Washington, and the justice of Franklin;" and indeed, from the history of that time it is clearly seen that these virtues combined would have scarcely sufficed to have piloted the statesmen of those times. This same James H. Lane was, as he said in an address in Chicago, "sent by the people of Kansas to plead their cause before the people of the North." This was in 1863, after the frightful massacre of Lawrence on August 21st, as he told his audience "he came fresh from the smoking ruins" of that unfortunate city. It is said that hundreds of young men, made "Kansas crazy" by the force of his oratory, followed him on his return to the Territory.



Henry Ward Beecher advocated "sending Sharp's rifles instead of Bibles to Kansas, and pledged his Brooklyn parish to furnish a definite number."

During these exciting times there was "a famine in the land." In the year 1859 dry weather began in June, and from that time until November, 1860, no rain fell to wet the earth at any time over two inches in depth. Thirty thousand settlers left the Territory, long lines of wagons or "prairie schooners" were to be seen daily returning to their former homes, bearing ill reports of the young Territory.

In the midst of all these vicissitudes of time and fortune, how were the Sisters of Leavenworth faring? One morning in April, 1861, Sister Bernardine, teacher of the boys' school on Kickapoo Street, gave recess as usual at ten o'clock. Upon conducting the children to the play-ground, she was aware that something unusual was happening in the city, a great tumult of some kind was taking place—her small charges had "scented the battle from afar," and before she had time to warn them to remain in the yard, they were scurrying down the street in the direction of the tumult as fast as their active little legs could carry them. Poor Sister Bernardine stood in dismay, looking at their fast receding forms. She went back into the empty school-room and remained for awhile, awaiting the return of the truants. In the meantime the cause of the commotion had been learned. One of the regular St. Louis boats, the *Sam Gaty*, landed at the Leavenworth wharf with a Confederate flag flying in the breeze. As soon as this news spread through the city, and it went like the wind, a crowd collected, marched to the wharf, and demanded that it be taken down. A cannon was prepared to open fire if the *stars and bars* was not removed. It was taken down and the *stars and stripes* run up the flag-staff in its stead. The crowd, amid great hurrahing, prepared to depart, when another vessel hove in sight with no colors at its mast-head; the crowd

veered around and vociferated until the "Flag of the Free and the Brave" showed its colors on the flag-staff. The crowd were wild with delight, and departed giving vent to their satisfaction in shouts and cheers, aided to the utmost extent of their young lungs by the runaway pupils of Sister Bernardine.

The great Civil War had begun. The Sisters were much concerned, especially on account of the young ladies they had under their care at the Academy, all of whom wished to continue their course of studies if it were possible. The commandant at Fort Leavenworth assured the Sisters that they should not be molested, but this did not prevent their receiving a severe fright, when hearing of the depredations perpetrated in the German Catholic Church on Broadway. A regiment of the country's defenders, coming into Leavenworth, marched immediately to the church, threw the pews out of the windows, procured several pounds of raw meat which they attached to the door of the Tabernacle, and then knelt before it in mock homage, amid shouts of rude laughter. They performed other actions too shocking to relate. Father Fish, the pastor, was lying ill in a room near the church; he was unable to arise, but he managed to send word of the proceedings to Bishop Miede, who notified the commandant at the Fort. The soldiers immediately received orders to leave the church, first replacing the pews and restoring order as far as possible after the sad havoc they had committed. After this occurrence, the appearance of the tents of the soldiers and the rumbling of the wagons of war caused the Sisters continual fear.

The greatest trouble the Sisters apprehended was that Mother Vincent, then holding the office of Mother Superior of the community, who was intensely Southern in sentiment, would not "hold her peace." They were quite correct in their apprehensions, for whenever James H. Lane and Chester Thomas, two prominent Free-State leaders, who

had their daughters at the Academy, came to visit them, Mother Vincent hesitated not to begin talking upon the situation of the day. She said once to them, "You are the real Secessionists." They assured her she was mistaken, that they were true Unionists. "No," she persisted, "all Protestants are Secessionists, and they should be whipped back into the Union—that is, into the *True Church*." She would express her opinions thus freely whenever she met any of the Abolitionists, as the Free-State men were styled. Mother Xavier was just as much in favor of the North as Mother Vincent was of the South, but she was so prudent in her remarks that no one not most intimately acquainted with her would have known that she had a strong predilection for "the boys in blue."

The schools continued as usual all this time, with an occasional excitement, as when a dispatch like this was to be seen in the paper:

"State of Kansas, Executive Department,

"Topeka, October 8, 1864.

"The State is in peril! Price and his rebel hosts threaten it with invasion. Kansas must be ready to hurl them back at any cost.

"*Thomas Carney, Governor.*"

This was followed next day by a dispatch sent to "*General Sykes and all Commanding Officers in the State:*

"The Governor has called out the entire militia of the State. I want this given the utmost circulation and the most prompt action."

"*S. R. Curtis, Major-General.*"

On the 10th the work of fortifying Leavenworth was commenced, a telegram from General Rosecrans being received that day, stating that Price had avowed his intention to strike that place.

There was a skirmish at Blue Mills, and the wounded

men of both sides were brought to Fort Leavenworth. The Sisters volunteered their services, which were not accepted, as they were not needed. They were told that there were already more volunteer nurses than could be employed; it was believed that *five nurses* could be counted to *every patient*. The wounded men were in a spacious ward at the barracks. Sister Joanna spoke to one young man shot through the left lung, asking him if he regretted having engaged in the war. He was a Southerner, a cultured, refined man. He answered, "No, madam. I am willing to be shot through my other lung for *The Cause*." He died that night.

The Sisters, happily, were never molested during the war, neither in person nor in property. They were instrumental in doing much good at this time, both in the schools and hospital, but they were glad to welcome the era of peace when

"There were domes of white blossoms where swelled the white tent,  
There were plows in the track where the war-wagons went,  
There were songs where they lifted up Rachel's lament."

## CHAPTER X.

In November, 1868, Very Rev. Joseph E. Keller, S.J., was sent to Rome on business connected with the Society of Jesus in the Province of Missouri. Father Keller was authorized by Rt. Rev. J. B. Miede, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Kansas, to beg of the Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., "to kindly bestow your apostolical benediction on the Sisters of Charity, who, with my authorization and approbation, are devoting themselves with much zeal and great fruit to laboring for the cause of education and the assistance of the poor in the Apostolical Vicariate of Kansas; and they themselves ask this favor in token of Your Holiness' kindness and approbation; so that, by this very great comfort, they may be encouraged and animated to progress in the way of religious perfection."

Father Keller wrote from Rome:

"Rome, Al Gesu, December 3, 1868.

*"Sister Xavier Ross, Superior Sisters of Charity, Leavenworth City, Kansas:*

"Respected Madam,—It must have been by a special arrangement of God's Providence, through the intercession of your holy Patron, St. Francis Xavier, that, without any forethought of mine, this day should be the one on which I am enabled to send you the enclosed document.

"I had an audience with the Holy Father on Tuesday last, during which I spoke to His Holiness of several things which I had arranged beforehand, among them was your petition. I had written out a document in which several favors were asked; yours was the third on the list. The Holy Father asked me to read to him what I had written,

and when I had read No. 3 about the Sisters of Leavenworth, I added a few words about your earnest supplication and ardent desire to have some token of his approval, to which he answered very kindly, 'Why, of course, they shall have my benediction. Tell them to labor for our Lord and the good of souls.' I then read the other points contained in the same writing—after which he took the paper and wrote the benediction which I have copied, and he signed his name to it.

"I asked him to turn toward the West and to bless all those for whom I had requested his apostolic benediction, and he did so, making the sign of the cross, and blessing you and all your Sisters. I am sure that the good angels bore that blessing far away over seas and lands, and let it rest upon each one of you.

"I have therefore written out from this document the part which regarded your request and the words written by our Holy Father, and I have had it authenticated by the secretary, who compared the copy with the original and then signed and sealed it. The translation which I have added on the second leaf is perhaps not very elegant, but it is correct and faithful.

"And now I congratulate you and your good Sisters on the happy result of this affair, and I thank God that He has been pleased to allow me to obtain this favor for you.

"Please to pray for me, that I may be a sharer in this blessing and that I may have the protection of our Lord and His blessed Mother in my return voyage and during the remainder of my life.

"I do not forget you and yours in the sanctuaries of Rome.

Your servant in Xt.,

*"Jos. E. Keller, S.J."*

The following are the words of the Holy Father:

"May God bless you, so that you may all be enabled to

walk in His paths. May He grant zeal to these, to those obedience, to others patience, and to all grace and charity.

*"Pius P. P. IX.*

*"Concordat cum authentico exemplari quod a J. E. Keller, S.J., asservatur.*

*"Rome, December 3, 1858."*

This blessed benediction of the Father of the Faithful was a fitting close to the first decade of the existence of the Sisters of Leavenworth, 1858—1868.

In this year, so propitious to the Sisters of Leavenworth, the community was incorporated under the title of St. Mary's Female Academy, conducted by the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul, of Leavenworth, State of Kansas.

(Form of Charter as required by law.)

"State of Kansas,  
"County of Leavenworth, } ss.

*"To all unto whom these presents shall come: The undersigned persons, Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul, of Leavenworth, associating to form a religious and benevolent institution pursuant to the act of the Legislature of the State of Kansas approved February 27, A. D. 1866, entitled 'An Act to provide for the erection and regulation of incorporated companies in the State of Kansas,' hereby certify:*

*"First: The name assumed by such institution and by which it shall be known is St. Mary's Female Academy, conducted by the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul, of Leavenworth.*

*"Second: The place and places where such institution intends to operate are the city of Leavenworth and all cities, towns, and points in the State of Kansas, and at all places in the States of Missouri, Nebraska, and California, and in the Territories of New Mexico, Colorado, and Mon*

tana, and in such other cities and points and in such other States as may be determined upon hereafter.

"Third: The value of the goods, chattels, lands, rights, and credits thus intended to be owned is estimated at five hundred thousand dollars (\$500,000).

"Fourth: The place of the principal office of said institution is the city of Leavenworth, county of Leavenworth, Kansas.

"Fifth: The objects for which the company desire to be incorporated are: to buy, sell, lease, rent, hold, exchange, and dispose of real and personal property for educational, religious, hospital, and charitable purposes, and to give and receive titles, leases, mortgages, bonds, notes, evidences of debt, and acquittances, and to do and perform all other necessary acts in and about the same incident to the complete ownership, control, and disposal of the same; to erect, own, and lease all suitable buildings for education, religious, hospital, school, and charitable purposes, and their appurtenances at such points as may by said company be determined upon; to establish by-laws, rules, and regulations governing such company and regulating the transfer of property and memberships; to accept, receive, receipt for, appropriate, and use donations of lands, moneys, evidences of debt, and personal property for the purposes aforesaid, and any and all thereof, and to receive the same for services performed, and from all contributors and sources whatever; to establish branches and other places of business at such points as may by such company be determined upon, and to do and perform all such other and further acts, necessary for carrying such objects into force and effect in all respects.

(Signed by) *"Xavier Ross.*

*"Mary Baptist Carney.*

*"Rosalia Chagnon.*

*"Josephine Cantwell.*

*"Johanna Bruner.*



"State of Kansas,  
 "County of Leavenworth, } ss.

"On this 21st day of January, 1868, before me, Richard B. Rees, justice of the peace in and for said county, came Xavier Ross, Mary Baptist Carney, Rosalia Chagnon, Josephine Cantwell, and Johanna Bruner, to me personally known to be the identical persons whose names are affixed to the foregoing certificate of incorporation, and acknowledged the same to be their own voluntary act and deed.

*"Richard B. Rees,*

Justice of the Peace in and for  
 Leavenworth County, Kas.

"State of Kansas,  
 "County of Leavenworth, } ss.

"I, Henry Carey, clerk of the District Court in and for the First Judicial District in and for Leavenworth County, State of Kansas, do hereby certify that Richard B. Rees, before whom the annexed and foregoing acknowledgments were made, is now and was at the date thereof a justice of the peace of said county, acting, duly commissioned and qualified, and by the laws of the State of Kansas duly authorized to take the same; and I further certify that I am well acquainted with the handwriting of the said Richard B. Rees, and verily believe the foregoing to be his own true and genuine signature.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said court, the same being a court of record, at my office in the city of Leavenworth, in said county and State, on this 21st day of January, A. D. 1868.

*"Henry Carey, Clerk.*

"State of Kansas, Secretary's Office."

The above Charter or Act of Incorporation was obtained for the community during the session of the Legislature in Topeka in the year 1868, by Hon. T. P. Fenlon, and is only one among the many acts of kindness for which the Sis-

ters of Leavenworth have to thank that gentleman, who was ever ready to assist them with his pen and legal advice.

Once in possession of this instrument, the trustees of St. Mary's Academy felt themselves legally authorized to confer diplomas on such pupils as were qualified to go through the regular course of academic studies; accordingly, a testimonial was devised in the following form: In the left-hand corner at the top of the testimonial, in an ornamental scroll, were inclosed the words, "Founded in 1858." Across the top were, in fine ornamental letters, "Mount St. Mary's"; in the center, beneath, a representation of the building from a good electrotype; on the right and left, pictures emblematic of educational pursuits, such as a globe, compass closed, and open books, and telescope to the right; at the left a harp and other musical instruments, all circumscribed by beautiful floral wreaths. Beneath the picture of the Academy were two angels supporting a scroll on which were inscribed the words: "Be faithful even unto death and I will give thee the crown of eternal life." Then follows the testimonial.

## CHAPTER XI.

As soon as the Sisters of Charity were located in Leavenworth, several of the reverend Fathers asked for colonies to teach their parochial schools. The first mission was established in Lawrence in 1865. Mother Vincent, Sister Mary Joseph, Sister Mary Austin, and Sister Mary Gregory were selected for this mission. These first missionaries commenced their journey in a heavy rain, and this was but a foretaste of what awaited them at the end of their journey. It had been arranged that the Sisters should for awhile occupy a stone building attached to the church, but when the poor souls entered it at night, hungry and drenched with rain, they found it impossible to obtain a dry spot where they could deposit their hand-luggage or take a seat. The leaky roof was even worse than the old stage. They had one comfort: they could go into the church and offer to our Divine Lord their sore hearts and weary limbs. This cheered and rendered them hopeful. The next day gave promise of more congenial weather. The Sisters did not remain idle. Finding the stone house untenable, two went forth next morning in quest of a more suitable residence. This was not an easy task. After a few days of anxious waiting, Mr. and Mrs. O'Keefe kindly offered to rent a new house which they had just finished for their own use. No doubt that worthy couple made quite a sacrifice in giving up the home they had erected for themselves and living again in a rented house. This benevolent act may have been, in the designs of Providence, one of the secrets of Mr. O'Keefe's future prosperity.

As soon as it was known that the Sisters were to open a school, the Catholic children of the place came to en-

roll themselves as pupils, and some Protestant children were always in attendance. The Sisters, however, were poor, having at first barely enough to live on. If there chanced to be a dollar in the house and a supplicant came to ask aid of Mother Vincent, when the supplicant left the dollar was also gone. One day Mother Vincent received a present of five dollars, and as she sat wondering how she should best invest it, there came a poor man to the door and asked her for an alms; straightway she thought our Lord had sent him, and she gave him the five dollars, and told him she would expect him to return it when he felt that he could.

Some months elapsed and the man returned with an additional five dollars in thanks for the loan. Soon after a poor woman came begging, and Mother Vincent gave her the ten dollars and told her to buy a cow, and explained to her how she could sell the milk and feed her children, and live independently of everybody on her own savings; told her also, if she were able, she would expect her to pay it back—and she brought back in time, not only the ten, but five dollars more in thanks, and told Mother Vincent that she had bought a cow, and how she had prospered.

Soon after an old man came along, and again another one, and the money, by means of the *Loan Association*, increased to the sum of twenty-five dollars. There came an evil hour, however, and one day there was a poor young man who had not arrived at the age of labor and who wanted some money, and Mother Vincent in the goodness of her heart gave him the twenty-five dollars, with her usual remarks as to restitution when possible. She never saw man nor money more.

As a result of this generous disposition of Mother Vincent, the Sisters were sometimes without a dollar in the house. The Sisters owned a calf which was given to them on the feast of St. Anthony of Padua; they called it *Antonia*, in honor of the great Saint. She was a great pet among

the Sisters, but in the end turned out to be a *great pest*, as pets generally do. If a door was left open on the lower floor, Antonia, if not watched, was sure to enter and tear up or eat anything she could digest. One evening in 1870, Sister Patricia, who at this time was the house-Sister in Lawrence, not feeling well, had retired to bed, leaving the materials for the supper setting on the kitchen table, ready for the Sisters to prepare for themselves when they had dismissed school for the day. The last flour in the house was put in a pan of which biscuits were to be made for supper and the next morning's breakfast. But that evening the Sisters had no bread for supper, nor did they have any for breakfast. Sister Patricia closed the kitchen door very securely, as she fancied, for as she was doing so, she glanced out the window and saw Antonia demurely nibbling the green grass in the yard, and gave the door an additional push to make certain it was safely closed against intrusion. Antonia, the pet, had succeeded in forcing an entrance into the kitchen, and before the Sisters had dismissed school had devoured everything eatable that the room contained. That night, in lieu of bread, the Sisters had boiled potatoes for supper, and for the three meals next day, when Sister Patricia said to Mother Vincent that she felt sorry for the Sisters, and she thought another day without bread would be more than they could stand, and have to teach all day. Mother Vincent said to her, "Go to the chapel and beg our Lord to send us some means to purchase flour." Sister Patricia did as she was bid. Then, after saying her night prayers, she retired before the other Sisters, for she was still not well.

Next morning, after another breakfast of potatoes, Mother Vincent said to Sister Patricia, "Send John Fallon to the grocery to get a sack of flour." "On credit?" asked Sister Patricia. Mother Vincent said, "No, let him pay for it," handing her a ten-dollar bill. Sister Patricia expressed her surprise at the sight of the money, when Mother Vin-

cent told her that just as they were ready to retire the previous night, the door-bell was rung, a man handed the portress the ten dollars, bowed, and walked off. They had never seen him before, and he did not say a word.

In 1876 occurred the first death of this colony. Sister Emilda Traynor died of pneumonia on February 12th. Her body was brought to the Mother House for burial. When the coffin was opened, the body looked so life-like that Mother Xavier consulted Dr. Thomas, and he had difficulty in convincing her that Sister Emilda was really dead—that had she not been dead when placed in the coffin, the journey from Lawrence to Leavenworth, and from the depot to the Academy, a distance of three miles, would surely have deprived her of life.

Her corpse was very beautiful—a rosy tint was on the cheeks and lips, and the limbs were still flexible. Her body had been covered by the ladies of Lawrence with the most exquisite flowers that could be obtained in that city, and the delightful fragrance was wafted far and near. It looked like a vision of the Blessed. Mother Xavier was loth to consign it to the earth.

It is to be hoped that the Sisters did some good in the religious training of the Catholic children of Lawrence, but it seemed not to be the will of God for them to remain there, and in the year 1878 *the first colony* returned to the Mother House.

Soon after the Sisters went to Lawrence, a second mission was opened in Wyandotte under the auspices of Rev. Antony Kuhls. The first building erected for the accommodation of the Sisters and their pupils was not very spacious, but sufficiently so for the time. It was a neat two-story brick, with a good basement, comprising a kitchen, dining-room, hall, and pantry, and two rooms opposite kitchen and dining-room, that were devoted to school use. The basement was so dry and well ventilated that it might have

been used for lodging rooms. The first story consisted of a parlor and two music-rooms on one side of the hall, and a beautiful study-hall on the other side. There was a portico over the front door, and the same over the back door. On the floor of the second story were three dormitories, a music-room, and the community-room. The halls throughout were proportioned to the size of the building. In front the portico extended above the second floor sufficiently to form a veranda over the front door. This became a favorite resort, when time permitted and the weather was inviting. Altogether it was a very commodious house and a successful school, and but a prelude to the success that has steadily attended that cherished mission.

It is almost a matter for regret that this pleasant school-house, that has just been eulogized, had to pass away to make room for a larger building, and this second school-house is also removed, and now a large building, sufficiently spacious to accommodate the number of pupils that attend, stands on its site.

From its commencement until the present day, this parish school has borne witness to the zeal of its Founder, *Very Rev. Antony Kuhls*. There is nowhere in the States a more successful or promising parochial school. Long may it continue to flourish, as a testimonial to one who labors only for the honor and glory of God. And may the humble industry of the Sisters of Leavenworth have a share in the reward!

## CHAPTER XII.

Shortly after establishing themselves in Leavenworth, the city increased so rapidly in population that it became apparent a hospital was needed in which to care for the sick poor and others who might wish to avail themselves of the ministrations of the Sisters. A plan was drawn up, examined, and agreed upon by the council, and forthwith bids were advertised for. There were several competitors. It finally fell to Mr. Blank, he being the lowest bidder. When Sister Joanna was asked by a Sister to whom the bid had been awarded, she told her to Mr. Blank, as he was the lowest bidder. This Sister knew Mr. Blank, so she remarked, "If he is the *lowest*, he is also the *slowest*," and so the sequel proved. The building was to have been completed by November, 1863, but the Sisters did not get possession of it until the next March, and then it was far from being finished. They opened the Hospital, under the name of St. John's, on the 15th of March, 1864.

Their first patients were a whole family of poor white refugees from Alabama. They were brought in in such a neglected condition that it was rather dangerous to handle them for fear of being covered with vermin. Dr. O'Brien, who was passing the Hospital at the time they were brought in, was called, prescribed for them, and went his way, saying he would see them again in the evening. In the meantime the poor refugees received a thorough renovation—they were bathed, combed, shorn, and freshly clad—their old garments having made a bonfire in the back yard. In the evening when Dr. O'Brien returned, he was shown into the man's room; after looking at the occupant of the bed, he turned to the Sister and said, "This is not the one I want to see; the one that was brought in this morning at eight



o'clock is the man." The Sister said, "This is the man you saw and prescribed for this morning." The doctor could hardly be persuaded that it was the same man, so much was he improved in appearance since he had seen him a few hours before. The entire family recovered after several months of careful nursing, and on their departure from the Hospital, expressed much regret at leaving the Sisters, whom they styled "*true Samaritans*."

Their second patient was a poor consumptive, who became a convert and died a most edifying death, being all the more consoling to the Sisters, as it gave them the assurance that the first soul that left their hospital had gone to be their advocate in Heaven.

One cold November morning, as the Sisters were sweeping and dusting the front rooms of the Hospital, they noticed a big lumber wagon stopping in front of the house, and the driver, getting down, beginning to lift from the deep bed of the vehicle first one man, laying him on the pavement, with his head towards the house, then a second, *then a third, then a fourth, then a fifth*. The dusting and sweeping had ceased; the Sisters were breathless beholders of such a novel spectacle. At last, Sister Josephine could keep silence no longer, as she saw the driver calmly lay the last man alongside his prostrate companions, and prepare to mount his perch without having uttered a word. She called from the window to him to ask what he was doing. "Just what I was told to do," he answered, and forthwith again made an attempt to start, when Sister Josephine said, "Who sent these men, who are they, and whence are they?" He answered, "A man at the depot hired me to bring them here and do as I have done. They are men that were caught in the last blizzard as they were hunting buffalo near Fort Harker. Their names I do not know." With this explanation, the man cracked his whip and went off, with the air of one who had conscientiously performed his duty.

Pedestrians passing along the street were attracted by the very unusual spectacle of five prostrate men "all in a row," and willingly offered their services to aid in transporting them into the Hospital, where every attention that kind hearts and willing hands could bestow was lavished upon them. Their frozen limbs soon began to thaw and their wounds to suppurate. Their cries were pitiful to hear. A physician was summoned immediately, and found it necessary to amputate the feet of two of them, to prevent blood-poisoning; a third lost his ears, a fourth his toes, and the fifth died from the effects of his long and cruel exposure to the fierce blasts of a Kansas snow-storm. The poor man that died kept crying out, "O do not let the doctor cut me up! O Sister, save me!" until merciful death put an end to his sufferings. The man who had lost his toes endured great pain, and it was thought he was in danger of death. This was some days after they had been brought to the Hospital. Sister Josephine proposed to him to have a minister. He was a Protestant, as were the other frozen men. "No," he said, "Sister, give me your prayer-book; let me pray out of your book; that is better than all the prayers the minister can say." The man was not able to hold up his hands, so Sister Josephine said for him an act of contrition very slowly, to which he appeared to give very close attention, fell into a deep sleep, and awoke refreshed and much better. When he was entirely recovered and ready to leave the Hospital, he asked to be baptized in "the Church of the Sisters." One of the frozen men was the son of a Protestant preacher who lived in Ohio. A gentleman living in Leavenworth wrote to this clergyman, telling him of the calamity that had befallen his son, and that he was in charge of the Sisters of Charity, who were poor, but were making every exertion to render their patients comfortable and happy. The clergyman replied, saying that "he was heart-broken to know that his son was under the roof of

*such people as the Sisters of Charity, and that they would never receive a dime from him."*

During this winter the Sisters applied to the mayor of the city, Governor Anthony, for fourteen cords of wood; instead of fourteen, forty cords were packed in the yard of the Hospital. Mr. Lobenstein, at his own expense, buried the man that died from exposure, and sent the Sisters a check for fifty dollars. Two young gentlemen, Mr. Diefendorf and Mr. Mills, came to the Hospital, and each gave fifty dollars to help the Sisters take care of the sufferers so summarily placed in their hands. Mr. Diefendorf years after came to this same St. John's Hospital, where he was baptized and died a happy death. These young gentlemen said, "It is our duty to help you, and it is a pleasure for us to perform the duty." There was a good man living near, Mr. Tomey, who every day went around collecting delicacies for the poor sick at the Hospital—the Sisters called him their "Christian Brother." He was a Protestant. He continued to befriend the Sisters during their early struggles, and only stopped his charitable quests when there was no longer apparent necessity for him to do so.

When the four frozen men recovered, the Sisters petitioned the mayor to send them to their respective homes, and he promptly complied with their petition.

Sister Joanna had charge of St. John's during the early years of its existence, and was indefatigable in her efforts to render it in every way a true home to the afflicted who were received within its walls. Her very existence seemed to be wrapped up in the well-being of the sick under her charge, and it was no uncommon occurrence for her to remain up night after night in attempting to alleviate the sufferings of her patients. It was during a cold bitter winter, when it was known that Sister Joanna frequently passed the night going through the chill halls of the Hospital, that she received a present of a warm woolen Balmoral skirt,

from which present she received quite a mortification. There had been a masquerade ball in the city, at which Dr. M. S. Thomas, then a fashionable young man, had appeared in the character of an Indian squaw. Balmoral skirts were just then coming into fashion and Dr. Thomas purchased the finest and most conspicuous one to be obtained in the city to wear on the occasion of the ball. The skirt, being something new (of its kind) under the sun, had been much admired and noticed by the masqueraders. After the affair was over, Dr. Thomas gave the Balmoral to Mrs. John Mason to dispose of as she saw fit, and immediately she remembered Sister Joanna and her nightly vigils at St. John's, thinking, as was the case, that Sister Joanna would never dream of purchasing anything so fine and comfortable for herself, brought it to her, and she gratefully accepted it, and indeed wished, from the bottom of her heart, that every Sister in the community might have so warm a garment.

A few weeks after the presentation of the skirt of various colors, Sister Joanna was taken ill and Dr. Thomas was summoned. She was compelled to remain in bed for a few days, the doctor coming daily to see her. He made his visits in the forenoon when he came to see his patients in the Hospital. One morning he came as usual, and in the afternoon Sister Joanna, being some better, arose to attend to some letters that were lying unanswered. She did not feel able to sit up very long, did not put on her habit and cap, but, putting on her treasured new Balmoral, and pinning a shawl around her shoulders, went into the Sisters' room which was adjacent, and, sitting down at her desk, was writing busily, when a rap came at the door, and the visitor, without waiting for an invitation, came into the room, much to Sister Joanna's confusion, who certainly was not dressed "to receive company," much less to receive Dr. Thomas with his skirt on. The doctor, quite taken back at such an appar-

tion, for a minute said nothing, and Sister Joanna wished devoutly that she had remained in bed till later, imagining that while the doctor was thus silent he was thinking, "*That is my skirt.*" When the doctor regained his composure, he expressed his surprise at seeing Sister Joanna able to sit up; suggested that she should be careful and not remain up too long for the first day—all the time, as Sister Joanna fancied, casting glances at the Balmoral, and saying to himself, "I do believe that is my skirt, but I little expected to see it doing service on a Sister of Charity." After the doctor's departure, Sister Joanna "dressed" herself, and appeared at the supper-table, and at evening recreation recounted the adventures of the afternoon to the Sisters, who were amused and gratified at the cure it had effected in her illness.

The few days of Sister Joanna's enforced quietude had not been days of idleness—she was meditating a festival for the benefit of the Hospital, where the patients were becoming numerous, and there was a poor prospect for their proper support. The ladies of the Sisters' acquaintance lent their ready assistance, but the festival did not prove a success, and the ladies proposed among themselves, without acquainting the Sisters with their intention, that they should give a ball, and raffle off the articles not disposed of at the festival. This was done, and twice as much was realized as had been made at the festival.

Though the Sisters had not heard what was transpiring, their confessor *had*, and he told Sister Joanna that she must positively refuse money obtained in such a manner. Mr. Ed. Morgan, one of the managers of the ball, soon came to the Hospital with a check for the amount made on the occasion, which Sister Joanna was compelled to decline. Mr. Morgan was much wounded at Sister Joanna's refusal to receive the check, and he left the Hospital, not hesitating



MOTHER JOSEPHINE.

to express his opinion of matters and things in very plain language.

One day, not long after Mr. Morgan's trip to the Hospital, a grocery wagon drove up to the Academy, and the driver began to unload and carry into the cellar and pantry barrels of sugar, flour, salt, boxes of tea, crackers, raisins, etc., as if a new grocery store were to be established on the spot. Sister Gertrude, who was then Procuratrix, and who had never seen so many things bought at once in her whole life, was more than astonished, knowing that she had never even dreamed of ordering such a lavish supply; in utter bewilderment, she said to the man who was superintending the delivery of the groceries, "Who sent these things?" "A man from Ireland," he replied. "God bless him!" said Sister Gertrude; "it is the likes of a man from Ireland to think of such a thing."

A few days after the arrival of the groceries at the Academy, Sister Joanna was surprised when Mother Xavier came to the Hospital, had the halls and rooms measured, and soon they were neatly carpeted, washstands placed where needed, and the Hospital presented quite a home-like appearance, Sister Joanna never suspecting that it was all done by money made *from the ball*. Mother Xavier at first did not suspect who was the donor of the generous supply of groceries, but, accidentally learning the secret, immediately bestowed upon the Hospital the value of the groceries without saying to Sister Joanna why she was doing so. Sister Joanna also about this time received a check for fifty dollars from St. Joseph, Mo., from an unknown donor; as it transpired afterwards, this was the last of the money made at the ball.

Whilst the ladies were preparing for the festival, they went to Mr. Tom Stevens, of the firm of *Ryan, Storens & Fenlon*, to ask a donation. He said, "Indeed I will give the Sisters of Charity a donation. May God bless them wherever

they are!" and, writing out a check for one hundred dollars, he added, "Present this to the Sisters with my compliments. When I was a penniless boy in New Orleans, the Sisters of Charity took me into their hospital when I had the yellow fever, and nursed me through it as carefully as if I had been a millionaire, and, under God, to them I owe my life."

But not every one appreciated the Sisters so highly as Mr. Stevens, and some had great repugnance to coming to a hospital kept by the Sisters; such an instance was presented in that of Mr. Hilman, book-keeper for Mr. Scollen, a prominent business man of the city. Mr. Hilman was taken ill, and Mr. Scollen proposed that he should go to the Sisters' Hospital. To this proposition Mr. Hilman objected, saying he feared the Sisters would worry him about religion. But he was prevailed upon at last to go to the Hospital, Mr. Scollen assuring him that he would get the best of care, and that unless he first mentioned the subject of religion, he did not think the Sisters would do so. When Mr. Scollen accompanied him to the Hospital, he spoke to Sister Josephine about the young man's apprehensions; Sister Josephine assured him that his young friend should not be disturbed on that subject. Mr. Hilman was sick for some weeks, seemed well satisfied with the treatment he received from the Sisters, and the subject of religion was not mentioned.

Some months before Mr. Hilman was brought to the Hospital a singular and remarkable event had occurred, and this was known to all the inmates of the house and had been spoken of before Mr. Hilman, who appeared much interested in the fate of the heroine of it, who was then in a state of decline, her death being daily looked for. He would ask in the morning when the Sister would first enter his room, "If the young girl was dead? if not, how was she bearing her sufferings? was she patient, resigned?" etc.; and when the Sister would tell him in what a saintly manner she bore her



pains, he would say he thought "it very wonderful and beautiful."

One afternoon the Sisters were in the church, going to confession. A young girl wearing a sun-bonnet came in, and coming down near the Sanctuary where the Sisters were kneeling, and going into a pew near them, knelt down, but in a few minutes was seen to fall. The Sisters hastened to her relief, and carried her to the front door to get the fresh air, thinking this would revive her, but she showed no signs of life. Mrs. Thomas Fenlon, who was in the church at the time, came to offer her assistance, and the Sisters asked her to summon a physician. She did so. He said life was not extinct, but she showed no signs of animation; wine was brought, but this she could not swallow; water was tried, and it only ran from her mouth. A stretcher was brought and she was taken to the Hospital. Hot applications were applied, but with no effect, when Sister Martha suggested saturating a cloth with chloroform and placing it over her heart—this was done, and the girl immediately raised herself up and said, "Why do you persecute me so, because I cannot think as you do?" She was then soothed until she fell into a deep slumber, from which she awoke somewhat refreshed, but was not able to leave her bed for weeks, and never again left the Hospital, where she remained for a year, and then happily left this world, where she had suffered her full share of miseries.

When she had regained some strength, she told her history. Her father was a Protestant, her mother a devout Catholic. Her father, imbibing the doctrine of Brigham Young, moved his family to Salt Lake City, where in course of time he took unto himself two more wives. The girl's mother guarded her carefully; together every evening they said the Rosary and begged the Queen of Virgins to preserve them from being contaminated by the evils they daily witnessed. The mother died of a broken heart, but with

her dying breath exhorted her daughter to be faithful to God, to cherish a sincere devotion to His blessed Mother, and she assured her on the part of God that she would never be forsaken. This death-bed left a lasting impression on the mind and heart of the motherless girl.

In a few weeks after the mother's death, the father wanted to give his daughter in marriage to a Mormon. This terrified the girl, but she had resolved to preserve her honor at the risk of her life. Her father, seeing her determination to resist his commands, left her alone for a time, but heavy burdens of work were laid on her young shoulders, thinking that in this manner she would be brought to submit to what he desired of her. She was compelled to do the housework for the two wives, and when her father thought her rebellious spirit was sufficiently tamed, he again proposed that she submit to a Mormon marriage. With a butcher-knife, that belonged to her kitchen, she threatened to kill the first Mormon that would dare to touch her. Her father again desisted for a time, and increased her work. She daily and hourly prayed to God to deliver her. At the end of two years, one night, she found in her father's pocket, while he was asleep, enough money to pay her way to freedom from the bondage under which she labored.

Hastening away from the house, she hid around in the mountains for a week, not daring to go immediately to the railroad, where she would undoubtedly have been taken back to her father. She lived on berries and roots during this time, being afraid to approach a habitation to ask anything to eat. After wandering, as she thought, far enough from Salt Lake, she took passage on a train bound for St. Joseph, Mo., where had lived a brother of her mother. On arriving there, she found he had removed and no one could tell her his whereabouts; she thereupon decided to go to Leavenworth, learning there was a Bishop in that city. When she arrived there, she asked to be directed to the

Cathedral, and remembered saying to herself, when she knelt down and looked up at the Tabernacle, with a feeling of the sincerest gratitude, "Thanks be to God!" and that was all she knew until she awoke at the Hospital, to find herself on a comfortable couch in a cosy little room with the Sisters busied about her. What a happy awaking after all the trials through which she had passed!

She lingered for a year, part of the time being able to do some light work, sewing for a short while at a time, for she was naturally industrious and did not like to spend idle moments, but for the last two months of her life—of her eventful young life—her weakness confined her to her bed. The Sister in attendance on her kept her busily employed, praying first for the conversion of one patient, then another. She had offered many earnest prayers for the conversion of Mr. Hilman, whose state of health was such as to preclude all possibility of his recovery.

The day of her deliverance at last came. The Sister who attended her says: "She died a very happy death. I revered her as a Saint. I remained with her the last day of her life, until her soul had left the attenuated body, and after closing the eyes of this patient sufferer, who died so resigned at the age of twenty years, I went immediately to the room of Mr. Hilman, who had just had a copious hemorrhage from the nose, nearly bleeding to death. After telling him of the death of 'the little Saint' in whom he was so much interested, I said to him, 'I suffered much anxiety on your account, when I heard what a hemorrhage you had. I was afraid you would smother in your blood, and I had never asked you if you had been baptized.' He replied, 'I was never baptized, and I was thinking of that while I was bleeding. Send for your Brother.' By 'your Brother' he meant Rev. Ignatius Panken, S.J., who was then attending to the spiritual wants of the Catholic patients at St. John's. Father Panken was called, instructed Mr. Hilman, and in

course of time baptized him, and administered to the now happy man the Sacraments of the Church."

Mr. Hilman was so happy that he could not keep the knowledge of it to himself. He was so grateful to Father Panken that he thought a long life-time of devotion would not be sufficient to express it. When a Sister would go to see him, he would tell her how much he loved Father Panken, and in the ardor of his devotion he would add, "And Sister, don't you love Father Panken?" There was a lady in the room next to his who was nursing her brother, who had been injured and had been at the Hospital for some weeks. She had been accustomed daily to pay Mr. Hilman a little neighborly visit, but after he was baptized it was perceived that when Miss Lincoln made her usual daily visit, he would close his eyes and would not speak to her, as was discovered afterwards, for fear he might commit a sin. He said one morning shortly after he was baptized that he would like to go to confession, saying that he had refrained from speaking to any one but the Sisters, and a Sister had told him that was not charitable. The next time Miss Lincoln came to visit him, he was awake, invited her to be seated, and resumed his old sociability.

"I asked him one day," said a Sister, "what good works he had ever done in his life that God had granted him the inestimable grace of the True Faith." He said he did not know, but that he had been kind to the afflicted, and that he never refused an alms to a priest or Sister when a collection was being made, because he thought it would be used for the needy.

He persevered in sentiments of gratitude to God for His great goodness to him, and to his beloved Father Panken and the Sisters for their attention to him, and died as happily as the young maiden from Salt Lake, whose consoling death only preceded his by a few weeks.

At the time of Mr. Hilman's death there was also an-

other patient hourly expected to die—this was Mr. Joseph Taylor, who was a Protestant when he was brought to St. John's Hospital, but, after being there some time and seeing death approach, asked to be instructed and received into the Catholic Church. He was baptized, made his first Holy Communion, and was patiently awaiting his last hour, when another man, by the name of Eustis, was brought into the Hospital. As the men carried him up-stairs, for he was unable to walk, he uttered dreadful oaths, which were distinctly heard in the room where Mr. Taylor lay dying. The Sister in attendance on Mr. Taylor said to him, "Is not that awful? His soul is as dear to God as yours, so when you go to Heaven, ask Almighty God to give the grace of conversion to Mr. Eustis." Mr. Taylor said he would. About midnight he died.

The next morning, Sister Mary Lawrence asked Mr. Eustis how he was. He said, "Horrible!" Sister, after some words of commiseration for his sufferings, suggested that he offer them to our Divine Lord in atonement for his sins. Here Mr. Eustis broke forth in fearful language, saying he had no sins. Sister assured him, however, that what he was suffering then would be but a prelude to what he would suffer hereafter if he did not repent, and, after attending his physical wants, she left the room to attend the needs of her other patients.

Mr. Eustis was quite angry and said Sister Mary Lawrence had insulted him—the idea of talking to him of his sins! He passed three days in this furious frame of mind, but on the evening of the third day he sent for Sister Mary Lawrence, who since that time had done all in her power to alleviate his bodily sufferings, which were severe, and abstained from adding a word to what she had already said on the state of his soul.

When Sister Mary Lawrence came at his summons, he very humbly begged her pardon for his intemperate lan-

guage, saying, "You have told me the truth, for which I am most thankful to you. I want to save my soul." He was instructed and received into the True Fold as soon as possible, for it was perceived that he would not last long. He lived a week afterwards and never complained, though his sufferings were much augmented. Mr. Taylor had delivered his message.

From the foundation of St. John's Hospital in 1864 until the present time, when the first modest structure had been enlarged and improved, the Sisters have never ceased to labor to relieve both the spiritual and temporal needs of those who solicit their aid, and this sketch would never be completed were it attempted to relate all the good accomplished within its charitable walls, the charitable walls of dear St. John's.



SISTER JOANNA.

## CHAPTER XIII.

A perfect babel of voices was heard in Bishop Mlegé's yard in the morning of the sixth of June, 1867—French, German, Spanish, Italian, and English. All was quiet at the Academy, school was in session, the pupils were diligently preparing for the coming examinations, and were sitting with eyes intent on books; but when they heard the unusual tumult in the Bishop's hitherto quiet and most orderly premises, they began to endeavor, if possible, to ascertain the cause of the excitement. The teachers of the different class-rooms were also filled with their share of curiosity as to what such an unusual state of affairs would indicate, and their desire to see and hear was soon gratified, for it was near time for the morning recess, and the Sisters and pupils standing on the Academy porch discovered the two yards, the Bishop's and the Sisters', filled with wagons, with drivers urging their poor tired horses or oxen, as the case might be, to give way to those that were in the rear; there were also carriages, from which were alighting priests and nuns. It was Bishop Lamy, who was returning from a second trip to France, and he had not come empty-handed—he had with him a suite of twenty-six persons.

The yards presented a most uncommon appearance; a more animated, exciting scene was seldom beheld—they scarcely held all the wagons, ambulances, and carriages that were necessary to convey this caravan on the long journey across the plains to New Mexico, their destination; there were bedding, food, cooking utensils, provender for the horses and oxen, fire-arms and ammunition—in fact, all that was needful for a weary journey of weeks.

In the Bishop's suite were fifteen missionaries and five Sisters. His Lordship had long ardently desired to secure



the invaluable services of the Jesuits in his diocese, and now he was accompanied by three reverend Jesuit Fathers and two Jesuit Brothers; there were also some secular priests, two Brothers of the Christian schools, Paul Beaubien, a young Mexican from the St. Louis University on his return home with the Bishop, Jules Musset, the Bishop's business agent, some relatives of the secular clergy, and two Mexican servants, the whole party consisting of twenty-six persons.

Twenty-one of the party were entertained during the week of their stay in Leavenworth at the Bishop's residence. The traveling Sisters were lodged at St. John's Hospital, but they were also considered as guests of the Academy, where they spent most of their time. There were two Sisters of Charity from Cedar Grove, near Cincinnati, and three Sisters of Loretto from Kentucky. The two Sisters of Charity were Sister Louise and Sister Seraphine; the Sisters of Loretto were Sister Ignatia, Sister Cecilia, and Sister Alphonsa—the youngest of the number, she was not yet twenty years of age. This young Sister had an elder sister belonging to the same Order as herself, who had been in New Mexico for some years, and was ardently longing to see Sister Alphonsa, as she had hastened to write when she learned that her young sister was destined for the Mexican mission.

In the course of conversation one day a Leavenworth Sister said to Sister Alphonsa, "O, what a happiness it will be for you to meet your dear sister whom you have not seen for so long a time!" Sister Alphonsa replied very seriously, "Sister, I never expect to see her." The Sister to whom she made this remark said nothing in reply, for she thought it a strange expression for Sister Alphonsa to make, as she neither knew nor did she see any reason for her to say or think such a thing.

The Sisters had already some experience of Western life before starting for their trip on the plains. While

camping about ten miles from Leavenworth, they had their tents pitched and had retired for the night, when a heavy rain-storm, accompanied by the usual not very gentle Kansas breezes, drenched them through the tent, and they were compelled to stand in puddles of water and uphold the poles of the tent to keep it from falling; whilst doing so they sang a hymn; they did not say what—possibly the hymn the Israelites sang when with staves in their hands they were leaving Egypt.

The Sisters were in good cheer, save Sister Alphonsa, who seemed slightly preoccupied, and were anxious to continue their journey, which could not be done as soon as they wished, as there were daily rumors of travelers on the plains having been murdered and scalped by the Indians. This summer they seemed to be more ferocious than they had ever been known to be, owing to the fact that the incursions of the whites into their fastnesses were becoming of more frequent occurrence. Scarce a day passed that there were not dozens of wagons on the way through their hitherto happy hunting-grounds.

The Bishop delayed from day to day, hesitating to risk so many useful, precious lives to the chance of being destroyed by the furious savages.

On the eighth day of their stay, however, it was decided to start. O, how the Leavenworth Sisters feared to let their Sister guests depart for what to them seemed nearly certain death!

On Friday, June 14th, the caravan started from Leavenworth, after many good wishes for the travelers, and many thanks from them to their kind entertainers, whom they promised ever to hold in grateful remembrance. The last that is remembered of dear little Sister Alphonsa is her showing a leaflet of the Sacred Heart that Bishop Miege had given her on bidding her good-bye, and her saying, "On this I will make my daily meditation until I reach my jour-

ney's end." Ten days from that date she had reached the end of her journey of life.

It may be easily imagined that the Sisters in Leavenworth were anxious to obtain news of the departed caravan. Days passed and no news came. In the meantime, the Sisters had made their annual retreat, this year given by Rev. Father Garesche, S.J., whose attention was called, early on the morning the Sisters finished the retreat, to a notice taken from the *Denver Gazette*, which to his horror read as follows: "The caravan of Dr. Lamy, Bishop of Santa Fé, composed of fifteen missionaries and five Sisters, has been attacked by the Indians. Monsignor and his priests have been massacred and the Sisters led away captive by the savages."

The Leavenworth Sisters were sadly grieved when they heard this news; they had much rather have heard that the Sisters had been killed outright than to think for an instant of the degradation of an Indian captivity. They prayed and hoped that the news might be false.

Father Garesche walked to Fort Leavenworth that morning before saying Mass—it was on Sunday—to find if any particulars of the sad affair had been received at the post; not learning anything, he returned and said Mass in the old frame Cathedral, and at the close of the services asked the congregation to pray for the souls of those devoted missionaries who had just left their midst, but who had been murdered by the untutored sons of the forest whom they were going to civilize.

The Bishop asked him after Mass why he made the announcement without certain foundation. Father Garesche replied that he "firmly credited the report; anyway, that prayers were never lost;" nor were these in this instance, for the company arrived at the end of their journey, having lost in their terrible trials only two of their band, when in

all human probability it did not appear that one would ever reach New Mexico.

The events of these two months of trial, fright, and terror were afterwards related to the Leavenworth Sisters by the Rev. J. De Blieck, S.J., who was a member of Bishop Lamy's party, but who did not long remain in New Mexico, the climate not agreeing with his health, which was in a failing state. On his return trip to St. Louis he remained over for some time in Leavenworth, and from time to time the Sisters gathered the details of the journey of the poor Sisters to New Mexico.

After leaving Leavenworth on June 14th, they reached St. Mary's on the 18th, where they remained with the Jesuit Fathers for a few days; then again, with fortified courage, as there were no more reports of Indian depredations, renewed their journey. When they had crossed the Smoky Hill River they felt, indeed, that they were now on *The Plains*—for, as far as the eye could scan, not a human habitation was to be seen. Still the Sisters evinced no fear. The weather was bright, the grass green, the sky blue, and seemed to smile on the entire caravan, for all enjoyed excellent spirits, and, to add to their feelings of security, they overtook a Mexican caravan, the men being furnished with weapons of defense in abundance, guns, pistols, knives, etc.

Some days after meeting this company, scouts were sent out to see how the land lay, as they were receding farther and farther from human habitations, and they thought it best to be cautious. The scouts came hurrying back with the astounding news that a *thousand Indians* were near, who seemed ready, from all appearances, to fall upon the party at any moment.

So far, the health of the Bishop's party had been excellent, but cholera had broken out among the Mexicans, and for several days it was feared that few would be spared. The services of the two Sisters of Charity were invaluable;

had it not been for their effective prescriptions, the mortality would have been much greater; as it was, many of the Mexicans died. When near Fort Dodge, there they camped for the night, and at dark, while the men were unharnessing the tired animals from the wagons, they were attacked for the first time by the Indians. They were on horses and rode madly towards the caravan, shouting and yelling like very demons, and at the same time discharging their guns and arrows. No one of the caravan was injured on this occasion, but from this moment a constant outlook was kept for fear of another attack.

It was all so sudden and over so quickly that time was scarcely given the frightened Sisters to realize what had happened, but it showed them that they were not traveling in the company of cowards. Every man in both caravans had shown himself equal to the emergency and determined to sell his life dearly.

They were near the Arkansas River, when the Bishop's business agent, Jules Masset, at ten o'clock in the morning, was seized with cholera, and, much to the Bishop's undisguised grief, was dead that afternoon.

On this day a wagon belonging to the Mexican caravan had crossed the river, when hundreds of Indians on horseback and others on foot attacked the camp. A stockade had been made of the wagons bound together, with the animals in the center. The men stood inside; there were only eighty, the enemy being many times as great. The furious fight, as it proved to be, lasted for three hours, at the end of which time the Indians retreated as before, but the poor caravan feared it was only to return with fresh forces.

The Sisters in the meanwhile were in one of the covered wagons, and we will only have to *imagine* their feelings—what pen could do them justice? It was noticed that Sister Alphonsa was of the pallor of marble, and that for all the terrible time she remained silent, seemingly absorbed in

some overwhelming thought. No one of them wept until the frightful firing ceased, when tears came to their relief and they expressed thankfulness—not so much that they had not been killed, as that they had not been taken prisoners by the Indians, which they considered an evil immeasurably worse than any manner of death. The whole time of the attack, there was not a moment that the bullets were not flying around the canvas of the wagon and arrows piercing it until it was covered with them. Not a single member of the caravan was wounded. Was it not a miracle? The Sisters must have been holding up their innocent hands to Heaven to beseech protection for their protectors, and when was there a more manifest response to appeals for aid in difficulties than in this instance?

Stray parties of Indians continued to harass the caravan, but they kept at a respectful distance. The men of the party kept awake—never at any time after were more than half the company allowed to sleep at once—a constant watch was kept with gun in hand.

We take from "The Historical Sketch of the Catholic Church in New Mexico," by the Very Rev. James H. Defouri, the following interesting account of Sister Alphonsa's death and burial:

"On the twenty-third of July," writes Father Gasparri, "we continued our journey, and towards evening Sister Alphonsa Thompson, a native of Kentucky, fell sick. Night setting in, we camped, and she, being very ill, received the Last Sacraments. The other Sisters waited on her all night, and the next day we had to continue our journey. She was put into a wagon with the four other Sisters, and when we had halted, she died at ten o'clock, July 24th, being not quite twenty years old. We all felt most sensibly the death of that Sister, so much the more, as no remedies could be procured in these desert plains to relieve her. On the other hand, the Indians would not let her die in peace. She

was buried in the evening near the road, in a place well marked and known to the Mexicans. A coffin, the best that could be had under the circumstances, was made for her, and all accompanied the body in procession, a Jesuit Father performing the funeral ceremony, and the Bishop assisting. Before leaving the place, a cross was planted over the grave. The poor Sister had expressed a desire not to have her body left there, but to have it taken on with us to New Mexico, fearing, perhaps, that the wild Indians, finding it, would desecrate it. But this was not done, above all because the cholera had broken out among us, but also because it is said that the Indians always respect dead bodies. God, moreover, would protect in a special manner that body, in which had dwelt a soul as pure and innocent as Sister Alphonsa's."

Referring to the sad death of Sister Alphonsa, Bishop Lamy wrote: "The youngest Sister of Loretto died on the 24th of July, from fright, as I consider it, caused by the attack of the savages. She was nineteen years of age, well educated, and a model of virtue."

In a foot-note of the "Sketch" Father Defouri writes: "Three years afterwards, while pastor at Topeka, Kas., I received a note from Bishop Lamy, requesting me, on my frequent visits on the plains, to find the grave of Sister Alphonsa. Accompanied by two men of those who were employed by the railroad near Cimarron Crossing, I forded the river, and, following the old track, quite plain yet, we saw, or we thought we saw, the grave by the roadside, the spot being marked by a higher tuft of grass. The cross, however, had disappeared, burnt probably by the frequent prairie fires. We could not delay long, as the evening was advancing, and we had strict orders from the camp not to stay long for fear of the Indians. The fact is, the track-layers were working with tools as usual, but having a gun close by to repulse attacks, which were quite frequent."

The "Sketch" continues: "The following lines, written by an unknown friend in the *Ave Maria*, were handed to me. Let them be the epitaph of dear Sister Alphonsa:

*"The Desert Grave.*

"[Suggested by the death of a Sister of Loretto, while crossing the plains in the train of Bishop Lamy, which was attacked by Indians.]

"A lonely grave on the desert plain,  
Where the howling winds and the driving rain  
Chant their wild requiem over my head,  
As if I were one of their early dead—  
Here is the chosen spot for me  
To rest in my virgin purity  
Till the Bridegroom cometh to call me hence,  
To be crowned in His heavenly residence.

"Hush! a footstep over my head!  
I remember the hurried and stealthy tread.  
'Tis the savage Indian tracking the train  
That is passing across this desert plain.  
I know by the sound of the warlike shriek  
'Tis one of the tribe I came to seek.  
Came to this howling wilderness,  
With a sister's love to redeem and bless  
Their outcast life; by no hope enticed,  
Save to win their savage souls to Christ;  
One of the tribe for whom I gave  
My life in return for this desert grave.

"They met us passing this lonely road.  
'Ho! ho!' they cried, "'tis the white man's code;  
'Let us murder and rob the pale-faced crew,  
'And do unto them as they also do.'

"Sick unto death with the fever's blight,  
I heard the sounds of the deadly fight.  
Visions of foul dishonor rose  
In my woman's fear, and with terror froze  
My virgin blood. Too weak to fly  
From the dreaded fate, I prayed to die.  
Then my soul fulfilled its virgin vows  
And escaped to the arms of its Heavenly Spouse.

"When God shall call for His martyred dead,  
From my desert grave I will lift my head."

Who will not drop a tear to the sad fate of this dear little Sister, so young and so good? Many were the tears that



fell from the eyes of the Leavenworth Sisters when they heard of her untimely death. May the holy angels always guard her grave until "God shall call for His martyred dead, and from her desert grave she shall raise her head."

With what sad and lingering looks did not the remaining Sisters leave this sacred spot.

The news of the massacre of Bishop Lamy and of all his company had spread in various directions, so when the caravan made its appearance in Santa Fé, the demonstrations of joy were delirious—they were received as if arisen from the dead.

Mother Elizabeth Hayden, a holy Lorette, said to a Leavenworth Sister when speaking of this terrible false news: "When I heard that distressing news, I raised my hands and my eyes to God and I said, 'O my Savior, our Heavenly Spouse, gather Thy spouses to Thy Sacred Feet! Let them rather die by bullet or arrow than to be desecrated.' I prostrated myself on the ground and besought that our dear Sisters might not fall alive into the hands of those frightful savages; and never in our houses was the Blessed Sacrament left alone without an adorer and petitioner until we heard of the arrival of the caravan in New Mexico."

## CHAPTER XIV.

A desire very near and dear to the heart of Bishop Miede was that the Sisters of Leavenworth should have an orphan asylum. When the Sisters had been but a short time in Leavenworth, they were obliged to receive—both at St. John's Hospital and at the Academy on Kickapoo Street, some orphan boys and girls, having no other place for those poor children at that early day.

The first one received at the Academy was a small blue-eyed damsel, three years old, Fannie Tolton by name. When she came to the Sisters, the weather was cold, it was in the fall, and Fannie was necessarily much confined indoors, as she had no playmates of her own age, and the Sisters would not let her venture out of their sight. During the afternoon meditation of the Sisters, Fannie would occupy her own little chair, amusing herself with her dolls, of which she had a large and charming family. The first evenings when she saw the Sisters sitting ranged around the room in perfect silence, her astonishment knew no bounds. About the fifth evening, when the Sisters had been some time at meditation, Fannie herself appeared deeply impressed with some weighty thought; at last she exclaimed aloud, pointing to the cat (the same cat that had welcomed the Sisters on their arrival in Leavenworth), "I wonder what the cat is laughing at!" This was said to make the Sisters smile, and she succeeded in her object.

As the weather became warmer, Fannie, with her sun-bonnet—which a few minutes before had been carefully tied under her chin, and would a few minutes later be seen just as carelessly hanging down her back—was to be noticed in the yard nearly all the long summer's day, building houses for her dolls, or sitting on the fence—she was inclined to

he somewhat of a *tomboy*—that divided the Bishop's residence from that of the Sisters. One day the Sisters were ironing in the kitchen very near this fence, on which Fannie was perched, singing to herself, when the Bishop, who had been reading his Breviary in his yard, walking back and forth, closed his book and came up to speak to Fannie. The Sisters could not distinguish what his Lordship said, but, to their dismay, they heard Fannie reply in a very pert tone of voice, "Nix cum arous a Dutchman's house," on which the Bishop turned suddenly away, making use of his customary expression when anything moved him, "God save us!" Perhaps he was thinking, "And is this a specimen of the Sisters' training?"

Before the projected orphan asylum was begun, Fannie had succeeded in gaining the affections of Father Smarius, S.J., who was giving a mission in Leavenworth, and he procured for her a comfortable home in Philadelphia with a childless couple, who were indeed very happy in the secure possession of such an animated, healthy, good little girl, who had been, it must be owned, *slightly spoiled* by the Sisters of Leavenworth.

The number of children increasing impressed upon the Bishop, the Sisters, and the Catholic congregation the imperative need of an orphan asylum. It was determined by all the parties concerned that a fair should be gotten up without delay—the proceeds to be applied to the erection of an orphanage. A more opportune time could not have been selected. It was during the Civil War, when money was more plentiful than it has ever been since. The ladies of the Cathedral and the German Church, and indeed many non-Catholic ladies, were indefatigable in the good work. The fair was held in 1862, and everyone was astonished when it resulted in a sum exceeding seven thousand dollars!

Immediately lots were purchased on Kickapoo Street opposite the Academy, and a two-story brick building, with

a good basement, was ready for the orphans in less than a year. Besides the basement, there were eight rooms, with wide porches above and below. Into this St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum were collected all the little homeless ones in and about Leavenworth, and it were needless to state that in a few years the number was far too great for the building.

From his first entering upon the administration of the diocese of Kansas, the Rt. Rev. L. M. Fink has taken a special interest in the orphans. It did not escape his Lordship's observation that the inmates of St. Vincent's Asylum were too much crowded for health and comfort. To procure ground a short distance from the city limits, and have suitable buildings, roomy and well ventilated, erected thereon for the orphans, was not lost sight of by the Bishop; steadily his Lordship pursued this object until it was fully accomplished. The little ones since the year 1887 have been settled in their large, bright home, situated on one of the most elevated points of the Muncie Land, in full view of the city of Leavenworth, and in sight of Mount St. Mary's Academy. A more homelike asylum or a finer company of children are not to be seen anywhere. St. Vincent's Orphanage and its inmates would be an ornament to any State in the Union.

## CHAPTER XV.

The German Catholic Parochial School (St. Joseph's), on Broadway, which was founded by Rev. Aloysius Mayer in 1859, was in 1868 given over entirely to the charge of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth. Previous to this date, Sisters from the Academy on Kickapoo Street had been employed in this school; the first teacher being Sister Mary Ursula Sebus, who, accompanied by a child, went daily to the school, but returned in the evening to the Academy. She was succeeded by Sister Clara Kammer. As the number of pupils increased, it was found necessary to secure the services of more Sisters. Then it was decided that the Sisters thus employed should have a residence near the school-house.

In 1869 the Sisters living there were several times disturbed by robbers. Sister Louise Carney, Sister Clotilda Reynolds, Sister Benedicta Molony, and Sister Patricia Bowman composed the members of the mission. Sister Patricia was the house Sister, and consequently, when the other three Sisters went off to their school-rooms, she was left alone in the house. A negro came on several occasions to ask for something to eat. Sister Patricia, who was naturally brave, at first felt no fear. One Sunday whilst the Sisters were at 6 o'clock Mass, Sister Louise, who was nearest the window, saw this same negro man in the yard wandering around the house; she leaned out of the window and called to him, requesting to know what he was seeking. He answered that he was going to the well for a drink, and continued his walk around the house. When, after Mass, the Sisters returned home,

"The cupboard was bare,"

and so, not the poor dog, but the poor Sisters, had nothing to eat; the breakfast, partly prepared, had disappeared, and on going to the cellar to get something to replace what had been taken from the kitchen, that was found empty—sugar, flour, meat, soap, etc., all was gone.

A short time after that, as Sister Patricia was busily engaged, the door was opened very unceremoniously and in walked the negro man who had so often been there before. Sister Patricia asked him what he wanted? He said, "Bones." Sister told him she had none; still he lingered, when she stepped briskly to the stairs leading up to the Sisters' room, and, knocking rapidly, called out in a loud voice, "Hello, Joe! come down!" Upon hearing this very unexpected invocation, the negro made one bound for the door, which he had left open after his entrance, jumped the fence, and never made his appearance again.

Sister Patricia was calling on St. Joseph, to whom she always had great devotion, and one need not be told that her devotion increased tenfold after this event.

Their wood was stolen from their yard after this, but iron bars were placed across the cellar windows and the wood was placed inside. After this, the Sisters lived in peace from robbers for the time they remained in this house, for they broke up their establishment at the end of two years, and, as formerly, went daily from the Academy.

For thirty years have the Sisters continued to teach in this school. Sister Mary de Sales taught for twenty years continuously, and others for several years together. Sister Josepha Sullivan, afterwards Mother Superior of the community, taught for seven years.

An attractive, large brick school-house was completed in 1896. In May it was ready for occupancy, much to the delight of the children and to the gratification of the teachers, who had been sadly incommoded for want of room; now they have space and brightness.

A colony of the Sisters of Leavenworth was called for in 1870, by the Catholics of Eudora, a German settlement. This place is twenty-eight miles from Leavenworth and seven miles from Lawrence, where the Sisters had already a mission. Sister Mary Baptist, Sister Clara, and Sister Mary Ursula were sent there. The resident pastor was Rev. John Pichler.

Shortly after the Sisters were located in Eudora, Mother Xavier, who had never seen the place, determined to pay them a visit. She remained in Lawrence a few days, and then with Mother Vincent started on the intended trip.

Rev. Father Pichler, who had never seen Mother Xavier, and wishing to do her honor, on hearing of the coming visit, hastened to Lawrence to meet her and escort her thence to Eudora. On his arrival at Lawrence, he was told that the two venerable Mothers, escorted by the pastor of the place, Rev. John F. Cunningham, had, about an hour before his arrival, left for Eudora. Father Pichler immediately retraced his steps in order to enjoy as much as possible of their company, as he knew their stay must necessarily be brief. Father Pichler was one of the smallest of men; Mother Xavier was a small woman, but Father Pichler barely came to her shoulder.

The company arrived in Eudora, and after having had some conversation with the Sisters, they partook of their dinner and went afterwards into the school-yard, where the children were gayly disporting themselves. They were brought forward to salute the visitors, when just at this time Father Pichler arrived on the scene. When Mother Xavier saw Father Pichler approaching, she said with an affable smile, "Ah! here is another of your promising young pupils," and was just about to pat him on the head, when Father Cunningham tapped her on the arm, and, to her dismay, she discovered she had nearly patted on the head the priest of the parish. Mother Xavier, when she was made to

understand what she had nearly done, laughed very merrily—so did Father Pichler. Explanations made, they afterwards spent a pleasant evening together, and the visitors left next morning, much pleased with their visit to Eudora.

The people of Eudora were very happy to have the Sisters in their midst. This they showed in many ways. When the farmers came to church on Sunday, there was always something in the buggy or wagon "for the Sisters"; they would bring butter, eggs, chickens, some fresh meat, vegetables according to the season, and even sometimes a housewife, more thoughtful than the rest, would bring in a jug of fresh buttermilk; and during the week, if a trip was to be made to town, "the Sisters" were not to be forgotten. In summer, perhaps, it would be some bursting heads of early cabbage and a basket of tomatoes and cucumbers, and in the winter, baskets of rosy-cheeked or yellow apples, and if it were "killing-time," it would be some spare-ribs and pigs' feet.

Father Pichler did not remain long in Eudora after the Sisters were located there. He was succeeded by Rev. Father Carius. All went well until the year of the grasshoppers, when it was found impossible to get a support for the Sisters, and, to the regret of the people and the grief of the Sisters, they were withdrawn from their hitherto delightful little mission.

The next foundation in order was the one at Fort Leavenworth. The Jesuit Fathers were, at this time, in charge, and when they thought of opening a school, they asked the services of the Sisters of Leavenworth.

Rev. Father Panken, S.J., was pastor, and when Mother Xavier told him that she proposed to send Sister Mary Francis McMahon to the Fort as one of the two teachers required, he hesitated—then unhesitatingly objected, saying that Sister Mary Francis was too old and too—ugly.

Sister Mary Francis was not so exceedingly old—she



was forty at the time, but looked years and years older; she died May 26th, 1894, at the age of sixty-two, but she *was* not by any means a beauty; she *was* homely in feature, but her manners were refined, her movements graceful, her whole bearing lady-like and commanding respect. She proved a very successful teacher at the Fort, where she remained for twelve years continuously.

At that time there was no Catholic school-house at the Fort, so a Government building was used for that purpose. The building thus loaned to the Sisters for a school was taken three or four times during the year for different purposes. This was annoying to both teachers and pupils, so finally the Government allowed a Catholic Church to be built at the Fort, and here the Sisters taught for two years. The commanding officers were always kind and respectful to the Sisters; even the Protestant ministers were most polite and attentive. For a while the Sisters taught in the Episcopal Church, whilst their own was in course of completion. The Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Worth, was very kind to the Sisters, frequently inviting them to his house for luncheon, and when the Sisters would decline, he would express his concern at their having to partake of a cold collation. The kind reverend gentleman would undoubtedly have raised his hands in holy astonishment if he had been granted an interior view of a small basket that accompanied the Sisters to and fro on their daily trips, for it contained some slices of dry bread and a bottle of coffee—usually this, seldom more,

*"Quoth the raven," seldom more.*

After they had been some time teaching in their own church, they had the honor of two or three visits from Mrs. W. T. Sherman, who expressed herself highly gratified at such a flourishing Catholic school at a post, the only post in the Union that had a Catholic church. On the occasion of her last visit she gave one hundred and fifty suitable

books to be distributed as premiums to the children of the school. Her great delight was to come after Mass and spend an hour with the Sisters. Mrs. Sherman was, at this time, a guest of General Miles, who was a relative of hers. She had with her her youngest son, who was thirteen years of age and a lover of the saddle.

In the morning an ambulance was sent for the Sisters, and the same conveyance brought them home after school hours. One bright, delightful spring morning, as the Sisters were on their way to the Fort, they passed this young lad and his cousin riding rapidly towards the city. The boy was not an expert rider; he had a mettlesome horse, and as he was going very fast, he lost his balance and fell, and in falling his foot caught in the stirrup, and thus he was dragged for some distance, when one of the prisoners, an Irishman, who was working on the road, came to his assistance at the risk of his life—for a guard stood with loaded gun, ready to shoot any man that left his post.

When this news reached Mrs. Sherman and her son had been restored to her arms, badly bruised, but not seriously injured, she sent for the brave prisoner, told him to ask what he would, and it should be granted him. She had him pardoned that day, supplied him liberally with clothing, presented him with a handsome sum of money, and obtained for him honorable employment.

The church erected at the Fort, owing to the zeal of the saintly Father O'Reilly, who had succeeded the Jesuit Fathers, was a good-sized one, in which were partitioned off two apartments, which were used as school-rooms for two years, at the expiration of which time he erected a comfortable school-house, in which the Sisters taught during the remainder of their stay at the Fort. Father O'Reilly was a special favorite of the army men, and whilst he was pastor here he had the happiness to see many of the officers make their peace with God during the mission given by the rev-

erend Jesuit Fathers, as also to see others received into the True Fold. Father O'Reilly said Mass in the prison once a month, and many received the Bread of Angels from his holy hands.

In course of time these troops were removed from the Fort, and, the returning troops being mostly Protestants, the school had to be abandoned.

In the fall of the year 1870, a day-school was opened in South Leavenworth in a rented house on Second Avenue. Since that time many changes have taken place and improvements have been made. The Sisters now teach in convenient rooms attached to the Sacred Heart Church, of which Rev. Thomas J. Downey is the honored and beloved pastor.



ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL, HELENA, MONTANA.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Dear Father De Smet is again heard from in the year 1869, begging a colony of Sisters for the far Rocky Mountains. Rt. Rev. Bishop Miede was in St. Louis spending a few days with old friends at St. Xavier's College before taking leave for the "Eternal City" to be present at the Ecumenical Council. Father De Smet availed himself of this occasion to remind his Lordship of a promise he had made to send Sisters to Montana as soon as the Fathers on the Indian Missions were ready for them. "That time has come, my Lord," said the venerable missionary; "for besides the great yearly increase of Indian children, people from all parts of the States are continually immigrating to Montana; consequently schools are much needed." His Lordship was doubtful whether a sufficient number of Sisters could be spared. Father De Smet replied that *six* for Helena would do to make a beginning. So the matter was settled with the promise that if the Superior in Leavenworth were willing to send Sisters, and that the latter had courage to undertake the mission, His Lordship willingly granted the desired favor.

No sooner had Bishop Miede left St. Louis for New York, than Rev. Father De Smet turned his face in the direction of Kansas. Whilst in St. Louis, the zealous Father had not been idle; he had already solicited contributions from the wealthy ladies of that city to defray the expenses of a colony of Sisters to Helena, Montana. His next step was to take the train for Leavenworth, where he lost no time in making known his business to Mother Xavier, who immediately laid his proposition before the Council of the Community. Rev. Father Corbett, S.J., as Administrator of the Vicariate during the absence of Bishop Miede, pre-

sided over the deliberations of the Council, and was much in favor of the proposed mission. Mother Xavier, and indeed all the Sisters, were most willing to establish a mission in the Rocky Mountains, thus realizing one of their first desires in immigrating to the Territories. With these favorable dispositions the matter was soon decided upon, and Rev. Father De Smet saw with great pleasure the fulfillment of his wishes. So anxious was he to expedite the going that he made known his intention to remain in Leavenworth until the Sisters started.

The little colony was soon ready. It consisted of six members—five Sisters, Sister Julia, the Superior, Sister Regina, Sister Loreto, Sister Bertha, Sister Mary, and a young lady, Miss Rosa V. Kelly, who went as music teacher.

Rev. Father De Smet called every day to urge on the work of preparation, as he feared cold weather might set in and interfere with the journey. At last all was ready, and the dear old Father requested to see those who were selected. All were assembled in the small parlor to await his visit and receive his blessing. This ceremony over, the Father waited to see them safely on the train before he bade adieu to Leavenworth.

On the morning of the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel, the 29th of September, 1869, after Mass and Holy Communion, having eaten their breakfast, and not without many tears and sighs, yet willing and resigned, the Sisters and Miss Kelly took their seats on the Missouri Pacific Railway for the far-off Rocky Mountains. The work for which he came being accomplished—a work which he believed would redound to the honor and glory of God; the kind, zealous Father De Smet returned to St. Louis.

The success of all the Montana missions under the charge of the Sisters of Charity is a proof that the holy priest was not mistaken, and it has been remarked by one who was a close observer of all Father De Smet's move-

ments throughout that affair, that he seemed to scan the future with a prophetic eye. He lived long enough to witness the effects of his zeal and to thank God for the wonderful growth of the little "mustard seed" that he planted in Montana! "May the dear Father rest in peace." "May perpetual light shine on him."

The Sisters journeyed by rail and coach for eight days until they reached Helena, where, to their great disappointment, they found no home ready to receive them. At that time there were two priests in Helena—Rev. Father Van Gorp, S.J., and Rev. Father Grassi, S.J.—and Ven. Brother Meggazine, S.J. They were, no doubt, pleased to see the new missionaries, but at the same time greatly embarrassed.

Lest some reflection might fall upon Father De Smet for hurrying the Sisters off as he did—by way of explanation it must be said that the reverend Father foresaw a risk if he lost that occasion, and he preferred that the Mountain Fathers should be taken by surprise and the Sisters should be at first disappointed than that they should not go at all. If he had acted otherwise, most probably it would have retarded the good work for many years. We may say, without fear of mistaking, that all parties concerned are well pleased that circumstances turned out just as they did; and although the house for the Sisters and the school-rooms for the children were not ready, the Sisters being there and waiting gave an impulse to the work of preparation which nothing else would have given.

Father Van Gorp soon arranged matters by obtaining hospitality for the Sisters in Catholic families. Mrs. La Croix, Mrs. Galen, and Mrs. Brown kindly opened their doors to the homeless missionaries. Sister Julia wrote shortly after their arrival, and a day later the following letter came to relieve the anxiety, and we may add the pardonable curiosity, of the home Sisters as to the welfare of the absent:

“Helena, Montana, October 14, 1869.

“*Dear Mother and Sisters:*

“I do not know what Mrs. Galen’s Sisters or Mrs. Brown’s Sisters are doing to-day, but I do know that one of Mrs. La Croix’s Sisters is going to devote this day to writing to you, God willing. Sister Julia has written to you, I am sure, but she had her own experiences to write, and I have mine.

“This is only our second day in Helena, and the night of our landing seems already a thing of the past, everything appears so unreal. O where shall I, or will I, begin to write? Shall it be on leaving home or arriving here? In my perplexity I just turned to Sister Regina, who is seated by the window looking at the strange country and at a particularly tall mountain that has attracted her attention, and asked her to decide for me. She said, without taking her eyes from the dark pine-trees on the mountain’s side, ‘Tell them *everything*, for they will want to know it.’ That, I fancy, is what might be termed a *comprehensive command*, and it is much easier said than done.

“Yesterday morning, that after our arrival, we did not go to Mass. Father Van Gorp thought we needed rest and would not let the church-bell be rung, and Mrs. La Croix and her household went around on tip-toe so as not to disturb our slumbers; when we did awake of our own accord, it was near noon-time.

“When we bade you farewell at the depot at home, I thought it improbable that I should ever smile again; I felt so heart-broken at the separation. The other Sisters seemed in like condition from exterior appearances; tears falling, sighs, and handkerchiefs to eyes. We had gone several miles when I concluded to see what Sister Bertha was doing; she must have been moved by a similar spirit, for we looked at each other with so much curiosity that it made us mutually smile, and there was an end to the weeping, wail-



ing, and lamenting for that day, for by that time it was near dusk; the porter was lighting the lamps, and we were soon riding into the dark silent night. I thought of Charles Kingsley's "Three Fishers":

"Three fishers went sailing away to the West,  
Away to the West, as the sun went down."

Each of the fishers thought of the woman who loved him best; but it would be useless for me to attempt to tell of what we were thinking—besides, we were *six fisherwomen*, which makes a vast difference in the style of thinking, you know! We arrived in Omaha in the morning about ten, and remained there until next morning. Rosa was much indisposed all the trip, and as soon as we were received by the kind Sisters of Mercy, she asked to be allowed to lie down. She had a nervous headache, which did not entirely desert her until we arrived at Corinne.

"Sister Julia and Sister Loretto went to call upon Mr. Creighton, and came back with the pleasing intelligence that we were to have sleeping-cars to the end of our journey—that is, of our car journey. I had read in a 'Tourist's Guide' that one berth in a sleeping-car from Omaha to Ogden was four dollars per night, and as there were six of us, we had not even the remotest suspicion of attaining to such a luxury. We attributed this piece of good fortune to Sister Regina's prayers, for she was compassionating Rosa and wishing for her sake that we could afford sleepers, and you well know that her 'wishes,' which mean her *prayers*, are usually answered.

"When we took the car at Omaha, we had difficulty in disposing of our baskets and packages, they were so numerous. I endeavored to get a place next a window, so that I could see the country, and I said to myself, 'I do not own an inch of ground, yet all I see is mine,' for the time being! and I thoroughly enjoyed my passing possession. I often and often thank our Lord that He has so constituted me

that I love Nature, adorned or unadorned—I love trees, grass, flowers, birds, waters—at rest or in motion, and I delight above all in the vastness of a prairie, with a house in the distance, which I people according to my fancy—at least, I thought I did until I saw a mountain, a real, true mountain! But I will never arrive at the end of my journey if I stop to rhapsodize. Sister Bertha was amused at my surprise and delight at seeing mountains—they were nothing new to her, but I imagine that her mountains were hills compared to these; and still a gentleman in the coach told me that the Montana mountains are even lower than those of Colorado, I knew already that a peak or so in Colorado had the preëminence, but I cannot believe that any mountains are grander than those I have lately passed.

“October 15th.

“How true it is that *man proposes* and *God disposes*. Yesterday I had intended to devote to you, but some ladies of the congregation called, and no more writing could be done.

“This morning Father Van Gorp postponed the time for Mass to 8 o’clock, in order that we might have our breakfast before Mass, and meet afterwards at his house to have a little conference as to what was best to be done. After Mass we went to the priests’ residence; this reminded me very much of our Novitiate Building—nearly the same, except this has no porch. We were shown into the parlor by a Jesuit Brother. Here we found Rev. Father Grassi, who is the Superior of the Jesuits in Montana. He bade us be seated to wait for Father Van Gorp.

“We were glad to be together once again. Sister Julia is looking pale; the rest, save Sister Regina, are in excellent health. We are dispersed here as to dwellings in the shape of an acute-angled triangle: Sister Julia and Rosa down town with Mrs. Brown, Sister Loretto and Sister Bertha in an opposite direction with Mrs. Galen, and Sister Regina and myself at the upper angle of the triangle. I

shrewdly suspect that Sister Regina and I are highly favored in the distribution of temporary homes. You, dear Mother, have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. La Croix. He is a charming host, I do not tire of listening to his interesting conversation, and Mrs. La Croix is all that could be desired as hostess.

"When Father Van Gorp finished his breakfast, he came in and at once began planning as to what was best to be done.

"What does he look like? He is tall, and would be considered a fine figure if he held himself erect, but he stoops in the shoulders, not a student's stoop; he has not the air of a student, not at all; rather that of a wide-awake business man. His hair is black, inclined to wave; his complexion good, rather highly colored; eyes black, I think—or perhaps brown; his mouth defective in some way; I imagine his teeth are not very straight, but so far I have only taken a 'bird's-eye view,' for I feared that he might be engaged in the same occupation as I was, for I noticed that he glanced from one to the other of us, in order to see of what stuff we were made. Poor good man, he will find out soon enough that we are all but *dust and ashes!*

"While Father Van Gorp was talking on business to Sister Julia, Father Grassi said very little. What does Father Grassi look like? He has not so fine a figure as Father Van Gorp, but I think his face is handsomer, his features more regular. He is stout and medium-sized; brown hair, and very beautiful eyes, and fine, even teeth. He is an older man than Father Van Gorp; I think he is about forty, and I should judge Father Van Gorp to be thirty-five, or perhaps younger.

"The result of the talk was that in a few days we are to take up our abode in the priests' house and they are to go and live in two little rooms attached to the church—that is, for the time being. After that point was settled, Father

Grassi was quite inquisitive about a good many things. He does not like our head-dress, our collar—says our bonnet is ugly, etc., etc. I think he said really more than he meant; mayhaps to draw us out and make us talk, for I assure you it was a regular Quakers' meeting. You know how reserved Sister Julia is, and as she answered only when spoken to, what could we do but follow suit?

"Well, now that I have told you this much, I must go back to Corinne, where we took the coach for Helena. Corinne, you know, is in Brigham Young's country, and is only about seven miles from the Great Salt Lake. I was so anxious to go to see this famous lake, as we had to remain a day and a half at Corinne, but I could inspire no one with any enthusiasm on the subject. I wanted to see the numerous islands, both large and small, that are in this lake; nearly all of them are rich in minerals, such as copper, silver, gold, and iron, and to get some as specimens for our projected museum or cabinet; also to get some of the sage-brush that grows on the banks of the lake, which being showered with the salty incrustations and dried in the sunlight, gives it a glittering pearly appearance. This, it is said, furnishes splendid specimens for mineral cabinets.

"No one had as much curiosity as I, yet I felt resigned when I remembered what I had lately read of Petrarch. He always carried about with him a copy of St. Augustine's Confessions given him by Cardinal de Cabassole, one of his most intimate friends. He tells about taking it out one day on the top of Mt. Ventoux, when he was journeying for pleasure one summer, and accidentally opening at the passage: 'Men go far to examine the summits of mountains, the waters of the sea, the beginning and course of rivers, and the immensity of the ocean, but they neglect to examine themselves.' When I remembered this, I thereupon proceeded to make a small meditation, ending with a very searching particular examen.

"After the examen and our dinner, I had seated myself with the intention of writing to you, when Sister Loretto observed that it was a pity to remain indoors. No one spoke to the contrary, still no one offered to accompany her abroad. I think she was waiting for me to offer my services. I did not do so, having resolved not to roam from home without necessity. At last she turned to me and said, 'As you cannot possibly go to Salt Lake to-day, will you take a stroll with me?' As no one else wished to go, I could not be so selfish as not to accompany her.

"Corinne, though in Utah, is not Mormon, but is distinctively what is called a Gentile town. It is located in a charming valley—the Bear River Valley. I shall not soon forget the atmosphere of that day. I never experienced anything like the sensation it caused; it was 'an indolence of earth and air' that made one feel as if in a delightful trance. We spent most of the afternoon slowly walking, talking, and looking. This stroll nearly compensated for my not getting to Salt Lake.

"Corinne is the freighting-point to Montana, and the western part of the city was a very busy scene as we came by that way on our return to our boarding-place. I forgot to tell you that when we left the cars, on arriving here, one of our largest lunch-baskets was left behind, the one the ladies in Leavenworth prepared. It had not been opened, as we were reserving it for our coach journey. Every once in awhile some one still regrets its loss, and just to think, we do not even know *what* was in it! But we are convinced that it was the best furnished of all the baskets.

"We tried to get to sleep early the night we stayed in Corinne, because we had a trip of four days and four nights in the coach before we would be at the end of our journey.

"Behold us next day, equipped for the trip, and walking in the direction of the coach, where we found three gentlemen who were to be our fellow-travelers. Sister Julia

had a band-box with a clean cap pinned up in it, a shawl in a strap, and a lunch-basket. Sister Loretto had a lunch-basket, an extra shawl, and a box with—I do not know what in it; Sister Regina had a basket of her own and a large bundle of dry goods; Sister Bertha, a valise, a basket, and a box; Rosa, three bundles of various dimensions, and I had a valise and a box. The gentlemen had over their arms overcoats, two of them of the buffalo's hide, and all three with valises, and lo! all this luggage was to accompany us on our journey. The poor driver, when he saw what was expected of the capacity of his vehicle, said a number of profane words. It reminded me of what I had heard of the exodus of the Sisters from Nashville. I did not get vexed with the man, but rather with ourselves, who had given the provocation. Will our Sisters never learn to travel without such a number of baskets and boxes? If we had still had the immense basket of lunch left in the cars, what would he not have said. There were four seats in the coach, allowing three passengers to a seat.

“At last we were packed and crammed in, the driver occasionally pitching in a box, a basket, and an oath—I did not know but that he would before starting take and shake us, he was in such a furious humor. I got in very quietly and kept still as a mouse. There were six horses to the coach, spirited, strong-looking animals; two blacks, two bays, and two whites. After all was settled, and our lower limbs were pinioned between boxes, bundles, and baskets, the horses tore away at a lively gait. It was the most novel event of my life.

“It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when we started. At first I was exhilarated by the strangeness of everything; the country around and the country inside the coach. After awhile I tried to move, but soon discovered I was packed in and very unpleasantly situated. One of the gentlemen came to my relief, and by tying some of the pack-

ages and bundles together made a rest for my head and gave my feet some room in which to move. This gentleman was Mr. Somers. I called him 'the merry philosopher,' for throughout the tedious trip he continually tried to enliven us with his favorite expression, 'What cannot be cured must be endured.' Mr. Winters was the name of our second traveling companion, and Mr. Tarpay the name of the third—all agreeable gentlemen.

"Dear Mother, words cannot describe the first night in the coach, nor the second, nor the third, nor the fourth, and I fancy if there had been a fifth night I should have had a strong temptation to remain over at one of the relay stations, and to sleep for a day or two to make up for lost time.

"I remained wide awake the first night, everything around me was so new and surprising, until towards one or two o'clock I began nodding, and from that time until broad daylight I longed for my hard little *shuck* bed in the Novitate that I had so lately left, little thinking that in a short time I would be taking such a John Gilpin's ride over the rockiest of the Rocky Mountains.

"An artist with his easel, paint, paint-brushes, etc., should have been on the spot next morning to depict the various expressions on our nine respective faces when we awoke, for every one in the coach towards early morning had gone fast asleep. When I awoke, my neck was nearly broken, so was my bonnet, and my cap was a shocking sight; I could feel that it was so, though I had no mirror, and if I had had one, where would I have used it? The coach stops about ten minutes to change horses every thirty miles, but that was no time for admiring one's self. But had it not been for these little breathing-spells in between, we would have fared badly.

"We got some coffee next morning at one of the stations, and this refreshed us very much. The days were not at all tiresome, there was such varied scenery—I think we

used every adjective of admiration that is to be found in the English language. I do wish all the community could have admired with us. As we would fly past one spot we would say, 'Is it not lovely?' or 'enchanting?' or 'ravishing?' 'a paradise?' 'an elysium?' 'an Arcadian scene?' 'a Happy Valley?' We were 'charmed,' 'transported,' etc., etc. Oh, I would truly and really not finish my letter in a week if I undertook to tell all we saw and admired. But we fairly *dreaded* the approach of night. Mr. Somers said it was dangerous to *sleep too much*—told us a story, which I will tell you: 'Once there was a man felling trees in a forest. [We were passing through dense pine woods when Mr. Somers began the story, and perhaps he 'made it up' as he went along.] The man, feeling fatigued, put down his axe, went to his house, and fell asleep, from which he could not be wakened for several weeks. When he did awake from his long slumber, his former life was a blank. He learned to read again the same as a little child. At the time this happened the man was thirty years of age. When he was fifty years old, he slept again for a month at a time, and when he awoke, he went immediately to look for the axe with which he had been felling the tree at the time of his first protracted sleep, and everything that he had forgotten previous to that time returned to his mind, but he had forgotten all that had occurred between the two slumbers.'

"This story did not prevent us taking a nap whenever fatigue got the better of discomfort. Mr. Somers, himself, slept nearly all the time that he was not trying to keep us awake. Our lunch-baskets did not get empty until the evening of our last day in the coach, but they got filled with dust—we ate, I think, more than a quart of dust between Corinne and Helena. We all had fine appetites, except Sister Regina, who scarcely broke her fast during the entire journey. Rosa's headache, wonderful to relate, departed from her as soon as we had been churned for some hours in



the coach. When Mr. Somers learned that Rosa was the music-teacher, he told us a story *apropos* of the influence of music—of the origin of the most flourishing poor school in London: ‘Once upon a time, a philanthropic young lady, beautiful in mind and manner, took a room in a poverty-stricken part of London, and had her piano brought there. When she played, her doors and her two windows would be full of little curious faces, and sometimes when she would turn around upon the piano-stool she would find some, more inquisitive than the rest, standing at her shoulder. She would then, as if just aware of their existence in her room, ask if she should play for them. Soon all her audience would try to be as near her as possible. When she was through, she would speak kindly to them, show them some picture-books, and by degrees led them to want to learn. In a short time she had a large school, so large that it had to be organized and placed under regular teachers. And this much accomplished there, the charming young lady went into another poor quarter of the city and took along with her the magical piano.’ So much for the effect of music!

“I must close this letter, and promise to write again after I see the other Sisters, or, better, when we get to house-keeping. To-morrow we are to go to visit Sister Julia to see what she wishes us to do until that time.

“To-morrow.

“I failed to send this letter yesterday as I had intended, and now I am glad I did so, as I would have had to write a new letter. Sister Regina and I were summoned to Mrs. Brown’s to see Sister Julia, who is ill; Rosa is also sick. They are both confined to their beds, and have called in the physician, who prescribed particular diet and bodily rest for both. Sister Julia wanted us to go to see Father Van Gorp, who is already speaking of the plan for the Sisters’ house which is to be built near the church, on the summit of a hill or a small mountain.

"Do not worry about the sick ones; they will soon be among the well ones. Sister Julia says, if you wish to offer any suggestions about the plan of the house, to be kind enough to let her know at your earliest convenience."

As had been arranged, the Fathers vacated their own dwelling to give it to the Sisters, and took up their abode in the sacristy of the church. As soon as Sister Julia recovered from her temporary indisposition, the Sisters began to keep house for themselves.

Their new Convent, for the time being, had formerly been a printing-office, a small plank building very much like what they had been accustomed to in the early days in Kansas. They had no hardships to suffer here from want of food and fuel—they found their cellar stored with provisions sufficient to last a siege of months, and cords of wood in the yard, and a quantity already cut for their use.

The new Convent was begun immediately on the ground opposite the church, and west of where the Sisters then lived. During some weeks, the Sisters prepared dinner for several workmen who had offered their gratuitous services, and who had to walk a distance to and fro from their cabins in the gulches.

*Catholic Hill* was busy as a bee-hive. Some of the Sisters were abroad collecting means to pay for the new house, others preparing articles necessary to furnish the Academy, and others engaged in daily household avocations. Community exercises, however, had been resumed as soon as the Sisters had been reunited, and the bell summoned the little community on the hill as regularly as at the Mother House.

The new Convent was finished by the end of December, and the Sisters moved into it and were engaged in teaching by the first of January, 1870. The new building was a two-story frame containing twelve rooms. At first this appeared large, but as boarders and day-pupils came in, it was soon necessary to add to its dimensions. The first additions were

a good-sized study-room and a dormitory; also a lanndry and a bake-house. Room was economized by the day-pupils being admitted to all the boarders' classes.

When the Academy was ready for occupancy, the reverend Fathers returned to their own domicile. In those days most of the dwellings were constructed in the novel style of upright and often unplanned planks; such was the first residence occupied by the holy sons of Loyola, and they found it a great improvement, compared with the sacristy of the church, which was cold and very small.

*St. Vincent's Academy* being now well patronized by day-pupils and boarders, the ever-active mind of Father Van Gorp was concentrated on the ways and means of bringing into operation a hospital for the sick. The means were found, the house built, and additional Sisters were sent from Leavenworth as nurses. The Hospital was a one-and-a-half-story cottage, the plan of which was admirable. On the first floor on each side of a wide hall were private rooms for the sick, the first room to the right on entering was a parlor, the rear room was used as a kitchen, and there was a porch extending the entire length of the building in front of parlor and kitchen, and a porch above and below at the back of all. The attic floor was divided into a large ward for the sick, extending over the entire front; from the partition there was a corridor leading on to the porch; on the right of this corridor was the patients' recreation-room, and on the left two rooms for the sick. There was an excellent cellar, the size of the whole frame, which served for various purposes; also an outside laundry, wood-shed, coal-house, and all necessary adjuncts.

The Hospital, *St. John's*, was hailed as a most welcome and long-needed institution by the Fathers and citizens, and more particularly by the sick and poor, who always congregate about a charitable home. There, too, the Sisters found most congenial occupations, for every true Sister of Charity

loves the sick and the poor, for whose solace and service her Order was called into existence. Yes, in the words of St. Vincent she is often reminded of her holy vocation. is often told by the Sainted Founder of the Daughters of Charity, "It is to serve the poor and the sick that God has called you."

As St. John's Hospital was soon crowded, more room was required. Additions were made from time to time, until finally it was decided that a large brick edifice should be erected upon the site of the old frame. This was moved to one side and still used for the sick, until the new and beautiful building, large and convenient, rose by its side. Long may it prosper and be, as heretofore, a refuge and consolation to the hundreds of sick, invalids, and poor that have ever found a home beneath its hospitable roof. How many poor creatures, frozen near unto death in the furious snow-storms, how many maimed for life in the mines of the Rocky Mountains, have found comfort and rest in those gentle ministrations which only the Sisters are prepared to give!

While St. John's was still in its infancy the commissioners of three or four counties awarded the care of their insane to the Sisters of Charity. This necessarily required a suitable building for such patients. Under the direction, supervision, and according to the plans of Rev. Father Van Gorp, the work was immediately begun, and in an incredibly short time the insane from different points were brought and lodged in their new and clean strong rooms. These poor unfortunates were for several years cared for by the Sisters; finally they were transferred to a farm where everything was prepared expressly for their accommodation, and the house vacated by them was utilized as an orphan asylum.

There were some very desperate cases brought to the Insane Asylum—strong, able-bodied men whose minds were complete wrecks; some cases having resulted from over-



ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, DEER LODGE, MONTANA.

work, over-anxiety, exposure, want of proper nourishment, and a few were suffering from inherited insanity. There was one man, a negro of the blackest dye, Jackson Green, who imagined himself a prophet, somewhere between the style of Mahomet and Brigham Young. He was considered a very dangerous man, and had been for some weeks kept in his room, where the windows were barred, but as he appeared after awhile to be more rational than usual, for the sake of his health he was allowed every day for a few minutes to take the fresh outside air. He was very cunning, and while walking around preaching to himself as an audience, he had managed to secrete in his cell a crow-bar and a pile of rocks.

One evening, the Sisters having noticed that his mind was wandering more madly than ever, told the guard not to let him out of his cell next day. When his breakfast was taken in the next morning, he attacked the guard, who hastened from the room, locking the door from the outside. He went around the Asylum to the window of the cell to see what Jackson was doing, when a rock was suddenly thrown at his head. He asked aid from the convalescent men in the Hospital and they went in a body to see what could be done. They opened the door and were met with a volley of rocks, which made them hastily retreat.

By this time, Jackson was in a perfect fury, brandishing the crow-bar, and threatening to kill any one who came near him. Sister Loretto went to the Asylum; she was courageous, and was not to be deterred from going by any representations made to her. When she was passing his window, Jackson threw a stone, cutting a gash in her head, from which the blood flowed profusely; this incensed the group of men who were standing at a respectful distance from the dangerous window, and, summoning more aid from the city, they determined to secure Jackson, dead or alive. They

valiantly opened the door again, but soon beat a retreat more precipitately than at first.

The men then stood consulting as to what was best to be done, when Sister Patricia appeared on the scene. Going to the door of the cell, she unlocked it, to the horror of the men, who expected soon to see her a corpse in their presence. She picked up the mattress from the bed. Jackson was so astounded at such a cool proceeding that before he had recovered from his astonishment, Sister Patricia had cast the mattress with all her strength upon him. The shock, so unexpected, threw him down, and the men rushed in and secured him. As may be easily imagined, Sister Patricia was the lion, or rather the *lioness*, of *that* day, but a very gentle and inoffensive one.

The Sisters in the Hospital were kept busily employed; there was never a day passed that they did not witness in some shape physical or mental distress. Many even came to receive sympathy, the consolation of a kind, encouraging word or smile.

Everything went well at the Hospital; the patients were satisfied with the ministrations of the Sisters, and the physicians were obliging and generous. The Sisters of St. John's will always hold in grateful remembrance the names of *Glick* and *Maupin* of early times, and of others of a later date, who are yet living and laboring. When the Sisters first went to Montana, some of them, before becoming acclimated, frequently needed the aid of a physician, and the services of Dr. Glick were asked on these occasions. He came whenever needed. Mr. Peter Smith, of Boulder Valley, thought that the Sisters would have a large doctor's bill, and presented himself to Dr. Glick to settle it, without having said anything to the Sisters of his intention.

Dr. Glick told Mr. Smith that their friendship would forever cease—they were old friends of long and tried standing—if he ever presumed to entertain such an unfavorable

opinion of him. The idea of his charging a Sister of Charity for medical attendance had never for one moment been entertained by him. He begged Mr. Smith never to refer to the subject again, and to be assured that whenever a Sister was ill, or if they were *all* ill at the same time, he would consider it an honor to be called upon to attend them.

Dr. Maupin was also very kind and generous in all his dealings with the Sisters and their poor, but they were called upon to mourn his untimely death. Dr. Maupin was one of the healthiest, and apparently one of the strongest men in Helena. In the fall of 1871, a pupil of St. Vincent's Academy, Martine Demers, from Frenchtown, was so ill that she was removed to the Hospital in order that she might have the advantage of the doctor's more frequent visits and the care of a skillful nurse. Her illness proved fatal. The last night of Martine's life a Sister from the Academy was sitting up with her. Dr. Maupin, who was her regular physician, came at about nine o'clock to see her. The Sister instituted a mental comparison between the two. The doctor had just come in from the clear, brisk, snowy air, and was a picture of glowing, robust *Health*, while the poor little girl of fifteen on her couch was a picture of *Death*. The doctor remained a few minutes, said his wife was ill, and that he would have to be up all night, but would return to see Martine about four in the morning. He never came. He was thrown from his horse that night, taken up and carried to his home in an unconscious condition, and in three days was in his grave. Martine was only buried an hour or so before him, her body having been taken to her home in Frenchtown for interment.

The physicians usually tell the Sisters if they think a patient is in danger of death, so that any arrangement that the dying person wishes to make may be attended to in time. Sometimes the reverse happens, and the Sister tells the doctor when his patient is going to die, as occurred in



the case of a man named John Brown—a not unfamiliar name. He had been poisoned while working in the mines, and had been in the Hospital for some weeks when one morning, as the doctor was making his daily rounds, Sister Josephine said, “I think John Brown will die to-day.” The doctor did not think so, but John Brown overheard the conversation, and he said immediately, “O my God! I am going to die; Sister Josephine says so. Send for the priest; tell him to hurry, I want to prepare to go to Heaven.” These remarks seemed to amuse the physician and the inmates of the ward wherein John Brown lay, for he was apparently a most careless man as regarded his eternal salvation, and a man more profane in speech had never been received within the walls of St. John’s since its construction.

Sister Josephine saw from the expression of his countenance that he was terribly in earnest; he kept repeating, “O my God! I have to die; Sister Josephine says so. Send for Father Palladino to make me ready to go to Heaven.” Father Palladino came as soon as sent for, remained some time with the dying man, and prepared him “to go to Heaven” by bestowing upon him the sacrament of baptism and saying many consoling words to the poor man, who, until he entered the Hospital, had seldom heard a gentle word since he had left his mother’s side thirty years before.

After Father Palladino had gone, Sister Josephine went to see her patient and said to him, “You know that you have been one of the most profane men that ever lived, but now you must strive to guard your tongue, so that no improper word may ever escape your lips again.”

“Indeed, I will, Sister Josephine,” said John Brown; “*I will cover up my head and keep silence.*” And so he did cover up his head and would not speak unless spoken to, and then it was in a much gentler manner than usual with him. Some of the patients remarked, “If John Brown goes to Heaven, he gets off very cheap.” But John Brown was in

earnest, and next morning, when he had breathed his last, he had kept his word, and his head had not been uncovered except in case of real necessity, so fearful was he of relapsing into his former bad habit of using profane language.

A young man of very refined personal appearance was brought to the Hospital in 1873 in a state of utter destitution. His history was a repetition of that of the Prodigal Son. His name was entered on the Hospital records as Daniel Fleuger, but that was an assumed one, as he afterwards told a Sister when she informed him that he had only a few days to live. He was a Prussian by birth, the son of a surgeon in the army, Van Shielder being his true name. He had received a liberal education, was indulged and spoiled by his father, mother, brothers, and sisters. In college he ranked among the "wild" boys. On finishing his education, he stole eighteen thousand dollars in money from his father and fled to this country, where he enlisted in the army. His money was soon gone, and step by step he fell from one degradation into another, until at last he was compelled, in order to get wherewith to sustain the life in his now diseased body, to wash the dishes in the National Hotel in Helena.

His strength barely enabled him to do this, because he was already far advanced in consumption when he sought and obtained this employment. His fellow-workmen at the hotel had great compassion for him, knowing that he scarcely slept an hour during the night, being prevented by constant coughing, and having to arise in the early morning bathed in a cold perspiration. They insisted that he should go to the Hospital. He refused for some time to pay any attention to their solicitations, but at last his state of weakness became such that he was brought to the Hospital in a carriage, and carried from it in the arms of his kind friends to a comfortable bed in a warm, cheerful room, where every

possible attention was given him to restore his bodily health and arouse his depressed spirits.

After he had been a few days at the Hospital he seemed slightly revived, and said to Sister Josephine, "If I could live my life over, I would turn over a new leaf." Sister replied, "You will never write on a new leaf, for your days are numbered and they are few." He then proceeded to tell Sister the story of his wasted life, adding, "And here I am, a pauper in your hospital, and my father has many servants in his house." He wished that his father and mother, if still living, should be told that he humbly begged their pardon before he died, and that they should be told how sadly he regretted his wicked life. When Sister Josephine saw that his last day on earth had come, she said to him, "Do you not want me to call a minister to prepare you for your departure from this world?" "No," he replied; "Sister Mary Lawrence can pray as good as any preacher, and I would rather have her. Leave her with me while you are at Mass." When Sister Josephine returned from Mass, she found him in his last agony. The two Sisters knelt by his bed, praying, until the soul had left the poor, attenuated body.

May we not say what has been repeated millions of times, "*Truth is stranger than fiction*"? and every day of a hospital Sister's life proves more and more the reality of the saying.

A Sister is not, however, always to view the gloomy side of life in a hospital.

On one occasion a Sister was speaking to a man who was very ill, about his soul, for which he seemed to care very little, when he astonished her by saying very composedly, "Why, Sister, I have always been *very fond* of God."

Rev. Remigius De Ryckere, who in 1866 had been appointed to take charge of the Deer Lodge Mission, Montana, a mission comprising numerous mining camps, settlements of farmers in the valleys, and several small towns, was the

next to ask a colony of the Leavenworth community. He had to wait awhile for want of Sisters.

The people of Nevada Valley, one of his missions, are accustomed to say that, after the loss of their holy Faith, the next greatest loss would be that of Father De Ryckere. This reverend Father has now been with his numerous flock for thirty-two years. Upon his coming into his charge, he selected Deer Lodge as the place of his residence. This is a little pretty town in a cottonwood grove. Here he built the first church in the county of Deer Lodge, a log church, but later on replaced it by a stone building not far from the first.

In 1873 a site was selected for a hospital, the most desirable one in the place, though at the time it would not have so impressed the casual observer—it was simply a grassy eminence with a fine view on every side; in the distance the main range of the Rocky Mountains and Mount Powell, 13,000 feet high. Around lay the beautiful Deer Lodge Valley. But, strange to say, in this Deer Lodge, which is a city of trees—here there was not one to be seen. This defect was not long in being remedied. In a few years the Hospital was so closely embowered in trees that it was found necessary to cut some of them down.

On the 23d of October the colony for Deer Lodge left the Mother House. They were Sister Gertrude Ryan, Sister Placida Kennedy, Sister Mary Bridget O'Rourke, and Sister Mary Louis Reynolds.

When the Hospital was in good running order, Father De Ryckere asked for Sisters for a school, and soon St. Mary's Academy was completed and ready to receive pupils. Here Sister Evangelista had charge for a number of years. After her came Sister Mary Angela Fialon, Sister Mary Regis Speke, Sister Mary Olive Mead, and Mother Josepha.

At the Hospital, Sister Gertrude was succeeded by Sister Mary Xavier, Sister Mary Baptist, Sister Mary Ignatia,

and Sister Ann Joseph, who had charge for ten years continuously. Her place was taken by Sister Ann Teresa for a few months, who was succeeded by Sister Mary John, who remained in office for three years, until Sister Ann Joseph returned to her old charge, when she remained for two years, until her health failed and she came home to die. Sister Hilaria O'Connor is the present Sister Servant.

A colony of the Leavenworth Sisters was asked for in 1881 to open a hospital in Butte, Montana.

Two Sisters, Sister Mary Ignatia Nealon and Sister Mary Xavier McLaughlin, were sent abroad to collect means to erect the building. After this work was accomplished, they remained in Butte to await the arrival of the other Sisters from the Mother House. On the 23d of October, near midnight, they arrived—Sister Mary Serena O'Connor, Sister Hilaria O'Connor, and Sister Assisiun McMahon.

Sister Mary Ignatia and Sister Mary Xavier had retired. They were not yet occupying the Hospital, which was not completed, but were in a small log house which stood on the Hospital premises. But their slumbers were light, as they were expecting the Sisters, so when they heard the rumbling of the coach which had brought the travelers from Silver Bow Junction, they were soon ready to welcome them to their mountain home. But they were disappointed to see only *three* Sisters when *ten* were needed.

In a few days all five set to work to prepare the Hospital for the reception of patients. This work occupied some weeks. When it was completed, Sister Mary Serena was the first patient ever nursed in St. James' Hospital. She was taken down with typhoid fever and was very ill for three weeks.

In the course of a year Sister Mary Ignatia was succeeded in charge by Sister Philomena Quinlan, who remained in this office until March, 1885, when failing health

compelled her removal to the Mother House, and Sister Ann Teresa Durkin was sent to replace her.

The Hospital at this time was crowded. In the fall of this year the fourth story of the building was raised, and this gave room to at least fifty more patients who were awaiting admission.

There was very little ground around the Hospital, only four lots; six more were purchased, thus giving half a block to the building. Again in 1889 it was found that more room was needed for the increasing number of patients, and an addition was made with all the modern improvements.

Already in 1884 the Sisters had lost one of their number, which had been increased from time to time until in this year there were fourteen serving the sick in St. James' Hospital. After only a few hours' illness, Sister Mary Xavier died July the first, much to the sorrow of the Sisters and the people generally. The miners begged as a favor to be allowed to sit up with the remains.

The work of the Sisters was very laborious, but, as usual, our Lord rewarded them by the sight of many edifying death-beds and many sincere conversions to a better life.

Two Sisters were sitting up with a pneumonia patient. Towards morning they saw he was dying. They began the prayers for the agonizing, when, to their surprise, the man got out of bed, went on his knees, and answered the prayers himself. The Sisters could scarcely persuade him to return to bed, but at last prevailed upon him to do so—when he immediately expired.

Another patient, who was very ill, had almost lost his faith, so that the Sisters refrained from speaking to him about his soul for fear of exasperating him against God. They determined to have recourse to the "Refuge of Sinners." Shortly after the Novena to the Blessed Virgin was begun, the nurse came to say that the sick man had

asked for the priest. The poor man made his confession for the first time in *thirty* years. He was one of the most grateful men that ever was seen; he said he sincerely thanked God for the sickness that had brought him such peace and happiness. He soon became better, and when he was able to walk around, he went daily to the Chapel to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. When he was well enough to leave the Hospital, he said he had been truly edified by all he had seen and heard during his sojourn at St. James', and truly regretted to leave the place where he had been restored to the grace of God.

The Hospital was generally full of patients. When the Montana Central Railroad was being built from Helena to Butte, the Hospital got all the injured men from Weeks' Tunnel to Butte, which is half way between the two cities; and again, when the Anaconda, Butte & Pacific Railroad was being built, the Hospital got its injured men; and they frequently have patients who have been injured by powder explosions.

At the last terrible explosion of giant powder a number of the wounded were brought to St. James' Hospital. Between the second and third explosion, an old lady, slightly deaf, a patient on the third floor, was terribly frightened, and fearing the other inmates of the house had not heard the noise, ran directly through the halls, calling the patients to arise quickly, that the "M. P. M.'s," meaning the "A. P. A.s," were blowing up the priests and the Sisters.

A memorable event in the history of Butte and St. James' Hospital was the visit of Monsignor Satolli in 1894. On this occasion, Mass was celebrated in the porch of the Hospital and a great concourse was present. Benches were placed all over the yard and a pulpit was erected. The altar was erected in the lower porch and the choir was stationed on the upper one. A marble slab is to be placed where the Holy Sacrifice was celebrated on that eventful day.

A recent notice of the Hospital says: "An institution that has earned the esteem and affection of the whole community is St. James' Hospital. Our Sisters of Charity have largely contributed to the spiritual and temporal benefit of our people, and captivated the affection and gratitude of the sick and disabled. The Hospital was first established in 1882. It was greatly enlarged in 1890, and so great is the confidence of our people that it may be necessary to erect a new addition in the near future. At present fourteen Sisters, under the motherly direction of Sister Louisa, attend to the wants of the numerous patients.

"Three able physicians are devoting their time and talents to the suffering inmates of the Hospital, while seventeen doctors attend to the needs of private patients. The rooms are clean and airy, and afford every comfort to the sick and disabled. The kindness of the Sisters, their motherly care and patience, will forever make St. James' Hospital dear to our miners and workingmen. How many a one, by tender kindness, was led back to his duties and his church! Judgment Day alone will tell how many souls were saved through the sweet influence of the Sisters."



## CHAPTER XVII.

The year 1870 was to bring more words of encouragement to the Leavenworth Sisters from the Holy Father Pius IX. These favors were obtained by the Rt. Rev. John B. Miede, S.J., on the occasion of his visit to Rome to attend the Ecumenical Council.

*"Most Holy Father:*

"John Baptist Miede, Bishop of Messina, Vicar Apostolic, prostrate at your feet, represents to your Holiness: That he has in his Vicariate Sisters of Charity, called Sisters of Leavenworth, who several years ago were formed into a congregation, under the Rule of St. Vincent of Paul, and who devote their lives to the education of girls and to other works of mercy, under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of the diocese.

"Wherefore, for the consolation of these Sisters, he humbly begs Your Holiness, with all possible respect and submission:

"1. That you may deign by your apostolic benediction to foster and encourage their institute and labors.

"2. To grant a Plenary Indulgence, to be gained on the usual conditions—on the Feast of the Circumcision, Epiphany, Holy Name, Sacred Heart of Jesus, and Nativity of Our Lord; likewise on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Nativity, Annunciation, and Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary; as also on the Feasts of the Most Holy Rosary and Our Lady of Mount Carmel; likewise on the Feasts of Saint Vincent of Paul and All Saints; and on the Commemoration of All Souls; and for each Sister on the day of her reception of the religious habit, and on the day she

pronounces her vows, and on the anniversary of these days; finally, at the hour of death.

"That Your Holiness may grant our petition, etc."

Granted May 24, 1870, in accordance with the petition, and in the usual form of the Church.

The brief was accompanied by the following letter from their honored Bishop:

"Rome, Ascension Day, 1870.

"*Dear Mother:*

"Everything you wished me to ask the Holy Father for the Sisters has been granted most readily and kindly, and you will have an indult where the good Holy Father has written two lines and his signature besides. I would like to send it by mail, but I fear it might be lost, so I would almost prefer to wait until a sure occasion offers itself. It will soon come. Meanwhile ask the Sisters to pray for the venerable and saintly Pontiff, who is indeed very kind to Kansas. I presented your petition after offering him the Kansas Peter's Pence, which seemed to surprise him considerably. He did not really expect that Kansas could do so much for the good cause.

"The Council need prayers also. Do not forget it. We have session every day except Sunday—it is really as much as a poor human body can stand with the Roman heat.

"My sincere regards to all the friends. Pray for

"Your truly devoted in Xt.,

"*†J. B. Miede, S.J.*"

Addressed, "Mother Xavier Ross,

"Sisters' Academy,

"Leavenworth City, Kansas."

These favors of the Holy Father strengthened more and more the determination of the Sisters of Leavenworth to spend themselves in the service of God and their neighbor. When Very Rev. Father Cataldo, Provincial of the

Jesuits in the Rocky Mountains, heard of these welcome favors received from Rome, he remarked, "If you have the approval of the Holy Father, you have the approval of God." This occurred several years before the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth were established in Kansas on the basis of Canon Law.

In 1873 Bishop Miege, who was then building the Cathedral in Leavenworth, being in need of means to continue its erection, went to South America to collect funds for that purpose. From there he wrote the following letter to Rev. Albert Heiman, Mt. Carmel, Scipio, Anderson Co., Kas.:

"Cordova, Argentine Republic,

"April 20, 1873.

*"My dear old Friend:*

"I write not to give description of voyages and countries; that has been done by Bishop Fink, who surely has given you all the news; but simply to show that I am yet amongst the living, and that I do not forget the old colaborers in the Kansas vineyard. The elements you have are very good, and I sincerely hope God will bless the little nucleus of the Carmelite Fathers, prosper and multiply them for the good of the Vicariate and of our holy religion. As you have only serious and well-disposed men to direct, I am confident you will have more consolation than trouble in doing your important work with your usual energy and devotedness. I suppose that by this time the Convent of St. Boniface is in good running order; that shall be one of my first visits when I reach Kansas. When will that be? I really cannot say. I am unlucky almost everywhere.

"When I came to Chili the small-pox was decimating Santiago and Valparaiso, and the public charity was wholly directed to the relief of the victims. After six months passed in the two cities and other smaller localities, where I gave more than 40,000 confirmations, I left that really fine country, where I met very good bishops and clergy, to cross

the most horrible mountains I ever saw in my life. It took me seven days on mule's back to cross them, a distance of 280 miles. It was really enough for the old man and the mule.

"From Mendoza I went to Cordova by stage in eight days—that was enough also. When I landed at the house of our Fathers my feet were so swollen that I could hardly put on my shoes. It is nearly all right now. Cordova is a small city, but its inhabitants are very good Catholics. I pontificated here on Holy Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Easter day.

"Unfortunately, the yellow fever is raging in Buenos Ayres and Montevideo—two points very important for me, and I shall be obliged to wait until the pest is over; but I will not lose my time for that, many small places shall be visited meanwhile. Cordova has many good churches, a university, and a national college, both built by the old Society. They are now in secular hands. The Fathers have only the old church and residence. They assure me that every man and woman in the city go to their Easter duty. By what I have seen I am inclined to believe it. It is surely the best city in South America.

"I fear Buenos Ayres and Montevideo, if the business goes well, will require a residence of six months. Then I will go to Puerto Alegre, where the German Fathers have a residence and a good mission. Then to Rio Janeiro, by English steamer, and there I intend to take the American steamer for New York. That steamer goes from Rio to Pernambuco, Para (at the mouth of the Amazon), to San Tomas, Havana, and New York or New Orleans.

"I must confess that I am almost frightened at the idea of going more than 6,000 miles without a friend and companion, and on that ugly Atlantic, almost always furious, and in a climate so horribly hot that it takes away all strength and appetite. But our merciful Lord and His

blessed Mother will, I hope, take care of the poor old man, who, after all, is well resigned to die if it be the will of God.

"In any case, even if I escape all dangers and reach Kansas, it will soon be time to learn the music of the *Nunc dimittis*, prepare the bundle, and kick the bucket.

"I wish you, when you meet any of our good priests, to tell them how sincerely I love them, and wish them consolation and prosperity, and how much I rely upon their good prayers. Every day I remember them all at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. I sincerely hope, and it is a consoling thought, that every one of them will be true to the end to the holy cause they have undertaken to sustain amidst so many privations, troubles, and difficulties.

"When you see also our good Sisters of Charity, give them as great a blessing as your hands and your heart can afford; it will not be more than I wish for them. They work and do well for Kansas. When I received them, I did one of the very few good things I ever did for Kansas.

"Well, now, let us shake hands and say a hearty good-bye until we can do better, if it be the will of God. Say with your good Fathers and Brothers a devout Hail Mary for

"Yours very truly in Xt.,

*"J. B. Miede, S.J."*

For fifteen years the Leavenworth community had prospered spiritually and temporally under the wise supervision of Bishop Miede, when in the beginning of 1874, after his return from South America, rumors were rife that he intended to ask or had asked to be relieved of his authority as Bishop. The Sisters had heard this very distressing rumor from several persons on various occasions, but had never heard a word to that effect from Bishop Miede himself.

A few times the Sisters in a very circuitous manner had referred to the rumors afloat on the subject of his intended resignation, but Bishop Miede on that particular point appeared very dull of comprehension. At last the Sisters had

the rumor confirmed by a reverend Jesuit Father. Alas! it was but *too true!*

As his Lordship had never spoken to the Sisters on the subject, they scarcely knew in what manner to approach him about his contemplated departure, which grieved them so deeply. But shortly after hearing that the resignation was a settled fact, Mother Xavier, accompanied by Sister Josephine, went to the Bishop's house. His Lordship had them called to his office, where he was sitting at his writing-table, with a pile of letters before him.

After a few words had passed between them, Sister Josephine ventured to say, "We have heard that you have petitioned the Holy Father to be relieved of your charge, and that he has accepted your resignation. Is it so?" He looked at her with a smile and said, "That is *my* business, not *yours*." Sister Josephine, not easily daunted, continued, "Are you going away?" The Bishop answered, "I may some day." After a short stay, the Sisters left no wiser than they came.

The next day the Bishop had left Leavenworth never to return. The pile of letters the Sisters had observed on his writing-desk were letters to his clergy, notifying them of his departure. He sent these only a few hours before he left, thinking that he would be on his eastward journey before the letters would reach their destination.

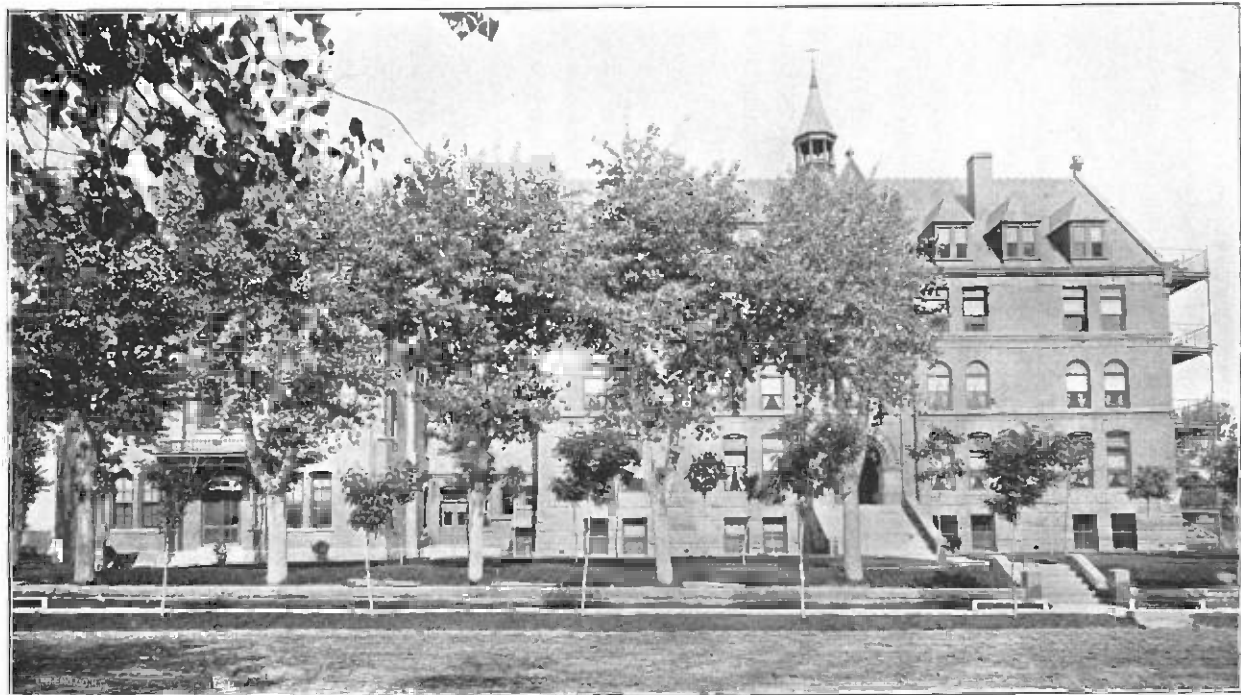
His surprise must have been great, when he arrived at the depot to take the train, to see Father Butler, then stationed at Hoge, come rushing up with hat in hand, vigorously fanning himself, for he had no sooner received the Bishop's letter than, without a moment's delay, he threw himself into a train that came along just at the desired time. The poor Bishop was much overcome. He had devoutly wished to avoid saying "farewell" to his priests, to whom he was attached by many and strong ties of friendship, regard,

gratitude, and ardent brotherly love. Father Butler afterwards congratulated himself that he was so fortunate as to obtain this last interview with his Bishop, who had received him into his diocese as a young priest, and who had been to him a father and a friend.

The Sisters also received a letter from his Lordship bidding them good-bye, and telling them that he was never brave enough to say this sad word to his friends, if by any means he might avoid it. He told them that it gave him downright sorrow to relinquish the charge of a community which he had reason every day more and more to be thankful that he had been instrumental in bringing into Kansas. He thanked them for the pleasure they had always given him by their spirit of obedience, simplicity, and charity, and prayed that God might shower His choicest blessings on this beloved community, and that, although absent in body, he would never forget them in his prayers and at the altar of God.

*Words* in this case are truly inadequate to express the sorrow of the Sisters of Leavenworth at the departure of Bishop Miege. They missed him much and long. He always prophesied well for the community, be its prospects at the time never gloomier—he had faith and trust in the *good will* of its members. He often said in his humble way, speaking of the Sisters, “When I received *them*, I did one of the very few good things I ever did for Kansas.” *He*, who had done so much!

This same year that deprived them of their honored Bishop, the Sisters lost another of their true friends, but by death. This was Rev. Ivo Schacht, their Ecclesiastical Superior in Nashville. Hon. Ben. J. Webb, in his “Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky,” gives such a faithful and just estimate of Father Schacht’s character that we quote his words:



ST. JOSEPH'S HOME, DENVER, COLORADO.



"Father Schacht was esteemed in every congregation served by him as a laborious and successful priest. I knew Father Schacht, and it is my conviction that a more earnest and faithful priest never labored for the good of souls on the soil of Kentucky. It is said, however, by those who could claim a more intimate knowledge of his character, that he was somewhat self-willed, and apt, at times, to defer too little to the advice of others in his methods of procedure in certain cases. His integrity was never doubted; only his judgment was esteemed at fault.

"In 1870 Father Schacht assumed charge of St. Stephen's Church, Owensboro, where, four years later, he finished his earthly career. He had been for years an enthusiast on the subject of temperance, and soon after his installation as pastor of St. Stephen's he organized in his congregation a Total Abstinence Society. A few days preceding his death, he was invited by the officers of other similar societies established among non-Catholics to join with them in a demonstration that would indicate to the general public of the county the strength and character of the movement in which they were engaged.

"Father Schacht accepted the invitation for himself and the society attached to the church, and though his pastoral duties had been incessant throughout the day—it being Easter Sunday—the evening found him and them at the place of meeting. Being invited to address the joint assembly, he arose and had spoken about twenty minutes when he was seen to falter and fall heavily backward, as was supposed, in a fainting fit. He was borne immediately to his residence, where he was attended by physicians and his clerical collaborer of the German Church of St. Joseph, Rev. E. M. Bachman. He never rallied, and his death took place on the morning of April 10, 1874."

Father Schacht remained until the day of his death a

staunch friend of the Sisters of Leavenworth. After his location in Kentucky he paid them two visits, and it is needless to say that the days of his stay were *red-letter days* for the Sisters who had so long been under his guidance in "auld lang syne."

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Before the end of the year 1868, it was evident to the Sisters of Leavenworth that they would have to build. Mother Xavier was compelled to postpone the reception of candidates for the Novitiate for want of room; thus it was plain that some effort should be made immediately to enlarge their surroundings.

Mother Xavier was anxious to have the contemplated building in the country, and the Sisters were also of the opinion that the city was not the most desirable location for a boarding-school. They were aware of the many advantages that would necessarily result to the school and community by locating both without the city limits. Mother Xavier was much concerned regarding the health of the Sisters, which she hoped would be much improved by the fresh air of the country. There had not been much illness among the Sisters, but several were in delicate health.

During the war the first Sister of the Leavenworth community died, November 2d, 1861. This was Sister Regina McGrain, who had already received a stroke of paralysis before she left Tennessee, depriving her of the use of one side, but for all that she was not idle nor a useless member of the community; she attended to ringing the bell for the different exercises of the day, and took the place of the Sister who taught the little children in the old parish school-house, whilst she came to dinner, and performed many small offices that some stronger member otherwise would have been called upon to do.

After she came to Leavenworth she was afflicted with dropsy, and several times it was thought that her last hour had certainly come. On one occasion she was considered

so very ill that Dr. M. S. Thomas was called; he found her, as he said, beyond the benefit of medicine, and, prescribing some simple, nourishing drink, took his hat to depart, saying: "I would not be surprised if Sister Regina were in Heaven before I reach Delaware Street." This was about ten o'clock at night.

Sister Regina remained in the same condition until midnight, when, no change for the worse being perceptible, the Sisters retired, leaving one to remain up with the patient. This was Sister Josephine. About two o'clock a cry of "Fire!" was heard, and Sister Josephine went to the front door to see in what direction it was, and discovered that it was a very destructive one on Third Street. She stood some minutes watching the havoc it made, when she fancied some one was standing near her, and turning around quickly, there also stood Sister Regina, an interested observer of the conflagration!

She lived two years after the fire, but during this time she had several spells of serious illness, was anointed several times, until at last the priest seemed to think that the term of her existence was to be in the very remote future; so when one day he was requested to come to see Sister Regina, who was "very low," as said the Sister who was sent to summon him—"Yes, very low in the bed," he responded. It was noon-time, and the Bishop and his clergy were enjoying their recreation on the porch in front of the Episcopal Palace, a small frame two-story building. Father De Coen, S.J., was the priest addressed. The Sister said, "It is no jesting matter; Sister Regina is certainly dying this time." Father De Coen hastened to the Academy, administered the last Sacraments, and before sunset Sister Regina was no more.

Seven years passed before another death happened in the community; then on June 29, 1869, Sister Agnes McDonough was called away. She had suffered for months

from consumption. Her death was followed by that of a Novice, Sister Mary Cecilia Finney, on July 30th of the same year. These two Sisters died at St. John's Hospital, where they had been during all the time of their illness.

Early in the year 1870 it was observed that the health of Sister Cornelia Curran was declining. Mother Xavier was always slow to believe that a Sister was ill, not wishing to think of losing any one of her small community, but at last she was constrained to admit that Sister Cornelia was failing fast. This Sister for many reasons was much beloved by Mother Xavier and she was loath to think that her health was irremediably gone. Dr. Thomas was consulted. After an examination, he informed Mother Xavier that the case was not one for a physician, but for a nurse; that Sister Cornelia was in the last stage of pulmonary consumption, and her death might be expected to occur in a short time.

Mother Xavier was much excited on hearing the verdict of the doctor, and said to him, "No, she will not die!" The doctor, quite offended, replied, "Well, if you know better than I do, why did you ask my opinion?"

A Sister who was present when this consultation took place assumed the character of *peace-maker*, and soon Mother Xavier and Dr. Thomas were as usual on friendly terms—the Sister explaining that Mother Xavier's conduct was influenced by her great affection and the dread of having to resign her—Mother Xavier fondly imagining that by careful nursing Sister Cornelia might be restored to health and to her.

This occurred in July, and on the Feast of the Assumption Sister Cornelia was dead.

She had fervently prayed to have the privilege, the grace, and the great happiness to die on this Feast of the Immaculate Virgin. On the morning of the fifteenth of August, Father Corbett, S.J., after having given her the

Blessed Sacrament, returned in an hour to see how she was, and said in a low voice to a Sister standing near, "She will not last through the day." He did not think that Sister Cornelia had heard his words, but that afternoon she suddenly said to a Sister sitting by her bedside, "O, Sister, pray that I may go on Our Lady's Feast. Father Corbett said this morning that I would die to-day, and it is now four o'clock." The Sister reassured her, saying there were still some hours of the day left. This seemed to content Sister Cornelia, who remained quiet until about six o'clock she called for Mother Xavier.

When Mother Xavier entered the room, Sister Cornelia told her that she knew she could not last much longer, and that before she became weaker she wished to thank her for all the marks of motherly kindness she had ever received at her hands; then turning her dying gaze to the Sisters who were in the room, she also thanked them for their sisterly solicitude, and begging that they would forgive her any disedification she had given them, and asking their prayers for the repose of her soul, clasped her hands, and as she did so, without a struggle, breathed her last. Our Lady had taken her.

In the meantime Mother Xavier had spoken to the Bishop about the needed change from city to country, and his Lordship had heartily concurred in the same opinion, and strongly advised the community to purchase land two or three miles distant from Leavenworth, and erect thereon a building that would for several years be sufficiently roomy for the pupils and Sisters. His Lordship's advice was followed to the letter.

In the year 1868, on the Feast of St. Catherine of Sienna, the 30th of April, the foundation of Mount St Mary's Academy was commenced on the most eligible site of Muncie Land, Delaware Township. The first purchase consisted of twenty acres, for fifteen of which the community paid fifteen

hundred dollars; the other five were given by Dr. Madison Mills, then proprietor of all the Muncie Land. In a few years fifteen acres were added to the first twenty; subsequently other lands were purchased, until now Mount St. Mary's premises comprise one hundred and forty acres.

The contract for building the Academy was given to James A. McGonigle, of Leavenworth. The Sisters owned a small property purchased from J. P. Mitchell. It was a portion of the "Russell Survey" and was valued at five thousand dollars. It consisted of five acres of ground all set out in fruit-trees and a two-story brick building. This, added to fifteen thousand dollars obtained from other sources, Mr. McGonigle accepted in the beginning as part pay.

P. J. Randall, of Chicago, was the architect of the building, which is of the Italian order, built of brick and stone, the main entrance facing north. The building is four stories in height. The entire dimensions are: north front, 120 feet by 58 feet; east front, 88 feet by 40 feet. In the north front is placed, or rather was placed, the tower which was blown down in the cyclone of 1882. This tower was elevated 125 feet from the ground floor. There are also two belvederes located at other points on the roof, each having an elevation of twenty-five feet. A cornice runs around the entire building. The caps, quoins, sills, and belt and base courses are all composed of fine magnesian limestone. On the south side of the building there are porches ten feet in width and sixty feet long, which adorn each story. The main entrance, situated on the north side, is built of Manhattan stone and blue limestone. The ground plan is in the form of a cross.

The work was begun and pushed forward with such rapidity that the house was soon under roof; when a sudden stop was put to the work by the want of money. The Sisters did not know in what direction to look for aid; the doors and windows of the unfinished building must be boarded up,

and thus remain in an unfinished state for an indefinite period.

An effort to obtain a loan was suggested. At first the idea was appalling. But what could be done? The new building was so much needed; then again, what could be gained by waiting? Year after year, the Sisters had merely been able to realize a scanty support. During the war, indeed, money had been more plentiful, but at the present time a loan seemed to be the only alternative. Mother Xavier with Sister Joanna decided to go to St. Louis, and there, through the influence of her tried and true friend, Rev. P. J. De Smet, S.J., and Rev. J. Corbett, S.J., a loan of twenty-five thousand dollars was obtained from the Lucas Bank. Major Turner was at that time president of the bank, and throughout the transaction of the business the Sisters were greatly indebted to his kindness. Fifteen thousand dollars of the money belonged to Miss Gaston, of Maryland, and ten thousand to General Sherman, all borrowed at ten per cent interest.

In the spring of 1870 the work of the Academy was resumed and prosecuted with such vigor that the Sisters in that same year were able to occupy it. When they were ready to remove to the new building, Rev. Father Corbett, S.J., announced the fact from the altar of the Cathedral, and invited the generously inclined to assist the community in removing their belongings to the country. The appeal was most heartily responded to, and in a few days the inmates of St. Mary's in the city were dwellers at Mount St. Mary's in the country.

Of the last exhibition held in the old building in the June of 1870, the *Weekly Bulletin*, a Leavenworth paper, said: "The closing exercises of to-day are the last to be held within the consecrated walls of the old Academy. What themes for thought are suggested by this reflection! Much good has been done by the patient efforts of these devoted teachers.



Accomplished, exalted, and pure, how many a maiden has emerged thence with memories that will remain sacred while life lasts. Now to the new, more spacious and attractive grounds—now for the country, with the bustle of the city a little way removed; and in the new Academy there await, both for teacher and pupil, a more brilliant future and greater academic joys.”

The school in September, 1870, opened with a good attendance, pupils, as usual, coming from the various States and Territories.

In January, 1871, there was a debt of *eighty-five thousand dollars* on the Academy. On the 5th day of the same month, the contractor, Mr. James A. McGonigle, demanded notes for twenty-seven thousand dollars with interest at twelve per cent, that he might dispose of them if possible—his own circumstances rendering such a move imperative.

Things did look bleak and gloomy that cold winter's day! Any person who was in Kansas in the early seventies can easily imagine what gloom a blizzard of blinding snow would cause. It was on such a scene Mother Xavier and Sister Joanna were looking as they stood at the parlor window watching the snow cover the uncultivated ground and hazel-brush. They had just finished a long conversation as to ways and means in this desperate state of the community. No doubt their thoughts were often raised to God to protect them from the coming storm of trial as He did the little snow-birds that chirped about the windows. It is true from that conversation they were strengthened in a greater confidence in Divine Providence.

From the parlor Mother Xavier went immediately to the community-room, where the Sisters and Novices had been assembled at her command, and told them she would be compelled to raise twenty-seven thousand dollars without delay. She was much moved. She said, “Sisters, I tell you, we have *nothing* earthly to depend upon; our only re-

source is God. You will have to pray hard. God will not forsake us in this our hour of need."

The next morning Mother Xavier told the Sisters they must form bands of three at a time, and spend an hour of petition before the Blessed Sacrament. She specified no particular prayer, but recommended the following supplication: "O my Lord Jesus! I supplicate Thee by Thy sorrowful Passion, Thy painful Agony, and Thy precious Blood, and through the merits of Thy most cruel Death, to assist me in this pressing need and grant me the request which, from my heart, I make."

A few days after this meeting, Sister Joanna was appointed by the Council of the community to negotiate a loan of twenty-seven thousand dollars in St. Louis. Again, this business was transacted through the medium of the Lucas Bank.

Mr. John F. Lee had money to loan belonging to his father, also several thousands belonging to his aunt, Mrs. Catherine Graham.

This second loan of twenty-seven thousand dollars made in all of borrowed money *forty-nine thousand dollars, at ten per cent interest*, with twelve per cent interest on the notes that Mr. McGonigle had taken up.

With the borrowed money, the Sisters hastened to settle with Mr. McGonigle. They still felt very apprehensive as to the loss of the house; as they had to pay promptly every year ten per cent on the forty-nine thousand dollars, it required every effort to meet *it* alone. Sister Joanna says one day during this trying time she went into the Chapel to pray; she burst into tears and said to herself, "It seems as if we were forsaken by God and man." But God had not forsaken them, nor did He allow *man* to do so. God *tries*, but He does not forsake His own.

On this day, to her surprise, Mr. John F. Lee, of St. Louis, was announced. He had determined to befriend the

poor Leavenworth Sisters, in whom he had taken a kind interest ever since his acquaintance with Mother Xavier and Sister Joanna. Mr. Lee came to Leavenworth to purchase the mortgage that Mr. McGonigle held on the Academy. He had already been in the city and transacted this business before visiting the Academy. Instead of retaining the sum of four thousand dollars which resulted to him from the transfer of the mortgage, Mr. Lee generously gave it to the community, saying to Mother Xavier (who regretted that Mr. McGonigle should have been a loser to that amount), "Mother, I have lawfully earned this money and I have the right to put it into my own pocket, but I will not do so. I make a present of this sum of four thousand dollars to the community."

The Sisters of Leavenworth owe a large debt of gratitude to Mr. Lee. Had he not been the kind, indulgent friend he was, Mount St. Mary's Academy would long since have gone under the hammer of the auctioneer. Mr. Lee assured Mother Xavier that while he lived the community should never suffer on account of the debt to him. The Sisters are glad to have this opportunity to acknowledge their grateful thanks, and to make known the noble acts of one who strives to veil his works of charity.

For many years the community struggled and suffered under the heavy debt. From April, 1870, when the first sum of twenty-five thousand dollars was borrowed, until 1876, only *eleven thousand dollars* had been paid on the *principal*. It was only when the branch houses became free from debt so that they could assist the Mother House that the big debt began to diminish rapidly. In the year 1878 Sister Josephine Cantwell was elected to the office of Mother Superior of the community. During her administration of nine consecutive years, of three terms of three years each, the entire sum was paid—the very last dollar of the enormous

debt being paid in the year 1886—thanks be to God, from Whom *all* blessings flow!

Now that the community is happily out of debt, the Sisters can scarcely realize the heavy pressure and great poverty that once weighed them down. "Bring a heavy debt over the heads of the Sisters," once said a holy Jesuit Father to Mother Xavier, "and there is no fear that they will not be humble." No doubt it did keep them humble. God grant that they may never forget those days of useful and meritorious trial!



SCHOOL FOR THE COLORED CHILDREN, TOPEKA, KANSAS.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Topeka, the capital of Kansas, was the third in order of the early branch houses. Father Defouri, who was then pastor, asked for a colony of the Leavenworth Sisters to teach the Catholic children of his parish.

Those selected for this mission were Sister Agnes McDonough, Sister Mary Augustine Coogan, and Sister Mary Teresa Stanton. The house intended for their reception proved cold and comfortless in winter, and in summer too small and inconvenient.

After a few years this mission was closed and the Sisters were recalled to Leavenworth. In the meantime there was much talk of Sisters of another Order taking charge of that mission. However, in 1874, Rev. Father Defouri, the same priest who had first invited the Sisters of Leavenworth to Topeka, became anxious for their return, and they went back. Sister Mary Pius was the Superior of this second colony.

Father Defouri was succeeded by the Rev. John F. Cunningham in 1876. Whilst Father Defouri had charge in Topeka he conducted a seminary for students preparing for the priesthood, and during part of this time the Sisters did the cooking and washing for them; this, added to their own duties, proved too much for their number and their strength; in winter the laundry work was very heavy; the house was cold, there were no conveniences for work, their food was poor, they slept little—having to do their manual labors before and after school hours, frequently being at the wash-tub until eleven o'clock at night, and up in the morning at four o'clock, to begin another day's hard labor; one day much resembled another—for on Monday they began their labors and Saturday night would scarcely find them

finished. On Sunday their work did not cease—it was only of a different character, they taught Sunday-school and took charge of the church. It is no easy task to be sacristan of a parish church.

In 1876 it was seen that Sister Mary Pius' health was fast failing. Towards the close of this scholastic year she was compelled to resign her duties, when she was taken to the Mother House, where everything possible was done to restore her wasting energies; most tenderly was she cared for, and fervent were the prayers offered for her recovery, but her crown was awaiting her, and she went to receive it on Christmas night, 1877, just as the last bell was ringing to call the Sisters to Midnight Mass.

The school prospered and continued to increase in numbers. In 1882 the attendance numbered two hundred and forty, employing six teachers. In course of time it was found expedient to open a select school, which in its day did much good.

Rev. J. F. Cunningham was succeeded by Father James O'Reilly. In 1882 the new Church of the Assumption was dedicated. The Sisters' residence was also made more comfortable, but they still had many inconveniences to suffer—yet a more cheerful group was never seen than that of the Topeka mission, when gathered together at recreation, around the lamp after supper. It would take several pages to record the sayings of the Sisters, wise and unwise, after a day's separation; we say *separation*, because one Sister has scarcely time to speak to another from early morning until this happy hour, when, for the time, all care is cast aside, and there is usually "a feast of reason and a flow of soul"—we are not so sure of the "feast of reason."

All the Sisters hasten to finish their evening avocations in order to go to the Sisters' room for recreation. The dishes are washed, preparations made for breakfast, the house locked up, shutters closed, and soon all rooms are va-

cant but the Sisters', and there—there every one is anxiously awaiting her turn to relate her experiences of the day, for so much has happened since they talked with one another the evening before.

In Father O'Reilly's time there were six teachers and one house Sister—the Sisters were glad "they were seven," for "there was luck in odd numbers." There was a music teacher, a German class teacher, and there were four English class teachers. Each one had her own experience during the day, and the house Sister never failed to have her daily doings to add to the list. One time there was a new house Sister come to Topeka, small Sister Matilda, who looked like a little school-girl "playing Sister" in the habit, rosy-cheeked and blue-eyed. One would have to look a second time to be convinced that it was "a real Sister," but so she was in truth and reality, and a very kind, motherly little Sister too, for whilst the other Sisters were laboring in the class-rooms, she was doing her best to surprise them with an unexpected dish when they returned from school; but she herself was surprised one day when a Sister, coming unexpectedly into the kitchen during school-hours to borrow a bucket, found Sister Matilda industriously putting a second crust on the pie intended for their dinner, because the suds from the clothes-boiler had splashed all over the first!

The Sisters in Topeka were the proud possessors of a fine milch cow, *Bluebell* by name. Sister Anacleta Flynn had charge of the milking, and Sister Bonaventure Vivian of feeding her. Sister Mary Olive Meade had a flower-garden. In this garden, from the first appearance of "gentle spring" till the bleak blasts of autumn threatened to nip her tender charges, did Sister Mary Olive spend most of her spare time, for it was here she raised flowers for the altar.

Several times one spring had Sister Bonaventure and Sister Anacleta mildly suggested to Sister Mary Olive that



it would be a charity to let their dear, faithful Bluebell eat a little of the grass that grew so plentifully along her flower-beds. The Sisters were not able to send Bluebell to pasture in the country as other cows in the city were sent every day, and they felt they should try to recompense her in some manner for this deprivation. Sister Mary Olive would never consent, saying she was sure Bluebell would walk on the flowers, and eat them up besides. The two Sisters protested, assuring her that Bluebell was a pattern of propriety, and furthermore, Sister Bonaventure said she would lead her around by a rope whilst Sister Anacleta would watch the movements of her head, and thus did they assure Sister Mary Olive that she should fear no harm to her flowers, as Bluebell was such a well-raised, good-mannered cow. How could Sister Mary Olive resist their combined pleading? She relented, and told them to bring Bluebell in that evening and let her feast to her satisfaction, provided they fulfilled their part of the contract.

In the garden were a number of handsome gladioli that Sister Mary Olive prized most highly, and to which she had given much care. After school that evening Sister Mary Olive was called to go into the city on some business. As she turned the corner of the street, shutting her flower-garden out of sight, she turned to take a parting view, when she beheld the procession of three entering the gate, she stood a moment, and fancied the first act of Bluebell, the well-raised and well-mannered, was to make a grab at one of the tall gladioli, for she saw Sister Bonaventure pull the rope quickly and draw her head in another direction; but she had given her word of permission to the Sisters and she was no "Indian giver," so she proceeded on her way to the city.

It was too true; Bluebell, upon her entrance into the garden, had torn up by its roots one of the tallest, handsomest gladioli, and had begun chewing it before the two Sis-

ters had time to turn around. They both rushed at her, took the lacerated plant from her mouth, and immediately replanted it.

By the time Sister Mary Olive returned from the city, the shades of night had fallen; Bluebell was happily reposing in her shed, satisfied for once in her life, if never before, for the Sisters had allowed her to take a plentiful repast of the fresh grass, but with all their good will and dexterity they had not been able to prevent her from whisking off several flowers.

The next evening as soon as school was dismissed Sister Mary Olive hastened to her flower-garden—oh! sad to relate, she thinks her most cherished gladiolus is drooping, she goes up close, looks on the soft ground, and fancies she sees the tracks of the wretched cow that had committed this depredation. Sister Bonaventure and Sister Anacleta had held a “council of war,” and were prepared for *emergencies*—they also came out to admire the beauties of the garden and to thank Sister Mary Olive for her generosity of the previous evening, when they discovered that she was very pensive, as she pointed to her injured favorite and to the tracks around it, saying she feared they had forgotten to keep their promise. They began to examine the prints and asked Sister Mary Olive if she saw “any resemblance in them to a cow’s—did they not have the very shape of *Charley Spalding’s* foot?” Charley Spalding was a colored man, the janitor of the school.

At first Sister Mary Olive saw no resemblance to a man’s foot, but the three Sisters went down on their knees and looked very closely at the tracks until Sister Mary Olive was persuaded that perhaps Charley in the dusk of the evening, seeing she had not returned from town in time to water the plants, had attended to this duty for her, and had accidentally injured the gladiolus, but she was in a dubious state of mind. The three Sisters held this minute examina-

tion for several minutes, and when they arose Sister Mary Olive had not really decided whether she thought the tracks those of Bluebell or of Charley Spalding.

This same year in November, as the Sisters were at Mass in the early morning, they heard a great commotion in the back of the church, and did not know the cause of it until they came out to go home, when they heard some one address them with, "*Take this; I found it on the bridge coming to Mass this morning.*" The Sisters, seeing at a glance that the man thus accosting them was intoxicated, did not stop, but they noticed that he held a bundle in his arms. The man roared out in a loud voice, "This is for you," and with that he deposited the bundle he had held in the arms of the Sister nearest him. This was Sister Mary Berchmans Welsh, at that time Superior of the Topeka Sisters. She took it immediately home and to the kitchen, where there was a cheerful warmth, and, with the Sisters around her, began to undo the bundle.

It was well wrapped up; first one covering was taken off, then another, until at last a strong, black-eyed infant boy was discovered. A clothes-basket was got and a cradle improvised in which he was soon made comfortable. In a short time, a bottle of Mellin's Food was procured, he had a plentiful breakfast, and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

Although the infant looked to be healthy, the Sisters were afraid to let it pass a night without the Sacrament of Baptism. Father O'Reilly was consulted, and he also thought that the child should be christened immediately, and so he was, receiving thereby the name of Joseph. Hereafter he was to the Sisters, *Joseph, Jodie, Josie, Joe*, and so on to the end of all the variations of the Christian name of Joseph.

That night a cot was placed in the parlor, and a fire kept up all night, and there and then the Sisters began taking a new "turn"—that is, taking their night with Joseph un-

til they could find a good home for him. His basket was taken in, and Joseph prepared for his first night's lodging with the Sisters. He seemed well pleased with the Sisters, and there was no doubt about the Sisters being pleased with him.

The next morning his basket was placed in the kitchen, where Sister Beatrice, who was at that time in Topeka, promised that he should be well taken care of until the Sisters returned at noon-time.

Sister Beatrice was busy preparing dinner when a large man walked in saying, "I have come for my baby," and spying Joseph in the basket, picked him up, and without more ado left the room, leaving Sister Beatrice too astonished to offer any resistance, but as soon as he had closed the door, she had the forethought to go into the school-yard and find a boy to follow the man to see whither he took the child. She also sent a young girl for the same purpose.

At twelve, when the Sisters returned for dinner, it was decided that two Sisters should go and see the surroundings of Joseph. They went to the house indicated, but Joseph was not there. The man who had found the baby on the bridge and claimed it again carried it to his home, assuring his wife "that children in the house brought luck"; there were already a goodly number, and the poor mother assured her husband that she was satisfied with those she already had, but he persisted that to keep "*this one*" would bring luck.

The woman wept aloud, the man scolded, and the neighbors came to learn the cause of the disturbance. Among them came a childless couple, who, pleased with the sparkling black eyes of Joseph, begged that they might be allowed to take him for their own. Joseph was given over to them. The Sisters went then to this family, who now claimed Joseph. They were Protestants, as the Sisters were not long in discovering.

They returned home, but resolved that they would not leave Joseph in the hands of his last claimants, who, it was found, were not willing to relinquish possession of him.

After a few weeks of useless negotiation, the case was brought into court, and it was decided in favor of the Sisters. The woman, who had brought Joseph tastefully and comfortably dressed into the court-room, when she had heard the decision of the judge, said, "If the Sisters have got the *child* they shall not have his *clothes*," and, as good as her word, she immediately undressed poor little Joseph. A lawyer present took off his coat and handed it to Sister Mary Berchmans to protect the child from the cold, and with the addition of Sister Marcelline's shawl he was in no danger of freezing. The kind lawyer exclaimed: "Behold the mother's heart! This is the woman that has a *mother's* heart! Now she proves it by stripping the infant of its clothing."

As may be supposed, there was great rejoicing when Joseph arrived wrapped in the lawyer's coat and Sister Marcelline's shawl. New clothing was soon obtained for him. The ladies of the Sisters' acquaintance came to their aid—long clothes and short clothes, flannel skirts, flannel shirts, etc., scented soap for his bath, and everything needful for a baby's happiness and comfort was provided.

The Sisters now began to look out for a suitable home for the little waif. Several applications were made for him, but the recommendations of the applicants were not satisfactory, and we fear that we are obliged to say that the Sisters were in no hurry to rid themselves of Joseph, and it may be that it was difficult to please them in his regard.

The Sisters resumed their disturbed *turns* in the parlor at night with Joseph, and a volume might be written of the time and turns that the Sisters took in care of the child, and teaching school at the same time. Joseph had several sick

spells when they thought he would die, but they learned from experience that it was when they had fed him too much *Mellin's Food*. One day he was not at all his usual bright, interesting self. Sister Mary Berchmans declared she would watch with him that night, and begged Sister Mary Olive to remain with her. The poor little fellow had violent cramps. At about eleven o'clock, Sister Mary Berchmans, who was kneeling by his cradle and weeping, thought he was dying. Sister Mary Olive, who was with her, tried to persuade her that it would be a blessing if he should die in his innocent infancy, but Sister Mary Berchmans contended that she wanted him to live, for she felt that he would grow up to be a noble man, etc., to which talk Sister Mary Olive gave little credit. He did not die that night—as usual, he had taken too much Mellin's Food. Next day he was all animation, and Sister Mary Berchmans, carrying him around the room, stopped before a colored picture of St. Aloysius; this attracted the admiration of Joseph, and Sister Mary Berchmans immediately declared her firm conviction that Joseph in the future was destined to be a great and renowned artist.

In the meantime at the Mother House there was no idea that the Sisters in Topeka still had possession of the child. When the fact was learned, orders were sent that he be brought to the asylum at Leavenworth, or a home found for him immediately. A family living some distance from Topeka adopted him. The father and mother came to make arrangements and everything was satisfactory, save the fact that the Sisters were loath to part with Joseph, but the voice of authority had spoken and there was no alternative but to obey. The adopting parents were to leave Topeka at midnight, and the Sisters remained up to see the last of Joseph, who was dressed all in white, and, having been laid on the lid

of the piano, was fast asleep, unconscious of the sorrow he was causing.

From time to time after the departure of Joseph, Sister Mary Berchmans heard from the kind couple who had adopted him, one time with perhaps a picture of "Joseph in His First Boots," or "Joseph and His Dog," and later on came a picture of "Joseph and His Pony," and so on, until the failing health of Sister Mary Berchmans caused her removal to the Mother House, where she was too ill to continue a correspondence, and the Sisters of later years have ceased to hear news of the once very dear little child, Joseph, Josie, Jodie, or Joe.

Sister Mary Berchmans died at the Mother House, January 26, 1889. Rev. Father O'Reilly, in July, 1887, was taken down with typhoid fever and died after a brief sickness. A few days previous to his illness, the news was received from Rome that he had been chosen first Bishop of the new see of Wichita, but before the arrival of his formal appointment, he died. It is thought that his death was an answer to his humble prayer, "to die rather than to receive so much honor, linked as it is with so much responsibility." He was buried July 29th in Mount Calvary Cemetery, Topeka. It was said of him that "he had the heart of a gentleman, the spirit of a martyr, and the kindness of the true pastor."

In June, 1882, seven lots were purchased for a church and school for the Catholic colored people of Topeka, situated on the corner of Huntoon and Buchanan Streets. By September of that year a school-house was completed on this property, and from that time it has been taught by Sisters from Leavenworth.

After the lamented death of Father O'Reilly, Rev. Francis M. Hayden took charge of the Topeka parish. Since that time new buildings have been erected and a new church has been built; the old one being renovated and parti-

tioned off for class-rooms. Such changes, additions, and improvements have been made in the school-house as to render it one of the best parish schools in the diocese. For over twenty years the school has gone on harmoniously, and at present it is all it should be under the fostering care of Very Rev. Dean Hayden.



## CHAPTER XX.

When the Mother House was in contemplation, it was decided to send two Sisters abroad to collect means to help pay for its erection.

The two selected for this purpose were Sister Francis Xavier Davy and Sister Mary Pius Black, both lately from the Novitiate and both natives of Ireland. Sister Francis Xavier entered the community from Cincinnati, Ohio. From the day she left the Novitiate to the present time she has been in "active service"; beginning her religious life as a *beggar*, first for the Mother House, then for the successive hospitals and asylums founded by the community, she has continued in "the profession."

It may yet be the pleasing task of some future historian to relate her many adventures by "flood and fell"; at present her humility would be pained if reference were made to the many and varied sacrifices she has made of self for the welfare of her much beloved community.

Sister Mary Pius was an only and dearly loved child. She was educated at St. Mary's Academy and only left it to enter the Novitiate, which was under the same roof. As a school-girl she was loved by teachers and companions; as a Novice it was the same—she was a universal favorite. She was truly a favored soul, and her early death, December 25, 1877, ten years from the time she finished her noviceship, is even to this day deplored by those who knew her. When sent on this disagreeable errand of begging, she was nineteen years of age. In appearance she was prepossessing and of engaging manners. She was of middle height, slightly made, with an oval face, and had a brilliant complexion and beautiful bright brown eyes.

The only account we have of their begging expedition is from a Journal kept on the way by Sister Mary Pius, to be given to Sister Francis Xavier on their return. It is an old composition-book, the writing in some places illegible, having been written with lead pencil, and which has been read by many different eyes in the last *thirty-one* years, since the two ardent apostles sallied forth to obtain means to secure a Mother House for themselves and their successors at Leavenworth.

"Monday, October 7, 1867.—Home, Sweet Home. Sadly we leave our dear Sisters and our precious Mother. Our beloved Mother came with us to the ferry and left us in silence—her heart was too full for *words*. We watched her retreating form until it was a small speck in the far distance. *When* will we have the happiness to gaze again upon that cherished being, for whose sake we *would* willingly go, not only to the *Eastern States*, but to the *Far East*, if *she* so desired?

"We are now on the cars between Weston and St. Joseph; the country is beautiful. Here the cars run on a level track. On the east the hill-sides are covered with trees, the tops only visible.

"October 8th.—Convent of the Sacred Heart. We arrived here yesterday at half past twelve, and were kindly received by the dear Ladies. We have seen Father Dougherty, and Father Hogan, of Chillicothe, and we got the benediction of a newly ordained priest, whose name I did not catch—a German one.

"October 9th.—At the depot waiting for the cars. A pleasant scene before us. There are seats all around the room, everything very comfortable—even a cheerful blazing fire to enliven matters. I just heard a man say that we have yet an hour to wait. A sweet child by my side is prattling to her papa to know if she can't 'get in the cars.' *She* is anxious to be off, and *we* are dreading to start, for thus we

will be still farther separated from our dear Convent Home.

"In the southeast corner of the room are four persons fast asleep; on the south side, directly under a looking-glass that hangs on the wall, is another poor creature also a-dreaming. Writing of sleeping reminds me that I forgot to tell that on the second night, or rather morning, at three o'clock of our sojourn with the Ladies of the Sacred Heart—may Heaven bless them for their kindness to us!—whilst still snug and comfortable in our beds, we were aroused by a loud shout at the front gate. I quickly arose and called to Sister Francis Xavier that the carriage had come for us.

"Nor was I mistaken, for Mother Londary came into the room in a great hurry, saying, 'Get up, Sisters; the carriage is here.' I do wish Sister Gertrude could have been there, to have seen the alacrity with which we flew around and dressed ourselves. She would scarcely have credited her eyes.

"After offering ourselves to our Heavenly Guide for the day, taking a cup of coffee, and bidding farewell to dear Mother Londary, we were in the carriage on our way to the depot. During the drive we said our morning prayers together, as we were the sole occupants of the vehicle. And now we are waiting at the depot.

"My dear little Sister Francis Xavier looks as if she would feel much better if she had not been disturbed so early. I am trying to keep myself awake by writing in the Journal. I fancy it will not be often that I will have an entirely free hour as this is, but I can scarcely keep my eyes open, so will stop, wondering where and when I will make the next entry in these pages.

"Thursday, October 10th.—We stayed last night in Chillicothe, left there on the morning train, and got to Brookfield at 11 a. m.; stopped with Mrs. Toohey; collected in the afternoon, accompanied by our generous hostess.

"Friday, October 11th.—We left Brookfield this morn-

ing and arrived in Quincy about six o'clock. Saw Father McGuire, who kindly approved of our mission, and sent his sister with us to the Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame. The Sisters seemed glad to exercise their charity in our behalf, and did all in their power to make us comfortable. May their holy Patroness never forsake them.

"Saturday, October 12th.—Convent of Notre Dame. We are not begging to-day. We heard Mass for the first time since we left St. Joseph, in the Sisters' little chapel. I hope we will soon, with the help of God, have one of our own. The cause of our cessation from the good work is that we can do nothing until we see the Vicar General, and that will be after Vespers to-morrow. I am glad of the chance to write home. I wish, right now, that I had a good piece of bread and butter from home. Sister Francis Xavier has a pain in her heart from the cold in her feet; she says she is tempted to put them outside the window to let the rays of the sun warm them.

"October 13th, Sunday.—We went to the German Church to early Mass and to that of St. Lawrence for late Mass. Father McGuire preached on the subject of 'Confession.' I was homesick and indulged in that time-honored feminine remedy—a good cry. We went to instruction at two o'clock, where Sister Francis Xavier was no sooner seated than she began nodding, and soon was sleeping in earnest, as I knew by the way she breathed, which was next of kin to snoring; I was prepared to awaken her, but was saved the trouble, for in his discourse the priest used the word '*shanas*.' This aroused her.

"October 20th, Sunday.—We collected each day last week with good success; we were so busy and I was so tired when I came in that the note-book has been sadly neglected. We have had some 'experiences' too; one afternoon we went into a turning mill; when the men saw us coming they made

for the cellar, and we had a time of it chasing them out; at last they surrendered and subscribed liberally.

"Thursday, October 24th.—We crossed the Mississippi to-day in a skiff; I was badly frightened, so was Sister Francis Xavier. I wonder what they are doing at home to-night—perhaps our dear Mother is even now writing a line to her absent ones, who are every day learning more and more to love and appreciate home and Sisters, according as the distance from them and that cherished spot increases. Yes, I fancy I hear some loved voice say, 'I wonder where the poor Beggars are to-night?' O, dear Sisters, we are in Quincy, not a great distance apart, but it seems a *long* time since we left.

"October 27th, Sunday.—Still in the Convent of Notre Dame. Yesterday we intended going to Hannibal, but were disappointed. We hurried to the wharf at twelve o'clock to be on time, and after waiting all afternoon, returned to the Convent. Peace be to Hannibal for this time; we have decided not to make another attempt to go there, but with the help of God to start on next Tuesday for Chicago. To-day, returning from High Mass, a little old woman followed us some distance, and at last walked beside us, saying, 'Are ye the ladies that was going around the other day?' We told her we were the same persons. 'Are ye shure?' said she. 'O yes, we go around every day. What is *your* name?' 'Mrs. Grant is me name, and I told me son John that he must give me something for the ladies that do be going round every day. "Now, mother," says John, "you must get dresses and I must pay for your board," and he giv tin dollars to his sister the other day, that's doin' nothin'. He's gettin' old and has good wages and he's gettin' stingy. "Now, John," says I, "you must give me something for me *soul* as well as for me *close*"'; and so the dear old lady continued to prattle until we reached our destination, when, bidding us 'good luck,' she trudged along on her way. Dinner is over. Noo-

dle soup and strong mustard, so strong it almost made me weep.

"Monday, October 28th.—We washed a few pieces, collected what was promised us, wrote home and sent a draft in the letter, and next morning left Quincy about eight o'clock and got to Galesburg at noon. We went straight to the pastor's residence. Father Howard was not at home. We spent some time in the church, read a nice little story book, ate a hearty supper, and retired about ten o'clock.

"Wednesday, October 30th.—Galesburg. Father Howard got home late last night, but he said Mass this morning and we had the happiness of being present, thank God! We cannot collect here, the place is small and the congregation poor, but we do not regret having stopped over, for though we are idle a day or so, we are glad to have met *Father Howard, who is a Saint.*

"Friday, Feast of All Saints.—Aurora. We got here about eight o'clock last evening. This morning we walked nearly two miles to church, the wind whistling around us as if threatening a heavy snow-storm.

"Saturday November 2d.—In Aurora still. We collected a few dollars in the non-Catholic stores. Sister Francis Xavier had a distressing headache, so severe that she begged for a mustard poultice. Father Kennedy was much concerned at her sufferings, and proposed to send for his physician; this offer we declined, but we were obliged to send to town for mustard, as there was none in the house.

"Sunday, November 3d, finds us yet in Aurora. We did not have to walk so far to church this morning as on the feast day, for Father Kennedy is at home—very fortunate for us, as Sister's head is still paining her severely; however, she managed to go with me to the two Masses. At the last one Father preached a splendid sermon on 'Christian Charity'; he is, I think, a true man of God; is old, and has a very hard mission—so much to try his patience—yet, he is serene

and calm and lives like a hermit. After the sermon, to our great pleasure and surprise, for he had said nothing to us about it, he invited his flock to assist the *Kansas beggars* to the very best of their ability.

"Monday, November 4th.—We collected all day; got very tired; about noon, had a very 'strong weakness' from hunger and laughter. No one offered us a bite until about four o'clock we stopped at the house of a Mrs. Moore, who, noticing our tired looks, prepared us a cup of good refreshing tea—then we resumed our quest. After this we got fastened up in a field and could find no way of getting out. To all appearances it was gateless. While we were running up and down along the fence like *wild geese*, trying to get out, the cars passed and saluted us with a shrill whistle, the sound of which did not die away for some time; when it did, we were thankful that we still retained our sense of hearing. We stood for some moments looking at the fence, twelve rails high—I decided to climb it. This I did, and, seated on the dry grass on the other side, watched the maneuvers of poor little fat Sister Francis Xavier; after many 'ohs!' and 'ehs!' she managed to get to the top, where she balanced for awhile, undecided what course to take; until at last, saying bravely, 'What goes up must come down,' she was on *terra firma* in a jiffy.

"Thursday, November 7th.—Our week in Aurora has been spent very pleasantly. We were sometimes very tired, but the bitter was made sweet, for the people, according to the instruction of their pastor, were very kind to us; if they could not help us, they were sorry, and if they could, they did it with much pleasure. The kindness of Father Kennedy will never be forgotten, nor that of his housekeeper. Every evening when about time for us to return from our day's labor, Father would go to the kitchen to see if Kate had 'something nice' for the Sisters' supper. 'Yes,' Kate would say, 'the poor creatures, they will be famished,' and so

we would be, for we seldom broke our fast from early morning until our return at about six o'clock. After supper, until about half past eight, we spent in Father Kennedy's room, where he regaled us with anecdotes of his missionary life, and incidents in the lives of holy people with whom he had been acquainted; and thus the time passed most rapidly.

"Friday, November 8th.—We leave Aurora and get to Chicago about eleven o'clock. We stopped at the Sisters of Mercy and left our luggage, then proceeded to Father Dunne's house; we arrive there, ring the bell—a young lady opens the door. 'Good morning, Sisters.' 'Good morning. Does Father Dunne live here?' 'Yes.' 'Could we see him?' 'Well, he is somewhat indisposed this morning. Would you like to see Doctor McMullen?' 'Yes, we would like to see him.' 'I will tell him; he is eating breakfast just now; he'll soon be through. Sit down, he'll be here directly.' Our lady goes down stairs and leaves us alone in the parlor—about fifteen minutes pass, and she returns. 'Did you see Doctor McMullen?' 'No, ma'am.' She then steps into the hall and gives the bell three taps. I hear some one coming down-stairs. Looking towards Sister Francis Xavier, I say, 'It's Father McMullen.' Here he is, he looks in the parlor, but does not see any one, *apparently*; steps across the hall into another room, takes a sudden thought and returns, like a point of interrogation, 'Who wants to see me?' as he puts his foot over the threshold. I rise up so that I am large enough to be seen, step forward a little, and say, 'Good morning, Father.' 'Do you want to see me, Sisters?' 'Yes, Father, we want to see Father Dunne.' Father McMullen starts out as if in search of Father Dunne—I hasten to add, 'But we were told that he is indisposed, and we would like to speak to you.' 'To what Order do you belong?' 'We are Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kansas.' 'Do you know where the Sisters of Charity are in this city?' 'No, Father; but we are stopping with the Sisters of Mercy.' We give



him one of the Bishop's letters; he reads it and says, 'Well, I don't think you can do much; the Vicar General has refused several; he has a fair himself this week to try to get means to pay *his* debts, so I don't think he would let you collect, but you might go to see the Fathers of the other congregations, perhaps they would let you go through their parishes. Good morning, Sisters.' The Father is gone and we are left standing. We make our way out the way we came in, go back to the Sisters' house, get our *breakfast*, and start off for the Bishop's house.

"(God be with the dear ones at home; one glimpse of *any of you* would do me so much good; no doubt, would lighten my heart this evening.)

"We have no difficulty in finding our way, and soon arrive in front of a *marble dwelling* near the bank of Lake Michigan; the residence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Duggan. We ring the bell and ask to see Father Haligan. 'He is at dinner just now, but I will tell him; take a seat in the parlor a little while.' We waited a little while, and a little, and a little while longer, yet no Father Haligan came; but fortunately the door-bell is rung and there is a call for Father Haligan. He comes, bows politely to us, and invites us into another room, saying, 'I will see you in a few moments.' The room into which we are ushered is the Bishop's library, magnificently furnished and adorned. Father Haligan returned, and, on learning our mission, said he could do nothing for us without a permit from the Vicar General, and even with that he could not let us do anything in his parish, for *his* orders from the Bishop were to let no stranger collect; 'But,' continued he, 'you might try to see the Vicar General, and then go to see the priests of the different churches; perhaps they would let you do something in their own congregations.'

"We left there and went to try our luck at the Cathedral—with the same result—*no permission*. We concluded

to leave next morning for Fort Wayne. We returned to the Sisters of Mercy, ate the nice supper they had been 'keeping hot' for the poor pilgrims, and soon after retired to the same little apartment our dear Mother had occupied about a year ago; slept soundly all night, and left the great city of Chicago the next morning about seven o'clock. Good-bye to Chicago and its *benevolent* inmates.

"November 9th.—Leaving Chicago, we directed our course towards Fort Wayne; upon arriving there, went to the Bishop's residence. His Lordship, fortunately for us, perhaps, was absent, but we saw the Vicar General, Father Benoit, who treated us so kindly that it repaid us for all we had suffered the past week. He gave us a few lines, showing that we had authority to go through the city. I hope the next time we meet him that he will be *Bishop Benoit*; we think no position too elevated for him.

"We remained in the city two weeks and did well; we fancied Father Benoit was daily praying for our success. We went out on the railroad where there were many men working; we were quite successful. One afternoon we ventured into the country and traveled on until Nature was throwing her sable garb over the earth and we entered the village of Wolcottville, a bitter Protestant settlement. Thus we were overtaken at the enemy's gate. We asked hospitality of a family and they gave to us, but very cautiously. Imagination can picture to itself our feelings and the feelings of those who surrounded us, with what fear and anxiety we spent the night—not resting our tired limbs on the downy bed prepared for us by her who was kind enough to give us lodging, still seemed to be afraid of us. No doubt, the poor creature's mind was filled with the immoral tales against the true servants of God which are so often put forth by our enemies, and which perhaps our unwilling hostess had thought over for hours.

"We determined not to go to bed, as we were not exact-

ly certain about our surroundings. We sat by the fire in our room until about ten o'clock, when, becoming a little reconciled to our situation, we managed to say our night prayers, after which we resumed our places by the decaying embers, now and then uttering in our uneasiness, 'Welcome be the will of God!' 'I am far more tired to-night than usual, and still no rest.' 'I wish it were morning!' 'I hope our Lord will make the night short for us.' 'I am both *sick* and *tired*, but I will not go to bed to-night'—such were our exclamations from time to time during that dreary night, until about two or three o'clock, being assured by the stillness around us, we ventured to lay aside our caps and capes and throw ourselves on the bed to take a little rest, preparatory to our next day's journey, but not to sleep. O, *how gladly* we welcomed the *dawn* of the next morning. Next day found us again in Fort Wayne, where Father Benoit gladdened our hearts by handing us a letter from our precious Mother. *Deo gratias!* she writes in good spirits and assures us that she is not ill, as we feared. May our good Lord spare her to us for many years to come. *Who has a better Mother than we?*

"November 26th.—About eleven o'clock we find ourselves in Cleveland, take our little baggage, and pass from the depot to the street, where we hear a dozen voices together, shouting, 'This way, ladies; a carriage for any part of the city!' An Irishman, seeing by our dress who we were, took our valises, and, telling us to follow him, brought us to the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity of St. Augustine. I forgot to say that it was at night that we arrived. We ring the door-bell and it is answered by an angelic-looking little Sister—as we learned afterwards, she was professed only two months; she welcomed us in the sweetest manner and hurries away and returns in a short time with a tempting supper, a luxury we had not at all anticipated. We retired with grateful hearts to the resting-place our Lord had given us.

Scarcely had we placed our heads upon our pillows than we were both fast asleep. About half past six next morning we were aroused from our deep slumbers by our same little friend making a fire in our room, and until it was burning brightly and cheerily she would not allow us to rise. Mass was celebrated in the house, and we had the happiness of attending.

"Directly after breakfast we went to call on Rt. Rev. Bishop Rappe, who was not in, but was expected soon to return. We determined to await his return, rather than to have to come again—and quite a *wait* we had. I had such a time to keep awake, so had my companion; we had lost so much sleep of late that we were *half sick* and *whole tired*. There were others in the parlor also expecting his Lordship's return, otherwise I should have indulged in a nap. I am sure if any one of my dear Sisters had spied me at that moment, she would have put my traveling garb upon herself and sent me to bed, saying, 'Sleep it out, and happy dreams to you, my weary little Sister.' Sister Francis Xavier, the poor little worn-out creature, looked as if she had barely escaped shipwreck! We sat upright, waiting for his Lordship to appear, from nine until ten o'clock, only to hear from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Rappe himself: 'My dear Sisters, I am sorry I can do nothing for you; there is too much to be done here—so much debt,' etc., etc., etc. Oh, but I felt so sorry for a poor Brother who was in the parlor to see the Bishop on an errand similar to our own! his answer was similar also. My heart ached for the poor mortal; the Bishop spoke so sternly to him. After being refused, he asked if he could collect enough to bear his expenses home. 'No, there are too many impostors these times; I cannot allow you to collect for any purpose,' was the only reply. The Bishop was correct in saying there were many impostors, for in the last few days we have heard of several.

"Erie, Penn., November 28th.—A dark and dreary

Thanksgiving. We are anxiously awaiting the arrival of Rev. Father Cody in the reception-room of the pastor's house—Father Carroll; the inside appearance is the same as the outside; true, there is a *register*—I suppose that is the right name—in the wall on one side, but it lets in only a little cold air. I guess the 'Fire Man' is taking a *nap*—happy be his dreams.

"I heartily wish all at home a happy feast and a *big* Thanksgiving dinner. The Sisters with whom we are staying are kind to us, but seemed concerned that we could not get off on this morning's train. Beggars are rarely welcome anywhere.

"November 29th.—We leave Erie for Pittsburgh, get there about 8 p. m., and stop with the Sisters of Mercy.

"November 30th, Saturday.—Pittsburgh. Very cold, the ground covered with snow. It was *white*, of course, when it fell, but now it is *black*. No Pittsburgher can conscientiously use the phrase '*white as snow*,' I mean in reference to the *Pittsburgh snow*. There is no *dust* here at all, it is only *soot*.

"Learning from the Sisters that Bishop Dominic was about to leave the city, we were up with the aurora, though the fatigue of the preceding days had not worn off. Through the deep black snow we ploughed our way to the Bishop's residence, only to hear the now familiar words, '*Too late*.' Father Hickey told us to remain until Monday, the day of his Lordship's expected return; the Sisters also invited us to do so, and we willingly and gratefully accepted the invitation. After dinner, we went with Sister Alphonsa across the river to Allegheny to visit the Sisters of Mercy. They have charge of a House of Industry—a work pleasing to our Heavenly Father.

"We saw Father Mullen, Vicar General—I am afraid of Vicars General on general principles. This Vicar said he could give no permission in the absence of the Bishop;

that the Bishop liked to attend to his own business, etc., etc., etc. Thanks be to God!

"Wednesday, December 4th.—Steubenville. We left Pittsburgh this morning before daylight, and arrived here about ten o'clock. The pastor, Rev. Father Bigelow, received us and the cause of our mission very coolly. We at first took him for a school-boy. He is small in stature and young in the ministry. But let us always remember the old adage: 'Do not judge from appearances'—God looketh upon the heart, not upon the outward form of man. A better and truer friend we have not found since we left the wild West than this same reserved, silent Father Bigelow. We would be ingrates should we ever cease to remember his benevolence. We remained in Steubenville until Saturday, then continued our route to Wheeling, W. Va., at which place we arrived about noon of the same day, and went from the depot to call on Bishop Whelan. While we were waiting for him, the Sisters of St. Joseph heard we were there and invited us over to the Academy. We most gratefully accepted this unexpected kindness, and later on were warmly welcomed by dear Mother de Chantal and by all the Sisters who could possibly spare a moment from their regular duties to run and say a few words of cheer to 'the two little beggars.'

"At four o'clock we again called at the Bishop's—he was engaged, but, after waiting awhile, the housekeeper took compassion on us, and, conducting us towards his room, knocked at the door. His Lordship called out, 'Come in.' The housekeeper opened the door, and we were entering, when the Bishop, perceiving who his visitors were, said in a tone of authority, 'Go down to the parlor, Sisters; I will see you *there*.'

"After waiting some time in the parlor, striving to overcome our mortified feelings, his Lordship made his appearance, saying as he entered the room, 'Well, Sisters, where

did you come from?" 'From Kansas, Bishop.' 'From Kansas!' said his Lordship in the utmost surprise; 'are you crazy? Why, I wrote to your Mother Superior to tell her that you must not even show you faces here.' Then relenting in mind, he said more kindly, 'Well, Sisters, you had better go over to the Sisters' House—eat plenty, pray hard, and then I'll see about it.'

"Tuesday, December 10th.—We wrote to our precious little Mother, sent three drafts, and left Wheeling, where from Saturday until this time we had been waiting for his Lordship 'to see about it.' He did at last, and our departure explains what his decision was.

"We spent the day in the cars crossing the Alleghanies, and arrived in Cumberland at seven o'clock p. m. The mountain scenery is perfectly sublime; it would require a pen far superior to mine to do it justice, so I will not attempt it; all I can do is to feel, admire, and then adore the Creator of this and of all things—praise forever be to His Holy Name!

"At Piedmont, Father Philip got on the cars; we were glad to see him, for we knew he would direct us where to go. After getting off the cars in Cumberland, the conductor, who was a very kind man, very politely asked us where we wished to go, intending to supply us with 'a barouche,' as Sister Alphonsa in Pittsburgh would say; we thank him kindly, but tell him we intend to follow Father Philip, whom he knows.

"We start; Father Philip ahead, wrapped in the heavy cloth habit and cloak of a Carmelite monk, a small valise in one hand, his cane in the other; Sister Francis Xavier and I follow a few paces behind—Sister Francis Xavier carrying the big black carpet-sack, and I carrying the valise and basket; now we go trudging up a big hill, stop at the top, and rest ourselves by changing luggage; Father Philip goes on leisurely, waiting now and then for

us to catch up to him; at last we get to the Monastery. Father Cyrillus appeared to be glad to see us, had the Brother prepare supper, and waited on us at table himself; he then took us down to Mrs. Higgins', where we spent that night and the next day.

"We were eating dinner one day at the Monastery when the Brother came in—he has charge of the church, the laundry, and the cooking, and can speak but little English—was trying to tell us how busy he was. I said to him, 'Brother, do you wash?'—the table-cloth showed that he did it well, for it was scrupulously clean and well ironed. 'Yes,' said he, 'I go to church, I fix dere; I clean house, I cook. I wash de cloze first, den wash again, den I cook them, I rensh them, make blue; put out and I'm done. I cook starch—I'—he cannot think what to call it, and he raises the corner of the table-cloth, rubs his hands over it, meaning to *iron*; 'I do every ting, but I can't'—he is again puzzled for an expression, and he makes a motion like a person sewing. I said, 'You mean *sew*, Brother?' 'Yes. I do every ting, but I can't sew.'

"We eat in the parlor, and the tray upon which he brought the many good things for our dinner was, I think, made and fashioned by himself—two clapboards nailed together—there was a large opening along the middle of the tray. That it might be carried conveniently, there was a hole at each end for the hands, with boards on the sides to keep the dishes from falling off.

"December 12th.—Cumberland. We went this morning through the deep snow, accompanied by Rev. Father Theodore, to see Rev. Father Brennan, who prevailed upon us to remain with the Sisters in his congregation and promised he would write to the Archbishop of Baltimore. He did so on that day, Thursday, and the next Monday had the following reply: 'I am sorry I cannot grant your request and allow those good Sisters to go through my diocese. I



am surprised that they have been encouraged so far. I hope they will not come to Baltimore.' Then he proceeded to lay down the law that had been made and passed in the last Council at Baltimore, disapproving of female religious going from place to place, giving it in Latin, even the number of the article; then he, Archbishop Spalding, gave it translated, or at least it was read so—I suppose for our special benefit. This was a crushing blow to us, for we had looked for nothing of the kind. We had the program of the week already so completely arranged. We had intended going to the different missions belonging to the Carmelite Fathers during the week, and be back on Sunday for the collection that was to be made for us in the German Church. Father Xavier had already spoken to his congregation about us, telling them to come prepared the next Sunday, as there would be a collection taken up for us. We left Cumberland that evening on our road to Baltimore.

"December 17th, Tuesday.—Baltimore. We got into the city about four o'clock this morning. Here we are in this large city without a friend or acquaintance. At the depot there was neither carriage nor omnibus, only a small sleigh, into which we got with another lady and gentleman. We told the driver to take us to one of the houses of the Sisters of Charity. But the poor fellow seemed to know as little about the place as ourselves. He drove us until we came to a large brick house with a stone wall and iron railing around it, and then stopped and asked us if this was the place we wanted. We told him to inquire if the Sisters of Charity lived there. The information he brought us was that 'the Sisters of the Mission lived there.' We discovered afterwards that it was the Visitation Convent.

"We continued our route, and as we were passing a church, the gentleman in the sleigh remarked that it was St. Alphonsus' Church. It was now nearly five o'clock, and there was a light inside, so we immediately decided to go in

to hear Mass, after which it would be daylight and we could pilot ourselves.

"We very carefully placed our luggage in a corner of the vestibule, passed on into the church, and went up as near as we could to the altar. O how happy we were! We heard three Masses, trying to gain all the Heavenly benedictions we could for the day before us. When we left the church we went to see the Provincial of the Redemptorists, who lived next door. Upon entering, we told the Brother who acted as janitor that we had left our luggage just inside the church door. 'O,' said he, 'in the church? that is dangerous! you ought not to leave anything there, it will be stolen.' We were surprised, and said, 'Out of the church, Brother? Nobody would take anything out of there—the house of God!' The Brother went immediately to the church and returned in a few minutes, bringing the valise and basket (in which was the Journal), but the big black carpet-sack *was gone*. In it were all our belongings, our good habits, our change of linen, etc., and numerous articles essential to our well-being on the road, where we expected to be for many a weary day yet. Mother Xavier had no intention of calling us home for some time to come, and we could not return *without this longed-for permission*. For a few moments we are stupefied; then, taking the valise and basket, we went to seek a house of the Sisters of Charity.

"The Sister portress, on answering the bell, said that the Sister Servant was ill, and if we had any message to send, she would take it to her. We replied that we were travelers, had just got off the cars that morning after having been on all night; also that we had lost our carpet-bag containing all our clothing, and we thought if we would wait a day or so, we might find it. Inquiring about the title and place of residence, our careful interrogator left us to ourselves for a few minutes.

"Such a state as we were in! Our heads aching, our

eyes closing, it was now nearly nine o'clock and we had not broken our fast after having been jolted all night in the cars; then, to finish all, our clothing gone. What could we do but, in a spirit of resignation, accept it all from the merciful hand of our blessed Lord, Who does all things *well*.

"The Sister who had left us a few minutes since steps in saying, 'Sister Louise says she is very sorry she cannot accommodate you—we have a house full of orphans, and there are two of our mission Sisters stopping with us at present; but you have had no breakfast, have you? I'll see if I can get you something.' She goes out, then returns to tell us, 'The housekeeper is gone to market and has the keys with her, but will soon be back, if you will wait.' 'No, thank you, Sister; we would rather get a place to rest.'

"We left there and went to the Sisters of Notre Dame, opposite St. Alphonsus' Church. Their house was just established and was not half furnished, so they could not keep us, but they had our breakfast prepared immediately, and then sent us to their Mother House, where their lovely sweet Mother received us as if we had been her *own* absent children, and wanted us to remain until completely rested, and insisted on supplying us with clothing, etc., but, as we could not beg in Baltimore, we decided to resume our journey on the next day.

"December 18th, Wednesday.—We left Baltimore about two o'clock and got to Wilmington in the late evening; stayed with Sister Kostka, at the Orphan Asylum of the Sisters of Charity; she pitied us, petted us, and made much of us, and *this pleased us*, we must confess it, and we would like to have received the same treatment for many days, but, as we could not *beg*, we could not afford to remain for any amount of kind treatment.

"December 19th, Thursday.—Philadelphia. We are at St. Vincent's Orphans' Home, kept by the Sisters of Charity. On first arriving we went to see Bishop Wood, but did not

find him at home. At one o'clock we returned, and instead of finding him in, as we had been told he would be, we found him just going out in company with the right reverend Bishop of Charleston, S. C., Bishop Lynch; and the house-keeper told us we could not see him until nine o'clock the next morning.

"December 20th, Friday. At the appointed time we found ourselves at the Bishop's residence. We succeeded at last in seeing him. What was the result of our success in seeing his Lordship of Philadelphia? Our countenances would tell more than our tongues could express. One seeing us then would say, 'Poor creatures! they are refused and suspected; see what a veil of disappointment covers their faces.' O yes, if you had seen us while in the Bishop's room during the space of half an hour, listening to his opinion and 'decrees,' you would surely condole with us, for I was almost choking, trying to keep back the tears, but they came now and then in spite of me. I was unable to speak, and poor little Sister Francis Xavier's voice was trembling, trying to overcome her feelings.

"What will our precious little Mother Xavier say when she hears *this* last bit of news, or how will she feel? Her loving and dear heart will be crushed, but *she*, far more perfect than *we*, will, no doubt, in a spirit of Christian resignation, say within her generous heart, 'May the holy will of God be done *now* and *always*!' showing the heroic virtue of a true servant of our crucified Lord.

"December 21st, Saturday.—We left Philadelphia this afternoon and got to Newark, N. J., about 6 p. m. We intend, if allowed, to remain until we hear from Mother Xavier as to what course to pursue. Bless her dear heart and noble soul! would that I could see her this minute, if *only for a minute*.

"December 22d, Sunday.—Newark. I wrote to Rev.

Father Miller about the lost carpet-sack, and to Rev. Father Cyrillus about our expected and much-desired letters.

"December 23d, Monday.—No letter yet; to-morrow, perhaps.

"December 24th.—Sisters busy preparing the church. Not even a letter on Christmas eve! Maybe the sweet infant Jesus will gladden our hearts with one to-morrow.

"December 25th, 1867.—Christmas Day, as all are aware of, but, strange to say, it seems more like *Ash Wednesday* to me, excepting when I am in church. 'Home, sweet home! be it ever so humble, there is no place like home.' O, I have found this to be *so true!*

"Father Doane has just left; he came over to wish the Sisters 'A merry Christmas.' We had the great happiness this morning of being present at Pontifical High Mass, followed by the Papal Benediction. Father Doane preached on the 'Nativity of Our Divine Savior'; it was like all *good* sermons—'short and sweet.' This reverend and good Father was baptized a few years ago by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Bailey—he is now the same Bishop's Chancellor. What a great change effected by corresponding *to* and *with* the grace of God—from a Protestant minister, the son of a Protestant Bishop, to a Roman Catholic and a consecrated priest of God! May Heaven grant him final perseverance.

"Christmas Afternoon.—We have just returned from Vespers. We have spent most of our day in the church, so we had little time to get homesick by the thoughts of that dear spot and its dear inmates—known by the name of *home* and *Sisters*.

"While we were eating our dinner, Sister Francis Xavier and myself alone, I happened to be picking the wing of a turkey; I said: 'I wish after eating this wing I could fly home. O yes, if I had the wings of a turkey or any other bird, even an owl, I would fly to my dearest home in the West, where I would find *one* to whom I could reveal the wounds of

my poor heart and receive the soothing ointment of the good Samaritan from *her* who holds the place of God in my regard. Kansas seems *so* far away; frequently I feel as if the *ocean* separated us. Dearest ones, I address you *all, all*: May the *sweet* infant Jesus fill your hearts with grace and happiness, and make this a happy Christmas for *every one* of you. Sister Francis Xavier was amused at this *effusion* and *rhapsody*, and it succeeded in cheering us up.

"December 31st.—Mount Saint Vincent. New Year's eve. Sister Francis Xavier and myself are sitting in a small but comfortable apartment in the fourth story of the building; looking out of the window, we behold the waters of the broad Hudson, as it were, standing still, so calmly do they flow—just now a boat is passing with as much ease as a sleigh would over a smooth snowy surface. I spent the afternoon in bed with a headache and a *gum-boil*. Sister Francis Xavier spent hers in Mother Jerome's room. *Here* we are 'in clover.' We are treated as members of the community—we have been measured and fitted with clothing to supply for that in the long-deplored black bag—of which neither tale nor tidings have been heard. We are waiting for a letter from home telling us what to do. We are *very* anxious that our wanderings should cease.

"January 1st, 1868.—New Year's day. We have just returned to St. Francis de Sales' room after coming from the Chapel, where we had the great happiness of being present at Benediction. A plate of cake and a saucer of candy are awaiting us on the bureau, and also dear little Sister Lucretia and Mother's niece, who came 'to gossip' with us for awhile.

"March 5th, 1868, Thursday.—Windsor Locks. To-day we crossed the Connecticut River on the ice to Warehouse Point; we did very well, for we had four persons to accompany us around and introduce us.

"Sunday, March 8th.—Windsor Locks. With Father

Smyth, who is all kindness in everything relating to 'the two poor little beggars so far away from home.' He tries to cheer us up, begs every one to give to us; '*to give generously.*' He tells us anecdotes every time we meet him, which is only at table and a little while after supper; one time he will tell us something to illustrate the wit of an Irishman; on another occasion, something of the sagacity of an Indian or the craft of a negro. Father Smyth is an old missionary with silvery locks, and *we* think he is a second St. Vincent of Paul.

"Wednesday, March 11th.—Thompsonville. We bade farewell to dear Father Smyth and his *anecdotes* this morning. God be with him!

"Thursday, March 12th.—Middletown, Conn. We are at the house of Rev. Father Lynch just now, but will leave on the next train, with the help of God. What a pity we cannot stop here for awhile, but the will of God be done!

"Friday, March 13th, finds us in Birmingham, at the house of Rev. Father O'Dwyer, who has given us full and free permission to beg and to get all we can, and he will speak to his congregation of us and our mission on Sunday.

"Sunday, March 15th.—Rev. Father O'Dwyer spoke of us at both Masses. From what Father said, the people will think we are two *very nice* little Sisters—we had to put our hands on our heads to know if it were really the two poor beggars of whom such beautiful things were said! It *was* Sister Francis Xavier and Sister Mary Pius, who sometimes had been taken for fortune-tellers, and who, sometimes, for the last months, went days perhaps on one meal per day—and we feared that all this good treatment was a dream, a vision; but no, on Monday morning, bright and early, some young ladies selected for the purpose by Father O'Dwyer came to accompany us through the place, and 'to be kind to us.'

"March 21st, Saturday.—Winter again. We had quite a

snow-storm last night and the wind is still howling fiercely. Father O'Dwyer says he will have to send us away, or we will take all the money there is in the village, for every one that calls at his house now wants not to see him, but 'the Sisters,' and no one calls empty-handed.

"March 25th, Feast of the Annunciation.—Father O'Dwyer was obliged to go to Seymour. Rev. Father McKenna, the curate, sang High Mass for us to-day, or rather for our intention. May our adorable Lord reward him, and preserve us and bring us safely back to our own home. I wonder if there was any one received or admitted to profession to-day. O happy you are, who are permitted to possess even the last place (if such a place there be) within the convent walls.

"April 1st.—A beautiful day, so bright and clear—such a contrast to the days of the dreary, dreary winter. To-day we left Birmingham, and oh, with sad, heavy hearts! As the animal loves to stay about the spot where he is kindly treated and fed, so our animal nature rose up, causing us to be sad and lonely this morning when we had to leave the home-like little place, where for more than two weeks we were welcomed every returning evening if not by word, at least by act—even by the slightest look a beggar can tell if she is welcome or not, and *we were welcome*. O sweet and adorable heart of Jesus, bless us, and the dear village of Birmingham.

"April 4th, Saturday.—Meriden. Here we may say we have lost (for all we made) this entire week; just for the sake of getting to Meriden on Saturday—and now, if we could get anywhere else, we would go. O may the charity of those who are charitable to us cover whatever they may have to account for before our Lord, for 'Charity covereth a multitude of iniquities.'

"Father Walsh, the pastor of Meriden, says he will speak of us at last Mass to-morrow, and we may get what we can after last Mass and Vespers. Indeed, I think we



may put in our pockets all we will get in that way, for very few will come to us in the school-room, where we are to receive our *alms*. The circumstances of the day recall to my mind a few lines that I read and admired in my Fourth Reader, when I was a child with a light heart and a cheerful smile—neither of which have I to-day. But He who sees the recesses of the heart knows all; and may He have pity on me. The verse is:

“O you who dwell in stately halls  
Where wealth and fame are known,  
Remember you may yet be poor,  
*Neglected and alone.*”

“*Maxim*: Always give to a beggar [I little thought then that this would be my profession], be it ever so little, and if you have nothing to give by way of assistance, give a smile, show at least a pleasant countenance to that poor desolate creature, for ‘he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord,’ and if even a cup of cold water given for charity will be rewarded, how much more a kind look or word that will relieve the heart and revive the drooping spirits of a poor reduced and rejected creature.

“Hartford, Conn. Here we have spent Holy Week at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy. There was a heavy snow-storm on Good Friday.

“April 12th.—Easter Sunday seemed more like a day of sorrow than a day of universal rejoicing; like the *Christmas* of 1867, it seemed more like the beginning than the end of Lent.

“April 13th, Monday.—We left Hartford this morning and are now in Williamstown at the pastor’s, Rev. Father De Brycker, who is very kind, but will not allow us to beg, so with the help of God we will leave here on the next train.

“April 23d.—Norwich, Conn. We have been here over a week and have collected with pretty good success, though the people are the most unsocial and unfriendly that we yet

have met; still it seems St. Joseph, our *treasurer*, finds the money for us somewhere, for we always find more in our little knapsack in the evening than we expected—it is really astonishing; and our success in our *trade* makes me fear that we will not get home for many weary days yet, but welcome be the will of God, speaking to us through our venerated Superior, our much-loved little Mother.

"May 4th.—We left Norwich this morning at six o'clock; got to Providence at nine in the forenoon. After getting our breakfast, we went to see the right reverend Bishop. What followed we know and will remember. We left Providence the same day, and arrived in Boston at about six o'clock. Being too late, as we thought, to call on the Bishop, we had the hack-driver take us to the nearest convent, which happened to be that of the Sisters of Notre Dame, on Berkeby Street. The Superior said she did not think it too late to see his Lordship, so we started off with a little girl as our guide. Upon our arrival we find we *are* too late; however, the Vicar General, Rev. Father Lynton, steps in to see us, and tells us to call at nine o'clock next morning and we will be able to see the Bishop. This good Vicar General tells us to go to Sister Ann Alexius, at St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum; here we remain all night, and with her we intend to remain all the time we are in Boston, if at all possible, for it is all very home-like. O, I think the reward of those who show kindness to strangers will be very great.

"May 12th, 1868.—Boston, Mass. I must not forget my 6 cents' worth of a birthday present. This day, *twenty-one* years ago, I first breathed the air of my dear island home, Ireland.

"June 13th.—This afternoon we went over to Chelsea to see what our blessed Lord had in store for us—a disappointment. *Deo gratias!* Rev. Father McGlew was absent. After waiting a little while, we went in search of Mrs. Moran's house, whither Father Donovan had directed us. On our

way we met three children, of whom we thought to inquire the way.

"I made a motion for them to come toward us, but the little mortals were nearly frightened to death and ran off screaming for their lives. We succeeded in finding the house of Mrs. Moran, but she, like many others, did not appear to know what to make of us. We enlightened her as well as we could, after which she offered us a chair, but we were not long seated when a little boy brought us a note from Rev. Father McGlew, in which he said he could not conscientiously give us permission to beg, on account of his own debt of eight thousand dollars.

"We left Chelsea and went to Charlestown, where the pastor, Rev. Father Hamilton, gave us permission to beg, but could not find a place for us to stay until Monday—we went to him on Friday. We returned to Boston then until Monday, on which day we bade farewell to that famous city, and that without a sigh.

"June 15th.—Charlestown. We will not find it difficult to collect in this place. Father Hamilton said to us when we came over from Boston, 'I was back-biting you yesterday,' but the kind of back-biting he did will be rewarded instead of punished. We had already been told that on Sunday he had desired his parishioners to assist us in every way possible.

"June 17th.—Charlestown, Mass. To-day the people of this city celebrated the Battle of Bunker Hill. Everybody excited, or striving to be, trying to make the best of the occasion; bells ringing, guns booming, and bands playing.

"June 28th, Sunday.—Charlestown. We went this afternoon with Mrs. Donovan to St. Francis' Church, built on Bunker Hill battle-ground. The church is beautiful."

## CHAPTER XXI.

A carpenter's shop was the first building erected on the place now called *St. Mary's*. In this shop Mr. McGonigle, the contractor, kept the tools of the workmen who were employed in the erection of the new building. This shop, which long afterwards served as a stable, after doing good service in various ways, was torn down in the year 1895, and a large brick stable erected in its stead.

Mother Xavier wished to send three Sisters to the country to make preparations for the removal of the community, when the Academy should be ready, but this could not be done until it was roofed. Then Mr. McGonigle had the tools removed to the new building, and allowed the Sisters to occupy the shop.

Sister Mary Joseph, Sister Bridget, and Sister Mary Cecilia were the pioneers in this work, which was first to uproot the hazel-brush with which the place was thickly covered, make a vegetable garden in due season, and plant fruit and ornamental trees.

Sister Mary Joseph was one of the Nashville Sisters who had tried farming, and had been successful in the attempt. God seemed to bless her every turn. She, with the assistance of the two Sisters, and occasionally the assistance of a man, when plowing was to be done, hoed, raked, and planted corn, potatoes, etc., and in the corn-field between the rows, would occasionally plant down a watermelon seed, and then again a muskmelon seed, and, in harvest time, there were baskets of tempting melons to regale the Sisters in the country and also those in the city.

The place that is now the old orchard, west of the Academy, they first cleared of hazel-brush, and after this was

done they began to plant trees. Mother Xavier was much interested in the work, and every day that she could be spared from town she spent in the country, assisting in planting trees to beautify and adorn the future *home* of her cherished Sisters. The stately, majestic Lombardy poplars, all of which are now dead save three—they are not a long-lived race in this climate—she planted with her own hands, aided by a Sister and an old faithful man, Edward Barry, who had been in the employ of the Sisters since they came to Kansas. She also planted the box-elders, the cottonwoods, some of the elms, many of the maples, and two graceful weeping-willows where the fountain now stands.

The sycamores, of which one only is living, were planted by Sister Stanislaus when she was Mistress of Novices; she was very active in her endeavors to improve the appearance of the new home. A workman on the place one spring was detailed to attend Sister Stanislaus and the Novices when they went to the river's bank to get young trees to plant in the yard. After one of these rural excursions, he remarked to a fellow-workman on the place that, "*That Sister was the hardest man I ever worked for.*" This was no doubt very much the truth, for Sister Stanislaus worked diligently herself and expected each one around her "to put his hand to the plough" also.

This energetic Sister Stanislaus, when she was a Novice and the Sisters of Leavenworth were so poor, attempted several times to satisfy the importunate cravings of an empty stomach by *eating grass!* She did not long continue this regimen, for she did not find much nourishment in this unusual kind of food. However, it produced no evil effects, and she is living to-day, "hale and hearty," to tell the tale herself.

The catalpas in the *little ring* were planted at a later date by Sister Joanna, and the liriodendron or tulip tree in the center of the little ring was one of the latest planted, and the most beautiful of all; the maples and cherry-trees

around the ring were planted by Sister Mary Angela when she held the office of Treasurer of the community.

The evergreens and other trees, birches, mulberries, mountain ash, chestnuts, both the *Aesculus hippocastanum* and the *Castanea vesca*, were planted at various dates and by different hands. Many of the elms have been so kind as to grow "of themselves," especially the dear little trees on the rock embankment near the persimmon grove.

The trees in the oak grove northeast of the Academy were standing as vigilant sentinels when the community purchased the land, but the persimmon grove was then in its infancy.

Fruit-trees were planted in the first year by the Sisters inhabiting the carpenter's shop. These trees thrived well, and after the Sisters had been for a while domiciled at the Academy, they enjoyed fruit from them.

While these Sisters were thus in a manner exiled from the rest of the community, they suffered many hardships, especially a want of nourishing food, warm clothing, and of sufficient heat in winter. They wore calico habits and wrapped themselves in shawls of any color they could procure. Meat was a rarity on their table, or rather on their shoe-box, for a box served the purpose of a table. The fresh air gave them a healthy appetite, and it cannot be denied that sometimes they thought of "the flesh-pots of Egypt," when seated before their cup of coffee without milk, frequently without sugar, and a slice of corn-bread without butter. This constituted usually their morning meal.

The walls of the shop were lined with newspapers to keep out as much as possible the breezy winds. One evening during prayers Sister Mary Ligouri, who had now been some weeks in the country, was kneeling facing the wall, and she had a great distraction. She saw printed in large letters on one of the papers, "Beefsteak for breakfast." When prayers were finished she whispered to Sister Mary

Joseph, "There is beefsteak for breakfast." "Where?" said Sister Mary Joseph, surprised and pleased at the information. "On the wall," said Sister Mary Ligouri, pointing to the deceiving words.

But the Sisters were so happy! No one but a religious *can* fully realize that the Sisters thus placed were really happy. Saint Lawrence Justinian says: "If everybody knew the happiness of the religious state, such numbers would betake themselves to that mode of life that the continuance of the human race would be averted. Divine Providence hides it from the multitude, and it is to them an enigma which only a few can understand."

By the time the community migrated to the country, the place was beginning to wear somewhat of a cultivated, home-like aspect, but there was yet much to be done, more than could be accomplished by three or four Sisters, or by numbers of them, and that had to be postponed until the community was in a condition to employ competent men for the work.

From the beginning of the residence of the Sisters in the country, a want of sufficient water was a source of great trouble. The first work on buying the place was to dig a well. The excavation went down forty feet when a seam of coal was struck; several more feet were dug, when more coal was found; and it was not until at a depth of one hundred and nine feet that clear, sparkling water was discovered. This is the well near the porch of the south side of the house. Later on a well was dug south of what is now the grape-arbor. Taught wisdom by experience, Mother Xavier consulted Mr. Reynolds, a near neighbor, as to the best place for the well.

With a witch-hazel branch in his hand, Mr. Reynolds walked over the premises, until the branch went down in a particular direction. "There is the place to dig," said Mr. Reynolds, casting away his bough of hazel. So it *was* the

place—the water has never failed, and it is there the tired horses go thrice a day to enjoy a refreshing draught of good pure water.

Before this well was dug, the water in the well by the porch would get so low that the Sisters were compelled to fetch water from a ditch in a neighboring field—Mr. Whitaker's—not only for laundry purposes, but for the lavatory of the pupils also. This water was fetched in tubs and buckets. Sister Bridget, one cold winter's day, when the ice had first to be broken before the water could be obtained, had filled her tub, took it up by the handles, which gave way, and, as she was standing on the edge of the ditch, she and the tub went into the water. She was assisted out of her chilly bath, and hurried home as rapidly as possible, with her frozen garments clinging close to her, and in a short time she was, as she said, "as good as new," and ready to start for another tub of water.

A Sister says: "In 1874, water was still scarce. We used to put a little in our wash-basins at night and place them under our beds, and in the morning kneel by our beds to make our toilets. Frequently in winter we went with unwashed faces for the day, as the water would be stiff frozen."

Until 1873 the carpenter's shop was used as a kitchen. All meals were prepared there and transported across the yard to the Sisters' refectory, then the only one completed; wherein, after the pupils had partaken of their meal, the Sisters were served. The inconvenience of this proceeding may easily be imagined, especially during a spell of wet, muddy weather, or of cold, sleety days, or of windy Kansas days.

When the Academy was begun, there were many prophets of ill success, and not a few *prophetesses*, who foretold certain failure, and all these days of the still unfinished Academy made them believe more strongly in the truth of their predictions. Some said the house was "too grand for poor



Sisters of Charity," and so forth. It is related in the life of Venerable Mother Barat: "As a holy Jesuit Father used to say when people expressed astonishment that his Daughters in Christ, the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, occupied so fine a building as the Hotel Biron, a princely mansion, his answer was: '*They are there indeed, but they do not live in it.*'" So it was with the Leavenworth Sisters in *their* grand new Academy.

In the course of time the Academy *was* completed, and the pupils had possession of their own refectory, and the beautiful study hall was filled with bright eager faces. Every effort in their power was made by the Sisters that the pupils should have all the advantages of a first-class educational establishment, and their progress, as shown in their half-yearly examinations in their classes and the musical and literary entertainments that the pupils gave from time to time during the scholastic year, proved that the labors of the Sisters had not been in vain.

In 1875 Kansas was visited by the grasshoppers; they came like a colored hail-storm. Mother Xavier thought they could be *beaten* off; accordingly the Novices, Postulants, and every professed Sister that had a spare moment, armed with brooms, branches of trees, rags, and sticks, went forth to battle, but not to victory. Poor Mother Xavier, seeing the little winged Vandals defy her army, was sore distressed and said, "You do not strike hard enough." But no matter, strike hard or soft, the belligerents refused to surrender until everything was eaten up. Immediately after their departure, a procession with the Most Blessed Sacrament went around the grounds; then a second crop was planted, which came up as if by magic.

Sister Joanna, who was still in charge of St. John's Hospital, was a never-failing help to St. Mary's. Whenever she got anything, whether by purchase or donation, part of it, if

capable of division, or sometimes the whole of it, found its way to the pantry or cellar of St. Mary's.

The second New Year's day that the Sisters were in Leavenworth, a fine cow with a calf was driven into the yard of the Academy on Kickapoo Street, a present from Mr. Matthew Ryan to Sister Josephine. When Mother Xavier was informed of the present, she exclaimed, "But we cannot accept them, we have no stable," and she was anxious to return them immediately to the donor, but at last a temporary lodging-place was found for them—*Bossy* and *Queeny*, the first live-stock the Sisters ever owned in Kansas.

A stable was at last erected for them, and it came about in this way: A farmer wanted to place his daughter in school, but said he could not pay money for her, but could pay in cows. A stable was therefore built and *Bossy* and *Queeny* were brought home to their new comfortable dwelling. These animals (that is, the ones presented by Mr. Ryan) remained in town at the old Academy when the removal was made to the country, and only the "tuition cows" were taken away, but these were only three in number. Sister Joanna had foreseen that the community would need more cattle, so she had raised for St. Mary's five young cows and sent them all at the same time to the Academy.

These city cows only remained a few days. They ran back to the Hospital as soon as they obtained a good opportunity, much to Sister Joanna's surprise, but when she saw them taking their food at evening-time her surprise disappeared, for she discovered that the poor beasts were in a starving condition. When she returned them she managed to send some provender along with them, and after this they did not make another attempt to return to the city.

The Sisters suffered much for want of fuel. For fire in the laundry they picked up pieces of rails of wood or bark, or anything that would make a blaze and heat. Sister Bridget had charge of this department, and the privations

the Sisters suffered in the prosecution of their laborious weekly wash, which began on Monday and ended any time before Sunday, were enough to provoke two Saints. But Sister Bridget, at every new vexation, would say, "Let us have patience. We will now say a decade of the Rosary for the poor souls in Purgatory." And this decade was but a beginning of the continuation of numberless decades for different intentions. Many Sisters afterwards spoke of the edification they derived from the sight of the daily life of Sister Bridget during all these times of real hardship and unceasing labor. She possessed that boon desired of *all*—"*Peace*, the aspiration of the Saint and the longing of the worldly."

Those newly admitted to the community of course felt these hardships very keenly. A few were inclined to look backward, and one admits that her trunk was packed with the intention of forsaking such an unheard-of rigorous life—scarcity of food, scantiness of clothing, insufficient heat; but when she observed more and more closely the serenity and happy faces of the members of the community, she said to herself, "*There must be happiness here*, and I will remain and try to find it."

This Sister relates that for some time whilst her mind was in this unsettled state, during the half-hour allotted for meditation in the afternoon, everything appeared to her so unpromising and so utterly cheerless that she meditated upon any subject save on the points read for the purpose. In the room occupied by the Sisters during this half-hour was a table on which was kept a salver, and on this salver was the figure of a peacock with expanded tail. The Sister says she counted and recounted every spot on the peacock's tail, first in one direction, and then in another, to divert her mind from the gloomy prospect before her. This proceeding was carried on for some time, but eventually it

would have been a chain of great tenacity that would have drawn her from her dearly loved community.

We must not be surprised at the hesitation of this young candidate, when we read what Saint Jerome wrote when he had the intention of going to the mountain to lead an eremetical life. He says: "I have been much concerned as to whether it would be possible to procure fresh bread for my eating, whether I should be ordered to use the same oil for my lamp and for my food, to undergo the hardships of severe toil, such as digging, carrying of wood and water, and the like."

The world knows that St. Jerome valiantly overcame the world, the flesh, and the devil, and though the world *may never know* the victories accomplished by the thousands of young aspirants for religious perfection, still their guardian angels carefully put to their credit in the Book of Life every step they take in its pursuit.

Candidates did not come in very rapidly—news of the hardships to which the Sisters had necessarily to submit deterred some feeble souls from entering, but those who had been some time in the Novitiate were full of courage, and hopeful in the bright future of the much-tried community.

A Novice of those days says: "When I entered the Novitiate there were only twelve Novices. Mother called us her *Twelve Apostles*. My morning and evening task was to gather vegetables. Once as I was crossing the field, not knowing the place very well, I walked into the sewer; for an instant I stood still, not knowing what to do. I then clambered out, washed my shoes, tied them to the limb of a tree, and rested myself until they were fanned partially dry by the warm breeze. This was something for recreation, and the Twelve Apostles enjoyed it heartily."

This Novice was the eldest of the band of twelve and the duty devolved upon her to assist the Novice Mistress in many little duties pertaining to her office. A new candi-

date arrived and the Novice took "charge of her" to conduct her to the Chapel, etc. The first day of the arrival, after supper, she was later than the other Sisters, who had already left the Chapel when she entered it to say her usual prayer after this meal. She perceived, as she thought, the new candidate kneeling in the back of the Chapel with head uncovered—there was only the light of the Sanctuary lamp in the Chapel. Leaving the Chapel hastily, she returned with a veil and softly stepped over to the supposed candidate and said, in a subdued tone of voice, "We never enter the Chapel with uncovered head," and was gently adjusting the veil; while doing this a whiskered face, in utter surprise, to her utter astonishment, was raised to hers. She then discovered that it was the reverend Chaplain of the Academy—and *this* reverend Chaplain had whiskers—to whom she was going to "give the veil."

The community increasing so slowly, and there being so much necessary manual labor to be done, several men were hired for that purpose. The first of these was *Leary*, and his principal charge was to take care of the cattle and to feed the pigs. The *Prohibition Law* was not then passed in Kansas, and, poor thing, it was well for it that it was not, for Leary would have broken it all to pieces. One day, after a "lay-off," he was very pensively sitting under a tree in the back yard—it was in the bright summer weather—when a Sister passing in that direction stopped to inquire the cause of his sadness. With a sigh he replied, "There's Sister Joanna"—she was at this time Treasurer—"sitting up there in the parlor with her pockets full of money and letting the poor pigs starve nearly to death." It was Leary that was full, and not Sister Joanna's pockets.

Leary had a companion in misfortune, and this was *Dick*, the man of all work. A Sister, absent in Leadville, received a letter from the Mother House, dated July 11th, in which

there was this significant bit of home news: "*Dick* is still celebrating the *glorious Fourth!*"

But that there were efficient workmen on the place was not long in being discovered. The grounds southwest of the Academy were cleared and in due season a flourishing corn crop appeared, then fields of wheat were seen, and the woods west of the house were "grubbed up," and converted into a pasture for the cattle.

The laborer is worthy of his hire, but where was the community to get the money to pay them their well-earned wages? The heavy interest had to be paid, the pupils' table kept well supplied, the Sisters clothed, fed, etc., and where was the money to come from? It was decided to send two more Sisters out on the charity of the world, begging. This step was taken only after long and anxious debates. The following letter from Sister Jane Francis Reynolds, who had already begged in some of the small towns of Kansas, will tell how they fared in the great world:

"St. Louis, Mo., 15th and Clarke Avenue,

"November 15, 1876.

"*Dear Mother:*

"Behold here are your two poor Sisters in St. Louis with the permission of his Lordship to beg. I tell you this right in the beginning, for I know the information will relieve your anxiety on the subject. It was useless for us to remain longer in Sedalia—one instance will show you the reception we generally received. Sister and I went into a store, we told the proprietor we were collecting for our Convent. He said, "Do I owe you anything?" We remained only a day there. The next morning we left at three o'clock. As we got near the depot, Sister saw a coach standing on a side-track; she started toward it. I said, 'Sister, where are you going?' 'To get on the car,' she replied. 'That is not our car. Come to the waiting-room.'

"I started to it, thinking Sister was with me. When I

turned to speak to her, to my surprise, there was no Sister in sight. I went a few paces back and looked into the distance, and there was my beloved companion alone in her glory, sitting in state in the vacant coach. I assured her that that car would not leave until eight next morning, and there was no telling where it might land her, perchance in Honolulu! I succeeded, after some more parleying to the same effect, in persuading her to accompany me to the waiting-room, where we had only to remain five minutes before our train came in.

"When we got to St. Louis at six next morning, we came immediately here to the Sisters of St. Joseph, who received us as if we had been their own absent Sisters. After breakfast we started out to see the Bishop. When we arrived at the Bishop's house, we asked first to see Father Butler. He gave us a hearty welcome. We told him our mission, and asked him to use his influence with the Bishop. He did so, introducing us to his Lordship as two poor beggars from the land of grasshoppers, told him the enormous debt that was on our house, etc. Bishop Ryan was most kind, indeed. He gave us permission to beg and his special blessing to the two beggars. He then said, 'My dear Sisters, the money you get, put that in your pockets, that is for the community, but the rebuffs and mortifications you receive, they are for yourselves; lay them above, where no one can take them from you.'

"We have been here now a week; have been on the streets daily, save on Sunday. On Wednesday we went to the office where the police are paid; there were about a hundred of them. A gentleman who accompanied us on this expedition said it appeared 'as if we were reviewing the police.'

"After a while Mr. Turner came to me and said, 'Sister, you come with me, I will take you through the Court House;

one Sister is enough here.' The court was in session; we went to all the law offices, and after all that mortification I got one whole dollar. I remembered Bishop Ryan's words, and every time I receive a mortification, and several come daily, I try to dispose of them as he recommended to us.

"You have seen in the papers full accounts of the late frightful catastrophe—the burning of the Southern Hotel. Yesterday we were passing the burning remains, when a lady came to us as we tarried for a moment to look at the ruins, and asked us if any of our friends perished in the fire. We said, 'No.' 'What then are you in black for? You have crape on your bonnets; perhaps you have lost your'—the crowd began to be oppressive where we were standing, and, fortunately for us, our inquisitive interlocutor was soon lost in the surging mass that comes hourly to look on and wonder at the frightful wreck before them.

"We are both well, and, strange to say, I have had my pet headache but once, and then slightly, since I have been here. Sister's only complaint is from her feet; they get so tired. She thinks I must be made of wood; the immense distances I can jog over without saying I am fatigued. As long as my head is level, I scarcely think of my feet.

"Sister and I went to her mother's the second day of our arrival, but I know, as she has written you, she has given you the details of the visit. They were overjoyed to see the absent one, and insisted that we lodge with them during our sojourn in the city, but the Sisters of St. Joseph had already proffered us hospitality, and, as it was more convenient, we decided to remain permanently with them whilst here."

Whilst the Sisters were absent in St. Louis, a threatened disaster was averted from the community at the Mother House.

Sister Mary Ursula Sebus was, in 1876, the Sacristan of the Chapel at Mount St. Mary's. She also had charge of the



flowers, those of the yard, as well as the house-plants. She was cleanness personified, and her flowers were all freshness and loveliness.

In the month of May of this year the entire community at the Mother House was poisoned, but not with fatal results—and the neat, tidy Sacristan was the innocent cause of the visitation.

Sister Mary Ursula occasionally smoked her flowers with the fumes of tobacco to rid them of insects, besides giving them a bath from time to time of a decoction of the same favorite weed.

One charming radiant morning in spring—and the spring mornings at Mount St. Mary's are exceptionally charming—the odor from the blooming fruit-trees was filling the air, and the birds were trilling their merriest lays, but there was no one abroad to inhale the balmy breath of the budding spring, or to listen to the joyous warbling of the happy birds.

No, Mount St. Mary's presented the appearance of a Hospital suffering from that frightful epidemic—the cholera.

The household that morning, after hearing the Holy Mass, had, as usual, proceeded to the breakfast-table. As soon as this meal was partaken of, the Sisters were seized with the symptoms of an unknown disease—a few were unable to leave the table, but sat there with their heads resting upon it; some reached the stair-steps leading to the community-room, which they were unable to reach; and some, after repeated attempts, reached the dormitory, and, immediately throwing themselves upon their beds, thought they would never rise therefrom, so utterly exhausted did they feel; then other symptoms appeared, and all were convinced that cholera had broken out in the Convent.

On the pupils' side of the Convent—the Academy—similar scenes were being enacted—teachers and pupils were alike affected. At eight of the clock, the ordinary time for

the bell to call the boarders to the study hall—the bell, so accustomed to be rung at that hour, was left in a state of quietude—there was no one left with energy enough to raise it from its abiding-place, and, had it called its usual hearers to their daily duties, for this day at least its familiar voice would have been unheeded.

Poor Sisters and poor girls! and, after some minutes from the time the reverend Chaplain had eaten his breakfast, it could also be said as truthfully of him, *poor Chaplain!*

We said all had been seized with this unknown affliction, but it was disclosed that a few tea-drinkers were going around ministering to their companions, who had, so to say, fallen by the wayside, but the number of those who were accustomed to indulge in the cup that cheers but does not inebriate was only three.

By the time the evening-shadows had fallen the epidemic had somewhat abated, leaving its victims in a limp, listless condition, but they had regained the use of that small member of which St. James speaks, and were not slow in discovering that it was the coffee of their morning meal that had nearly put a finishing touch to their labors in the land of the sunflower.

The Sister whose morning it was to get breakfast, on first going to the kitchen and starting the fire, noticed a bright shining tin kettle on the stove nearly full of what she thought to be black coffee which had been left over and was to be used in preparation of the morning's breakfast, for she knew that the *Procuratrix*—like John Gilpin's wife—"was of a frugal mind." Without further investigation, she poured the contents of the clean nice kettle into the coffee to be made for the household, and what was it but a strong decoction of tobacco-leaves that the Sacristan was preparing for the health and well-being of her flowers!

Sister Mary Ursula was a tea-drinker, and so escaped the general malady.

## CHAPTER XXII.

When Sister Francis Xavier and Sister Mary Pius returned to the Mother House from their begging tour in the Eastern States, their stay was not of long duration. They had been so successful that they were sent forth again—Sister Francis Xavier with Sister Philomena to go to the western Territories and the South, and Sister Mary Pius with Sister Mary Baptist to go to Ireland. The only souvenirs of these expeditions are some letters from Mother Xavier to the absent ones, and one letter written by Sister Mary Pius.

(To Sister Francis Xavier and Sister Philomena, Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.)

“St. John’s Hospital, Leavenworth, Kas.,

“June 12, 1871.

“*Dear Sisters:*

“I have this moment arrived from Lawrence (Endora and Wyandotte), hence the delay in answering your last letter before this one, which I got to-day as I passed the post-office—also one from the Bishop *for you*. It is of little avail—only for Montana. I have applied to Father Corbett for one to the clergy in general.

“No, my beloved Sisters, do not be disappointed about Salt Lake; if the Bishop forbids you to collect there, that ends it. If he said nothing, *try*. The fact of others being before you will make him less dissatisfied in case he hears of your collecting. Be sure there is something *left* for you. Our Lord, I hope, won’t leave us so entirely out in the cold.

“Here is my advice (not to be followed, though, if you know a better way): Go right on to Upper California. Do not, if you can help it, let those good Sisters get before you there, or in Idaho, or any other place where they have not been already. Yes, go to Upper California. Begin by see-

ing the Bishop. If he lets you collect, go to work immediately. If you can, borrow money in Cheyenne from J. Wallace, or, through him, from any one else. I mean enough to carry you straight to California.

"Remember, if the Bishop gave you *orders*, mine of course are null, but it is hard to have all doors closed.

"It was terrible to have to send you again. Your going was better for me in a spiritual point of view than an eight-days retreat. I will leave you to judge why.

"Sister Josephine just now tells me that Father De Smet is going out to Mount St. Mary's\* this evening, so I will see him there, and get a letter and send it as soon as I hear from you again.

"I have been from home for a whole week. I do hope this will overtake you in Cheyenne.

"Your devoted Mother,

"Xavier."

(Letter to Sister Francis Xavier and Sister Philomena, Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory.)

"Mount St. Mary's, Leavenworth, Kas.,

"June 12, 1871.

"Dear Sisters:

"How anxiously did I await the letter that was to bring news from the wanderers. To know you are safe and well—what a comfort! God be praised!

"I cannot express to you how much more anxious I feel now than when you were *East*. All sorts of thoughts come at times to torture me. But I will stop and not inflict my weaknesses upon you; besides, I want to tell you some home news and I have so little time to write.

"The new Bishop will, God willing, arrive in Leavenworth to-morrow, the 13th. Our Bishop, Father Heiman, and Father Kuhls went to Chicago last week to attend the consecration. His Lordship told us the new Bishop would

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\*Mother Xavier usually called the Academy "*Mount St. Mary's*," though the charter title is "*St. Mary's*."

pay his first visit here, and that we must receive him with great *éclat*. We will try to obey.

“Later.

“The Bishops have arrived, but the expected visit remains unpaid. Five Fathers, Benedictines and Carmelites, were here this afternoon. Among the rest, a young Carmelite that remembered well your visit to Cumberland, Pa. He was telling how badly you were treated there, and seemed quite indignant over it *yet*.

“To-morrow the German Church is to be consecrated. Our Bishop will celebrate the Mass and the new Bishop perform the ceremonies of consecration.

“This is now the 26th; it is nearly impossible for me to get time to write. Our examinations are going on finely. On the 29th, at 2 p. m., the Commencement exercises will begin. All anticipate a brilliant affair. We are doing our best to make it such.

“Poor John McNorton was drowned last Sunday. He went in the river to bathe and took a cramp. He made his Easter and was trying to be very good. His body was found and buried yesterday, Tuesday. Pray for the repose of his poor soul. May he rest in peace.

“Mr. Winters is here at last. I had made arrangements with another man, a shoemaker, in Lawrence, and was expecting him, and instead, *Winters* came. Whether he found he was about to be ‘cut out’ or not I do not know. He is doing very well so far.

“I am sorry to tell you, my dear ones, that the Mission to Idaho is laid on the shelf. Bishop Lootens wrote that nothing could be done at present for the Sisters; that his own prospect for a dwelling-house was a *tent*. Poor Bishop!

“From all this it would seem useless for you, dear Sisters, to *try* in that part of the country, but farther west and in Montana you may do well. I shall write to Father Van Gorp about the time you are fairly launched in Montana.

"Soon as school is out I shall send other Sisters out collecting. We must exert ourselves. I am not sorry that other Sisters collect as well as ourselves—though I don't want them to get *all* the money."

(Extract from a letter to Sister Francis Xavier and Sister Philomena, Green River, Wyoming Territory.)

"Feast of All Saints, 1871.

"Seven of our good Novices are to make the vows on the 27th. Pray that they may be rightly disposed for so sacred and holy an act.

"We have grand service here to-day: Grand High Mass, Solemn Vespers, and Benediction, and to-night Solemn Vespers for the dead. Bishop Fink sang the Mass. To-morrow, All Souls', our sweet little altar will be all in black, covered with (glass) *tear-drops*, that Sister Mary Ursula has been sewing on it for several days past. I see no altar that I like so well as our own. We have now a beautiful Sanctuary carpet and are having an altar-railing made, and hope to have it finished by Christmas.

"I was obliged to pay Mr. McGonigle one thousand dollars. He was and is in need of the money, and he has been very patient with us.

"The only success I've had is, the *promise* of a *fair*, two years hence, in a small parish. One Father has promised me this, and I intend to ask the same of several others.

The great fire of Chicago has stopped all other collections throughout the States. Father Kennedy was in St. Louis for the purpose of making a collection to build a church, when the news came about the fire in Chicago, and the poor soul could not get a dime; a Father of that city had to give him money to take him home. So all beggars, but those of Chicago, fare now.

"Keep up good courage. I expect something *nice* from your present mission. Watch every chance and strike every nail on the head.

"Put all your trust in our sweet Lord and His blessed Mother. We are entered upon a series of Novenas. One Sister will *fast* and go to Holy Communion each day of the Novena. The first one is to *all* the Saints, begun to-day; the next to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the next to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, then one to St. Anthony of Padua, and so on. We will pray hard; one praying all the time to the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph."

(To Sister Francis Xavier and Sister Philomena, Rawlins,  
Wyoming Territory.)

"Mount St. Mary's, Leavenworth, Kas.,

"November 26, 1871.

"*Dear little Sisters:*

"I must tell you something strange but true. Do you remember that Father Kuhls *lost*, or rather had *stolen* from him, \$1700? Well, poor Father, his money was gone and he had not the slightest idea who the thief was. Several months after the money was stolen the good little Father made a vow to St. Anthony of Padua, promising to say so many Masses in his honor if he would find the money. I think the vow was made for one year. So the Father began to offer the Holy Sacrifice for this intention.

"In a few weeks after he received a letter, wherein the writer put to him some pointed questions which immediately excited his suspicions as to who the *thief* was. He got permission from the Bishop to leave home for a short time, and went to the man whom he suspected; he took an officer with him, without exposing to him his business exactly. He left the officer, and went into a private room of the house and sent for the man whom he wished to see.

"As soon as the man came, Father Kuhls said to him, 'You took my money. If you acknowledge it and make restitution, I will not expose you, I will never mention your name, and no one but myself will *ever* know *who* was the thief.' The man told him he *did* take the money, and that he had

taken a *stone* off his heart; that he would give him a mortgage on his property to secure him, and would pay him every cent back.

"Father Kuhls told me the whole circumstance himself, since I've returned from Montana, and he has got back the whole of his money through St. Anthony.

"The kind little Father made a Novena for us, and Sister Columba wrote me if we got a *legacy* we must know that St. Anthony had a hand in it. The very same week that I got her letter, I received one from Captain Guido Ilges, of Fort Laramie, informing me that a Catholic soldier—the one you and Sister Mary Pius saw sick, when you were at that Fort—died a few weeks previous and left a *legacy* for our institution. So you see St. Anthony is favorably inclined towards us.

"I would like to have you guessing as to the amount of the bequest, but will be merciful and tell you how large the sum was, just \$101.85, not a fortune, but acceptable, for we had to have our house insured a second time in St. Louis, and it cost us one hundred dollars. In consequence of the Chicago fire several companies *broke*, and one of those we were insured in was of the number.

"This long story has taken up most of my paper, so the other 'yarns' must be shorter. But I am forgetting to tell you what a good Sister your little helpmate is. I have taken her for my model. When you see me again, I hope you will not recognize me. Our dear good Sisters are at this moment practicing a new Mass for Christmas, and we all have had a good laugh over the false notes; but perseverance overcomes all difficulties.

"We had a glorious day on the twenty-first. Six made their vows and one took the habit. Ellen Nagle, now Sister Mary Jerome, and three Postulants have come since. One is Sister Ignatia's cousin from Sandwich—not the islands. She is not at all like Sister Ignatia though, either in appear-



ance or otherwise. Looks like she would make a good Sister—so do the others. Sister Ignatia was in town when her cousin came, and has just now (4 p. m.) returned to greet her relative. O, it would do me so much good to have even a *cousin* in religion. Apropos—Sister Eugenia is still at the Asylum, always looking cheerful and well. Poor John! he is at the Fort still. I am sorry there is no good news from him—the same you heard before.

"It has been by main force that I've written this much—so little time.

"I place you daily in the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

"Xavier."

(To Sister Francis Xavier and Sister Philomena, Nashville, Tennessee.)

"Dearest Sisters:

"Yes, I was most anxious to hear from you and welcome beyond measure was all the news contained in your good letter. Your reception from our cherished friends was no more than I expected, knowing as I do the *hearts* to which you went. God himself gave those two dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Farrell, to us as guardian spirits in our hour of need, and most faithfully did they perform the trust assigned them. May God bless them in time and in eternity.

"The Sisters wept when I read your letter, and not an instant could I keep the little mementoes you sent me from those dear *Southern graves*; the *old* Sisters ran off with them—Sister Bridget, Sister Julia, and Sister Gertrude—and divided with others.

"The kind Bishop! May God bless him. Thank him in my name when you see him. I have already, with much gratitude, more than I could express, written a letter of thanks to his Lordship for the permission to collect in his diocese.

"To my blessed friends with whom you now sojourn say

everything affectionate, for I love them in my inmost heart, and *they know it!*

"Sister Mary Baptist and Sister Mary Pius are resting since last Thursday week in Cincinnati. Don't you think they are pretty well rested by this time! Dear souls! how glad—O, how thankful to God am I, that they are safe again across the blue waters! Poor darlings, they have had a cruel trial. I will try to make amends for it. I look for them to-morrow.

"If you remember, dear little industrious Sister Gertrude sent a silk quilt to Mary Carney to be raffled. I think the ladies in Cincinnati are trying to bring off the raffle and send the proceeds by the Sisters, and that is what keeps them. If they do not come to-morrow, I shall *dispatch* to know if they *are ill*.

"Father Dougherty's niece from St. Louis is now here. She is sixteen, tall, and a fine, good girl. Father Schultz said Mass (in town) to-day for the first time since he was hurt. The Brothers will soon leave, and the Bishop will have a housekeeper in their stead.

"We, as a matter of course, look upon this as a prelude to the withdrawal of the Jesuit Fathers—for such it surely is. I and *all* regret it bitterly, but God's holy will be done in all things. He will make some other provision for us—we must *pray* hard and be resigned to whatever comes. Life is so short and uncertain that we should waste none of its precious moments in *borrowing* trouble.

"The Sisters from Ireland are bringing two statues—one of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the other Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. All the dear Sisters are delighted with this. We will have them in the Sanctuary niche. Sister Mary Ursula, pious soul, would rather have these statues than money with which to pay our debts!

"Now, I must tell you a joke on myself. Ella Carroll wrote me she would send me a specimen of her canned fruits and pickles. Well, a box came by express, *very heavy*. I at

once pronounced it Ella's present. Did not open the box, but told Sister Mary Margaret what disposition was to be made of the contents.

"Sister Helena said at night, 'Mother, you have not opened the box yet.' I told her to go open it and report to me whether there were *more pickles* or *more preserves* in it. Soon she returned with her apron full of small stones (specimens from Denver), and Sister Agatha with a large one, as much as she could carry—'Mother, here are your *preserves* and *pickles*.' You may be sure the Sisters all enjoyed the joke on Mother. A gentleman in Denver sent me the specimens all classified and labelled, as a present, and I prize them very much and will arrange them nicely in the library until we get a regular mineral cabinet.

"The weather is still delightful. It seems Indian summer cannot take leave of us this year.

"Now, my dear Sisters, commending you both and each member of the dear family where you are domiciled to the Sacred Hearts of our Divine Lord and His Immaculate Mother, I bid you adieu.

*Xavier."*

"St. Mary's, November 27, 1872.

*"My dear Sisters, F. Xavier and Philomena:*

"We got the paper. I forgot to mention it in my letter to Mr. and Mrs. Farrell. It created quite a sensation among the Sisters. The old ones wept, and there was many a moist eye among the younger members of the community when that article was read. I have sent it to Mother Vincent. She will return it to me. I want to keep it in the house. I know she will take a cry over it.

"Sister Mary Joseph is the one appointed for the present to take care of the church things at the Cathedral. She will get everything in order and train another to take her place, and she will be home to attend to the garden in the spring. She is delighted, dear soul, to get a chance to straighten out the cobwebs and put the dust in motion generally, in there.

"Bishop Fink is laid up with his throat again. Father Schultz told us yesterday that the Brothers leaving is *not* a prelude to the Fathers going also. I and all are glad of this. For the present the arrangement is—as far as we are concerned—that Father Schultz come out every evening and return after Mass in the morning. Pray that this may last.

"We still have lovely weather, the sun to-day is bright and warm as a spring morning. The men went on Monday last over to the island and got a lot of beautiful trees. We set them out yesterday, and, though leafless, they improve the place wonderfully.

"I am late answering your question about your success in Nashville. Yes, I think it is *extraordinarily well*. O, my Sisters, how ungrateful we would be did we distrust the providence of God! Consider the innumerable blessings He has showered upon us. All seems like a miracle. Only three days before I had to send that money to St. Louis—here came the draft from Sister Loretto to the very sum. I have paid the first installment of interest on the last mortgage, and God be praised! I will soon *have* the *payment* on the steam apparatus. It will fall due on the 3d of January. True, the *principal* of these big debts will come and have to be paid, but God will provide for *these* as He has for smaller debts. We must 'put our shoulders to the wheel,' and pray *too, without ceasing*. We will continue the Novena to the Sacred Heart of Jesus *all the time*.

"By the way, the *statues* have come. They are lovely. The Sacred Heart of Jesus is perfect. We will have them on little altars each side of the Sanctuary. I will have the Sacristy door hung *inside* to make room for the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The Fathers admire the statues so much. They are indeed the most beautiful I ever saw. They are the combined present of several newly found friends in Dublin.

"Yes, Sister Mary Pius and Sister Mary Baptist are here, sound and well, thank God. Both are in excellent health, and the \$5,000 also! Tell Mr. Farrell it looks like

old times to see his name on a check. Thank him for his kindness in attending to that bank business for you.

"Sister Mary Pius will write you a long letter and tell you all the Irish news. She has quite a *brogue* since her visit to Europe. I remarked it the moment she spoke, on her arrival home.

"Soon you shall hear from me again. God bless you both, my beloved Sisters. May our Divine Lord inundate your hearts and souls with his most abundant graces is the prayer of your most beloved Mother, *Xavier.*"

(Extracts from a letter dated January 12, 1873, to the same Sisters at Nashville, Tenn.)

"How I, and all, missed your dear smiling faces on New Year's day. We had a grand time. In the evening the Sisters gave an entertainment in which all the female Orders of the Church appeared to be represented—Benedictines, Carmelites, Visitandines, Franciscans, Sisters of Mercy, etc., and music on piano, harp, guitar, banjo, etc. You may imagine the ceremony of introducing so many Orders! The *finale* was a hymn to our Blessed Lady begging her protection, then and always. I never saw the Sisters enjoy themselves more.

"But the statues of the Sacred Heart and of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, how shall I describe them? You cannot imagine what an improvement they are to the Chapel. They look so large and so *grand*. The Sisters are all charmed with them.

"I told Mrs. Farrell I would enclose in her letter one from Father Van Gorp to Mother Vincent and the Sisters. I closed the letter and forgot to put *his* in it. I enclose it in this and I want you to show it to Mr. and Mrs. Farrell.

"I've been at the Hospital for several days; it is so difficult to get a chance to come in or go out.

"Our sick Sisters are all getting better. There has been much sickness in the city, chiefly typhoid pneumonia. Sister Eulalia and Sister Mary Bernard came near dying.

"Little Miede Thomas was very ill with spotted fever. His life hung on a thread for several days. The doctor was nearly deranged. Now the boy is recovering.

"Father Fitzgerald is here, in Father Dougherty's place. Father Dougherty is stationed at Fort Scott, and several changes have been made.

"Sister Mary Ursula and Sister Julia are making flowers for the Cathedral—you know how many it requires for that immense altar.

"Perhaps we will go to Salt Lake to take charge of a hospital. There is a Father Walsh there who has written to me and he is very anxious indeed to have Sisters. Father Van Gorp knows Father Walsh, and told me he is a man of fifty years of age. Would not a house in Salt Lake City be a desirable link between us and our Sisters in Montana? I think so.

"Father Laigniel is in one of the sick-rooms preparing a young woman for baptism; the ceremony will take place after supper. The Brother is still confined to his bed. Good Father Schultz comes to see him almost every day.

"Report says Father Favre is to stay in Lawrence while Father Cunningham goes on a collecting tour. I hope he will be successful.

"Sister Mary Baptist is now Sister Servant in Wyandotte. Sister Columba will remain there for the school. The school there is fine.

"The weather has been intensely cold, but is now moderate. The horse sickness—epizootic—has been very prevalent here. Poor Mr. Connor lost one of his hack-horses. Three of ours had the disease badly, but are now almost over it. Nanse, the Indian pony, did not have it at all.

"I am called to the parlor. Adieu. *Xavier.*"

(To Sister Francis Xavier and Sister Philomena, Memphis, Tennessee.)

"Mount St. Mary's, Leavenworth, Kas.,  
"January 26, 1873.

"Dear Sisters:

"I got your letter yesterday, and would have written the moment after reading it, but I had to take time to reflect and consult our Divine Lord in prayer before I knew what to say to you.

"Our trials are great, my beloved Sisters, but we must say, nevertheless, '*Thy will be done.*' It may be that God wills (after all our hard labor and privations) that our house—our *Mother House*—be sold for debt. If we cannot raise the money, of course, it must eventually be sold over our heads.

"I often bring the view before me in this close manner, and ask myself, 'What then?' Suppose we do lose our house! Have we not *toiled* and *prayed* and *suffered*? Well, we will leave the result in the hands of God, our Father, Who knows what is for our good.

"Here, dear Sisters, is the only advice I am able to give you. Our Sisters Mary John and Mary Ignatia were promised a collection last fall in Mobile. They did not go. Perhaps you would be allowed to collect there now.

"Again, I have always thought that if our Sisters were to see his Grace, Archbishop Perch , of New Orleans, *in person*, he would give them permission to collect in Louisiana. He is a holy and charitable man. I knew him many years ago, when he was a young Father, but his Grace has forgotten me, I know. Mobile and New Orleans are your only chances. May our Divine Lord incline the hearts of these holy Bishops to have compassion on us.

"One more idea: if you are allowed to stay *at all* in New Orleans, inquire for *wealthy* Catholics, and try and negotiate a loan. If we could get a loan of *ten thousand dollars on small interest*, I could pay General Sherman *that*—it being all we

owe him—this coming April. It would stop interest on that amount at ten per cent. Possibly some one would loan it without asking interest.

"These suggestions, my dear Sisters, are all I can make. Now, with God's grace, do the best you can. Try to get passes wherever you go, so that you will not be on expense. We are making for your cause a beautiful Novena to St. Joseph. O, that our prayers may help you, my poor little Sisters, so far away from home in trouble. I could do nothing yesterday but offer you to our Divine Lord with tears.

"Thank the good Sisters, in my name, for their hospitality to you.

*Xavier."*

(To the same at New Orleans, La.)

"Mount St. Mary's, February 22, 1873.

*"My dear Sisters:*

"Distressing as the news is contained in your letter, I was greatly relieved on its reception. I have suffered a world of anxiety about you.

"The good Bishop Perché! God bless him. If you get little or nothing, the fault is not his. He did all he could in giving the *permission*. As to the rest, my dears, the best and only thing I can see for you to do is to *come home*. Get what you can in New Orleans, now that you are there and have begun; that done, *come home*.

"My warmest thanks to the good charitable Sisters. God bless them for their kindness to you.

"Should it so happen that you have better luck in the end than in the beginning, in that famous city, and are not here on the 25th of March to renew your holy vows, make them where you are. You are both admitted by the Council to renew them.

"To-day I got a letter from Sister M. John and Sister M. Ignatia. They are collecting on the railroads in *Texas*, getting a little slowly, but surely. I will enclose their letter



in this, that you may see what they say about the levee and the *three thousand men* working there. It would be well for you to find out about that, and do what you find best in the matter.

"All send love. We are praying hard all the time. The winter has been very severe. A great deal of sickness everywhere in Kansas. To-day Ann Eliza Brady was buried. She died at our Hospital of spotted fever.

"Our Sisters are all well, as usual. God bless and keep you in His care. Write as soon as you get this.

"I hope you will get enough in New Orleans to pay your fare home, but *come home*, if you see proper. Adieu.

"Xavier."

(To the same at New Orleans, La.)

"St. Mary's, March, 1873.

"Dear Sisters:

"I cannot tell you how glad I was to get your letter—it seemed an age since I had heard from you. The newspapers here are full of the New Orleans troubles and prospects of bloodshed. This made me doubly uneasy.

"I know well, my dear Sisters, that you will not come home as long as you can collect anything, but I still repeat, when you find it useless to try any longer, *come home*.

"I had a letter from our Sisters in Texas at the same time I got ours. Poor dears! they are on the railroad, going up and down on the *hand-cars*, collecting from the laboring men, and both Protestants and Catholics contribute alike. They meet so many who have been nursed in our Hospital, and that is a great help.

"This little slip of paper Sister Mary Ignatia enclosed. When they were in New Orleans, the reporter of the New Orleans *Times* told them, if they got permission to collect, he would put a piece in the *Times*, and in that way try to advance their cause. Perhaps it would be well for you to see the reporter of that paper; however, it would be well to

know *first* if the Archbishop would approve of J. Curtis Waldo's helping in that way.

"That fire was unfortunate for us even—what must it have been for the poor sufferers? God help them! The Bishop is kind indeed, and I feel so grateful to him for his goodness towards you.

"I'm surprised to hear of the debts on those *old* Convents. I presume the most of them are *old*. Bishop Fink came out last week—Ember week, you know—and spoke a great deal of *his* debts. Their *interest* is over \$7000 a year!

"This evening, the 10th, we will begin the Novena to St. Joseph.

"To-day I had a letter from the Bishop of Denver saying he would begin the hospital in that city in the spring.

"My dears, can you not send some good Postulants. I would like so much some French girls, some that can *speake* and *write* that language. If you meet any good, pious young girls who would like to come, send them along, or bring them when you come.

"We are all well, as usual. Our good old Father Schultz comes out every evening by himself. He is so kind and good.

"We have already begun preparations for the Feast. William is putting up brackets on the wall behind the main altar for the statues of St. Joseph and St. Vincent.

"O, I wish you could fall in with some rich old lady, that would like to come here and spend her days, and endow the community with \$50,000! wouldn't it be nice? We are going to pray very hard to St. Joseph this week.

"Let me hear from you soon. Adieu. *Xavier.*"

(To the same at New Orleans, La.)

"St. John's Hospital, March 29, 1873.

"My dear Sisters, one and both, Sister Francis Xavier and Sister Philomena:

"God bless you, my dear Sisters. I am so very thankful to that good Mother. May our Lord reward her!

"I have but a few moments, I am on my way to Lawrence. Sister Ignatia will write you a long and, I know, *good* letter to-morrow.

"Keep the money until you are coming home. Bring it yourselves. Be sure to have every dollar of it in *genuine United States currency*. See to this immediately. Do not keep a dollar on any bank of New Orleans, for if *that* bank were to *fail*, you would lose it.

"*United States bills* will pass anywhere, but *private banks' currency* will not. On every dollar of *Kansas City currency* there is, even here in Leavenworth, a discount of twenty per cent on the dollar.

"Soon as I return I'll write you a long letter, God willing. Now I'm off for the Lawrence train. God bless you.  
"Xavier."

J. M. J. V.

(Sister Mary Pius to Mother Xavier.)

"Convent of Mercy, Enniscorthy, Ireland,

"June 30th, 1872.

"*Dear Mother:*

"I am sure you are enjoying a more tranquil state of mind than for many months past. Praise, honor, and glory be given to God, the Father of all, Provider of all things! To be relieved of so great a burden and in such a manner seems *miraculous*.

"Dearest Mother, from the very beginning God has from time to time shown a special care and providence over the community and *your most arduous undertakings*. I have seen it myself. I'm sure there is not one of the Sisters who has had a taste of *begging* that could not say the same—that in many cases where we expected *least* we got *most*, showing that it is God who sends, not *man* who gives.

"I think it was on May 23d, the eve of Our Lady of Help of Christians, that you got the dispatch from Sister Joanna to come to St. Louis, that you could get a loan. Our Blessed Mother and Holy St. Joseph will not let us fail.

"Yes, dearest Mother, as you say, all will come right in due time, if I should presume to say so—we should not *feel an anxiety*, much less a *despondency*. Our Divine Lord will not abandon us whilst with confidence we trust in His mercy and cast ourselves entirely on His providence, but, as you again say, dear Mother, we have to suffer in body and mind, *yes*, and *that severely*, before the object be accomplished. Yet, do what we may, we will do nothing in comparison to what the *worldling* undergoes to acquire fleeting honor and wealth. But it is easier for me to *talk* than to *act*; there is no one feels a disagreeable thing more than I do.

"We have been going through the country outside Enniscorthy for the last three weeks and got back on Thursday, June 27th. We found three letters from you, one from Sister Ignatia, and one from my poor dear mother and father, and my mother's picture. You need not be told we feasted on all these good things. It was *rest* to us, after the three weeks' constant rambling.

"We will send at the same time with this another note containing a draft for £100; this we would have sent sooner, but we got no account of the receipt of the other until the last letters on Thursday. We still have some more weeks' work in this diocese.

"Most Rev. Dr. Furlong is anxious we should do well here. He said Mass at the Convent this morning. As soon as he had taken breakfast, he called for us and inquired so kindly of our success and what places we had been, telling us of parishes where we had not been and where we would do well. O, if he had control over all Ireland, *we* would have *no trouble*. But after a few parishes more we don't know what is before us. We will have to enter a new diocese—Waterford. I don't think we will find another Bishop in Ireland like Dr. Furlong. We are morally certain that we *could not find a better one!*

"Dear Mother, Sister Mary Baptist says she could not tell you how delighted she is that Mr. McGonigle's name is

erased from your books. It is a grand thing to have him paid. My prayers have all been offered in thanksgiving since we got your kind letters.

"We are both in good health, thank God! and unite in sending love to all.

"Tis pouring rain at present; it rains all the time, I might say. We have learned not to mind the weather; if we are walking, we take our umbrellas—a lady in Gorey made us a present of one each; if we are riding, we throw our shawls on our heads and go on, unless we are in a covered car, but the most we have been in were uncovered.

"I am sure Sister Joanna is another person since she got the loan—the dear creature! I hope her health is improving; we could ill afford to lose her at present.

"O, if I could but talk with you one moment! God knows when I shall have that happiness. I think, dearest Mother, that you should take a little rest in vacation.

"Please to accept the love of both your children,

*"Sister Mary Pius and Sister Mary Baptist.*

"God bless all at home. God bless all in Leavenworth!"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"Colorado, rare Colorado!" says Joaquin Miller; "yonder she rests, her head of gold pillowed on the Rocky Mountains, her feet in the brown grass, the boundless plains for a playground; she is set on a hill before the world, and the air is very clear, so that all may see her well!" Who that has had the happiness to travel in this terrestrial paradise will not affirm the entire truthfulness of this exclamation? The world does see, and the world wonders and admires.

This "rare Colorado" was in 1850 contained within the Vicariate east of the Rocky Mountains, a vast stretch of country under the direction of the Rt. Rev. John B. Miede, S.J., who was appointed by the Holy See in the fall of 1850, and consecrated in St. Louis, March 25, 1851. When he began his apostolical tours through his vast diocese, he found that it would be an utter impossibility to attend the wants of his extensive Vicariate, owing to the immense distance of some places from his episcopal city, Leavenworth, and the scarcity of priests under his jurisdiction. In the summer of 1860, Bishop Miede made a painful and perilous journey to Pike's Peak and to the infant city of Denver. It was after this visitation that he resolved to endeavor to be relieved of a portion of his charge. Colorado was, in consequence, annexed to the Diocese of Santa Fé by order of the Holy See, so that the Vicariate became a part of what now forms the Province of Santa Fé.

As soon as Colorado was annexed to Santa Fé, the Very Rev. Projectus J. Machebeuf, Vicar General of Bishop Lamy, was sent by his Lordship to open missions in that Territory. The newly elected Vicar General was a young missionary priest who had come from France on the occasion of the journey of Dr. J. B. Purcell, of Cincinnati, to sup-

ply his diocese with priests. Father Machebeuf was, on his arrival in the New World, appointed to a mission in Ohio, which he retained until his friend Father Lamy was made Bishop of Santa Fé, when he accompanied him to New Mexico and was appointed his Vicar General. For some time Father Machebeuf resided in Santa Fé, but in January, 1854, he was sent to take possession of Albuquerque. From the Very Rev. James H. Defour's very interesting "Historical Sketch of the Catholic Church in New Mexico," we quote the following page concerning the young missionary, with whom the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth were, in the future, to be intimately associated in works of Christian zeal in his episcopal city, when he himself was to be Bishop of the very Territory which he was at this time evangelizing:

"In Albuquerque, Father Machebeuf remained until, in 1857, the missions of Arizona were annexed by the Holy See to the diocese of Santa Fé, when he was sent to take possession of the new missions.

"The young priest, full of zeal, went to his new charge, though he had to brave a thousand dangers to do so. He was very active physically as well as mentally, and truly feared no danger where duty to his calling was in question. Many perils did he suffer, and on several occasions his life was in danger from wicked men whose vices he had reformed in a spirit of charity. On one occasion, while residing in Tucson, the missionary, without knowing or even suspecting it, was guarded day and night by a number of Mexicans, who were afraid of some bodily injury being inflicted upon him by those who pretended to be affronted by his instructions.

"It became necessary for Father Machebeuf to go to Santa Fé on business. To do this, he had to cross a country, at that time infested with warring Apaches. However, he started with the driver and a Mexican boy as sole escort. The party camped on the first evening upon the banks of a

river, where only a few days previous several soldiers had been killed by the Apaches.

"Crossing the river, they began the ascension of the high mountain of Chericasca, through what is called the Apache Cañon, one of the most dangerous spots in the whole Southwest. Rain was falling in torrents, the mountain road was steep and difficult, and Father Machebeuf, always active and venturesome, took his saddle-horse and galloped in advance of the party. At the summit of the mountain, by large and never-failing springs of cool and clear water, the station called the *Soldiers' Farewell* had been built by the stage company.

"When nearing the house he found it surrounded and besieged by Indians. Fearlessly he approached—the chief came to him.

"*'Tu capitan?'* said he.

"*'No capitan,'* answered the Father, showing his crucifix.

"*'Tu padre?'*

"*'Si, yo padre.'*

"*'Bueno. Como leva?'* And he shook hands with the priest, after which he called his savages, who all did the same thing.

"The chief then asked if he had seen soldiers on the road. Certainly he had seen them, and even now a troop were ascending the mountain. The savages hurriedly consulted among themselves, and then saying, *'Adios, padre,'* they galloped away and were seen no more.

"The besieged inhabitants of the station opened the doors, and, coming out, looked upon the Vicar as their savior.

"There were only three Americans there as station-keepers. They invited the Vicar into the house, and gave him the best they had for the journey, and insisted on his



passing the night there, as it was late and the rain was pouring."

Such was the priest sent to take charge of this new part of the Santa Fé possessions. He had been favorably impressed with the conduct of his Bishop in managing the many wants and real needs of his large diocese, and he strove to model himself upon this pattern.

Colorado was filled with numerous mining camps, arising as if by magic. Bishop Lamy had already, in 1852, secured a colony of Loretine Sisters for his episcopal see, and later on he secured the invaluable services of the Christian Brothers. Father Machebeuf had been only a short time in Colorado, when he also thought he would ask a colony of Sisters to aid him in his labors. He was acquainted with Bishop Miede, of Leavenworth, and had heard him speak in glowing terms of the good "*his Sisters*" were effecting in his diocese. Father Machebeuf decided to ask that a colony of these Sisters be sent to the new and fast improving city of Denver—so lately consisting of a few cabins on either side of Cherry Creek. He accordingly addressed Mother Xavier Ross, Superior of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, stating his desire for a colony of her community to open a school for the Catholic children in Denver and the immediate surrounding camps.

Mother Xavier with regret informed Father Machebeuf that she would most willingly send him a colony of Sisters, but there was not a spare Sister in the community, and had there been a hundred, they had all been bespoken; but promised him at a future day, if he did not succeed in obtaining other religious in the meantime, that she would keep his request in mind and supply his demand at her earliest opportunity. No more was heard from Father Machebeuf for two years, when it was learned that he had secured Loretine Sisters from Kentucky.

Rev. Father Raverdy, pastor of Central City, Colorado,

in 1871, asked for the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth to conduct a hospital at that place, and also requested plans of a building suitable for that purpose. Plans were made and sent, and several letters written on the subject between him and the Mother Superior, but the matter came to an unexpected termination by a letter from Father Raverdy, stating that for the present he was obliged to abandon his long-cherished project, as Father Machebeuf was appointed Bishop of Denver, and he was summoned to that city to serve in capacity of secretary to his Lordship.

The Sisters had then in Denver a zealous friend in the person of Mrs. William Perry, who had formerly lived in Leavenworth, when, becoming acquainted with the Sisters of Charity, she conceived for them what truly might be called a romantic and affectionate admiration, especially for Mother Xavier, Mother Vincent, and Sister Joanna. This lady had frequently spoken to Father Machebeuf about her dear Leavenworth Sisters, and begged that he invite them to Denver to open a hospital.

When Father Machebeuf had become Bishop, at the repeated solicitations of Mrs. Perry, he sent one of his favorite priests to Leavenworth to open negotiations for Sisters for a hospital. The reverend envoy was so well pleased with what he saw at the Mother House that he visited some of the branch houses in Kansas, and expressed himself well pleased with the works of the Sisters of Leavenworth, and spoke with pleasure, especially of Wyandotte, which he styled a *Model School*.

The Bishop then paid a visit to Leavenworth and formally asked for Sisters to establish a hospital in Denver. On his return, his Lordship wrote to Leavenworth requesting the Mother Superior to visit Denver in order to make preliminary preparations regarding the projected hospital.

At the beginning of the summer vacation of this year (1873), Mother Xavier and Sister Joanna went to Denver in

accordance with the Bishop's invitation. A few days before their departure, Mother Xavier had sent three invalid Sisters to Manitou Springs, where they were to remain for a few weeks to breathe the mountain air.

During their sojourn in Denver, Mother Xavier and Sister Joanna were the guests of the Lorette Sisters, who, by this time, had not only a parish school, but also an academy for young ladies. Whilst here the Bishop consulted with them as to the plans for the hospital, which he appeared most anxious to have in his episcopal city. In the meantime it was agreed that the Sisters would come to Denver, rent a house, and open a hospital on a small scale, whilst the "*Hôtel Dieu*," as the Sisters styled the plan of the magnificent building proposed by the Bishop, was being built.

After this affair was settled, his Lordship conducted the Sisters to Manitou, where they wished to remain for a few days before returning to Kansas. They found the invalids—Sister Ignatia McCormack, Sister Louise Carney, and Sister Columba Normile—no longer laying claim to that distinction, being already improved by the drinks, baths, and daily tours in search of cañons, caves and waterfalls, and charming nooks, which are here to be found in every direction.

The door of the cottage occupied by the Sisters and Mrs. Ed. Corrigan, of Kansas City, who was a member of this expedition, going and returning with the Sisters, gave a full view of Pike's Peak, a mountain rendered famous by historian, traveler, painter, and poet. This majestic mountain was the first sight that met their delighted gaze in the morning with the sun gilding its gray, cold granite height, and when evening shadows began to fall, they watched its last rays light up its rocky crest. Over a quarter of a century ago, when the Sisters made this small tour, Manitou Springs was comparatively unknown, but at the present day it is a noted health and pleasure resort. It is situated six miles west of Colorado Springs, immediately at the foot of Pike's

Peak. Here are the celebrated effervescent soda and iron springs, which in an early day gave the name of "*Springs*" to Colorado Springs.

The Sisters of Leavenworth had another very zealous friend in Denver at this time, formerly a pupil at St. Mary's—Mrs. John Molony, who opened her house and her heart to the Sisters on their way to and from Manitou, going so far as to pack her best tableware for them to use while at the Springs, and furnishing canned meat, fruit, and other things that she knew would be of use to them.

On their arrival at the Springs, they found the cottage previously rented, entirely empty. It consisted of two small rooms and a smaller shed, which was utilized during their stay as a kitchen. The Sisters rented a stove, a table, and some chairs, and their cottage was ready for occupancy.

Sister Columba was maid of all work, Sister Louise was cook, and Sister Ignatia was dish-washer, until it was discovered that she had left one of Mrs. Molony's ivory-handled knives lying on the window-sill in the rays of the sun until it was badly warped; then she was, without being told why, cordially requested to desist from further ablution of the dishes, and keep herself in readiness to receive and entertain visitors, of whom there was a large number, curiosity impelling many to call "to see the Sisters."

On the first day of their arrival in Manitou, a *character* presented himself, and, without asking any questions as to what he would or should do, began work by cutting kindling and fetching water, and became their *factotum* during the entire time they remained at the Springs, entertaining them with his experiences, fortunate and very unfortunate, in the great and glorious West!

Pat, for such was his name, and he gave no other, had a *hobby* for "stones," the topaz being his favorite, and his great delight was to exhibit a "beautiful topaz," as he would choose to call any stone he so elected, to the admiring gaze of

the uninitiated and inexperienced in such matters. He took the party one afternoon in search of a topaz-bed which he said was above timber-line. On the way he would frequently say to the one nearest him, exhibiting at the same time a stone in which the party could see no resemblance to a topaz, "O, Sister, see this beautiful topaz!"

Arriving at the height designated by Pat, the tourists saw nothing but gray granite rocks, tufts of dry brown grass, and the dark green pines waving on the mountain's scarred, seamy side, but they had been well repaid for their vain mineralogical exploration, as their sight had been ravished by Nature's very loveliest, sweetest flowers, and cool waters gushing here and there in unexpected crevices filled with snow. Not "a beautiful topaz" was to be seen in any direction, and it appeared that Pat's luck for finding his favorite stone deserted him from this outing.

One of the minor day-dreams of Mother Xavier's life was that she might see *Pike's Peak*. When she was in her sixteenth year, she had read with much pleasure the "Journal of Lieutenant Z. M. Pike," who discovered this now celebrated Peak, but who never ascended it. This feat was only accomplished fourteen years later, 1821, by members of Long's party.

Lieutenant Pike in 1806 had been on a successful tour to explore the head-waters of the Mississippi. In the same year he was again sent on an expedition by his commanding officer, General Wilkinson. The object of this expedition was three-fold: to return some Osage captives to their town of the Grand Osage; to effect, if by any reasonable means it could be done, a permanent peace between the Kansas and Osage nations; and to ascertain, if possible in his travels, the direction, extent, and navigation of the Arkansas and Red rivers.

Amongst the written instructions he received from his commanding officer are the following:

"In the course of your tour, you are to remark particularly upon the geographical structure, the natural history and population of the country through which you pass, taking particular care to collect and preserve specimens of everything curious in the mineral and botanical worlds which can be preserved and are portable. Let your courses be regulated by your compass, and your distances by your watch, to be noted in a field-book; and I would advise you, when circumstances permit, to protract and lay down in a separate book the march of the day at every evening's halt.

"The instruments which I have furnished will enable you to ascertain the variations of the magnetic needle, and the latitude, with exactness, and at every remarkable point I wish you to employ your telescope in observing the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, having previously regulated and adjusted your watch by your quadrant, taking care to note with great nicety the periods of immersion and emersion of the eclipsed satellite. These observations may enable us, after your return, by application to the appropriate tables, to ascertain the longitude."

The Sisters of Leavenworth have many opportunities for putting into practice the instructions given to this enterprising young lieutenant, for are *they* are not sent north, south, east, and west?

Lieutenant Pike succeeded in delivering his captives and making peace between the two warring tribes, and in the prosecution of the third object of the expedition he discovered *the* Peak, which fact we give in his own words, taken from his Journal.

"Wednesday, November 26th.—Expecting to return to our camp that evening, we left all our blankets and provisions at the foot of the mountain. Killed a deer of a new species, and hung his skin on a tree with some meat. We commenced ascending; found the way very difficult, being obliged to climb up rocks sometimes almost perpendicular, and, after marching all day, we encamped in a cave without

blankets, victuals, or water. On the side of the mountain we found only yellow and pitch pine; some distance up we saw buffaloes; and higher still a new species of deer and pheasants.

*"Thursday, November 27th.*—Arose hungry, thirsty and extremely sore, from the unevenness of the rocks on which we had lain all night, but were amply compensated for our toil by the sublimity of the prospect below. The unbounded prairie was overhung with clouds, which appeared like the ocean in a storm, wave piled on wave, and foaming, whilst the sky over our head was perfectly clear. Commenced our march up the mountain, and in about one hour arrived at the summit of this chain; here we found the snow middle deep, and discovered no sign of beast or bird inhabiting this region.

"The thermometer, which stood at nine degrees above zero at the foot of the mountain, here fell to four degrees below. The summit of the Grand Peak, which was entirely bare of vegetation and covered with snow, now appeared at a distance of fifteen or sixteen miles from us, and as high again as that one we had ascended. It would have taken a whole day's march to have arrived at its base, where I believe no human being could have ascended to its summit. This, with the condition of my soldiers, who had light overalls on and no stockings, and were in every way ill provided to endure the inclemency of this region, the bad prospect of killing anything to subsist on, with the further detention of two or three days which it must occasion, determined us to return.

"The clouds from below had now ascended the mountain and entirely enveloped the summit, on which rest eternal snows. We descended by a long deep ravine with much less difficulty than we had contemplated. Found all our baggage safe, but the provisions all destroyed. It began to snow, and we sought shelter under the side of a projecting rock, where we all four made a meal of one partridge

and a pair of deer's ribs which the ravens had left us, being the first food we had tasted in forty-eight hours."

And to think that this brave explorer never reached the summit of the "Great Snow Mountain," as he styles it in his Journal! Who does not regret it? The first time that Lieutenant Pike had noticed the Peak was on the 15th of November, on which memorable day the mountain appeared to his vision like "a small blue cloud" on the western horizon. The cloud remaining stationary, and the party of explorers remarking the fact, Lieutenant Pike used his field-glass, and discovered it to be a tall mountain-top. The party hastened their steps to be better able to view it. A march of sixty miles brought them apparently no nearer than when they first noticed the dim blue spot in the distance. It was not until after a ten-days march that they arrived at what they considered the base of the mountain, but which was in reality the base of what is now called *Cheyenne Mountain*—thinking by this route to reach the top of the Peak, with the result stated in his Journal, with the opinion "that no human being could ascend the summit of the Peak."

Had this intrepid explorer succeeded in his design, what would he have found there? Seventy acres of broken pink granite, broken cubes of pink rock, "so vast in extent that they might well be the ruins of all the ancient cities in the world," out of the crevices of which grew delicate flowers of glowing hues, crystal lakes in whose icy waters disported various kinds of fish, and reigning over all an *isolation* and *solitude profound*. That was then; now *civilization* reigns.

The Sisters did not attempt the ascent of the Peak, though Sister Columba, the youngest of the party, would have been willing to do so, has she found any Sister adventurous enough to accompany her. None was found, but every day some hardy mountain-climbers succeeded in scaling the heights, and the Sisters were frequently interested listeners of what befell them on the way.



Mother Xavier and Sister Joanna made only a short stay at Manitou, and left with reluctance; they ardently wished that the projected hospital in Colorado might be built here amid the balsamic odor of the pines, in this Manitou—the Smile of Heaven.

“Here dwelt the Red Man ere the cry of ‘Gold!’ among these hills was heard,

Here towered the mountains to the sky, and here the healing fountains poured;

Before the White Man’s foot had trod this sacred valley in the West,  
The Savage took the gift from God and called it Manitou—The Blest.”

The other Sisters were left for a short time longer, but much of the pleasure of their stay disappeared with the departure of their welcome guests; but Mother Xavier said, “Duty calls, I must obey,” and she and Sister Joanna left the attractive spot, looking back until at last they saw the little cottage surrounded by mountains,

“Bathed in the tenderest purple of distance,  
Tinted and shadowed by pencils of air.”

## CHAPTER XXIV.

On Sunday morning, September 14th, 1873, Sister Theodore McDonald, Sister Veronica O'Hara, and Sister Mary Clare Bergen arrived in Denver in time for the first Mass at the well-known Cathedral on the corner of Stout and Fifteenth Streets. They had come to serve at the Hospital, a small house, for the time being designated by that title. This was a brick house, containing six rooms and a basement, on Market Street, between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth Streets.

When Mother Xavier and Sister Joanna returned from Maniton to Denver, the former remained a few days, then left for Kansas, leaving Sister Joanna to make preparations for those Sisters who would be sent to assist her in hospital work. The Sisters found the small Hospital already furnished, and on September 22d, 1873, they opened the institution for the reception of patients.

After a month, finding the building inadequate to their needs, they were compelled to add to the accommodations and to the number of Sisters; accordingly, Sister Francis Xavier Davy, Sister Marcella Hurley, and Sister Apollonia Rohr were sent from the Mother House, and arrived in Denver by the time Sister Joanna had rented another smaller house in addition to the first. This she retained until the number of sick diminished, and the first was found sufficient for the number of patients.

But it was only for a short time, for again the demand for more room grew upon them; and, after spending a year in their first quarters, they moved into what had formerly been used as the St. James Hotel at Twenty-second and Blake Streets. Here they had much more room, but soon found that even this house was too small.

The foundation for the new Hospital had been begun and nearly finished, when it was evident to all that its immense size would prevent its completion. A large fortune would have been required to pay for its erection. The Bishop had supervised the plan for the building, which had been drawn up by a French architect of the city.

The Hospital was to be five stories high and was to contain fifty rooms, many of them larger than most parish churches. The Bishop seemed infatuated with the *plan*. Whenever Sister Joanna went to see him on business, it mattered not of what nature, he would, in a few minutes, try to divert her attention to the *plan*, which he kept near him in his office. The Sisters fancied he would have carried it around with him to display to chance friends and acquaintances on the way, had it not been so bulky as not to be portable. He would unfold it, and, in his quick, abrupt way, would from time to time, while expatiating on the size, height, breadth, and depth, exclaim, "Here, now, see! see!" pointing out every turn and twist of the fifty imaginary rooms, and the rooms remained imaginary, for higher than the foundation the building never went.

The location, in the first place, was not desirable; it was at the Junction, where the smelters now are; but there were other objections to that locality.

*Poverty* was a gentle name by which to designate what the Sisters suffered when they first went to Denver; their early days in Kansas appeared *palmy*, compared to what they then passed through. The rent of the first house they occupied was fifty dollars a month, and for the St. James Hotel they paid eighty. Their patients were usually poor; at one time Sister Joanna was absent in Leavenworth on business, during which time there were fourteen fever patients in the Hospital, and out of this number one was able to pay a pittance. Dr. Bancroft said to Sister Theodora, who had charge in the absence of Sister Joanna, "You will have Sister Joanna in the poor-house by the time she re-

turns, if you continue taking in so many 'dead-beats.' You do not understand human nature; these fellows impose on you," etc. And every day, when making his rounds of the different rooms, he would soundly berate Sister Theodora for "taking in every Tom, Dick, and Harry that came along"; but at the same time Sister Theodora observed that he himself was very kind to these unfortunates, whom he styled "dead-beats." This doctor was

"Formed on the good old plan.

A true and brave and downright honest man."

He and Dr. Justus, the first physicians ever employed at the Hospital, were both kind, clever men and competent physicians.

The first patient to die at the Hospital was a fever patient, who was convalescing; his appetite was excellent and he craved a baked potato. O, he begged so hard for one! and what more innocent and palatable than an Irish potato baked just "to a T," especially an *Irish Colorado potato*? His nurse could not refuse him "just one," of which he ravenously partook, and a relapse followed. Dr. Justus, whose patient he was, was called, and when the poor Sister acknowledged the cause of the relapse, the doctor remarked that "not all the money in the world would now save the man's life." The man died. Thereafter this particular nurse had to steel her heart against the cravings of the convalescent patients, and one may imagine the pain it caused her, for hers was, and is, a most tender heart! "She bath a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity."

When Sister Joanna returned from a short trip to Leavenworth, she found the Hospital filled with patients and not a dollar in the house. The rent must be paid, to the architect of the new building five dollars a day must be paid, and besides, the architect had asked that Sister Joanna should pay his rent, and provide provender for the horse that he daily drove in his buggy from the city to the foundation

at the outskirts of the town; this besides the hundred and one needs of the Hospital, and all out of an empty purse.

Sister Joanna, at this juncture, resolved to protest for once and all against the whimsical, fantastical *plan*. She spoke very plainly to the Bishop, who had requested that she should have a copy of the much-admired *plan* framed and hung in the projected Hospital as one of the most beautifying ornaments of the house. She told the Bishop she could not and would not stand the demands that were daily made upon her for money, and cautiously suggested that he relinquish the *plan*, and substitute a more moderate one.

The Bishop was a holy, humble man, and when Sister Joanna explained to him the straits to which the Sisters were subjected in order to procure necessities for the numbers who applied to them for relief, although two Sisters were out begging most of the time, he readily agreed to put aside his *beloved plan*, and allowed Sister Joanna to use her judgment as to the next—which was one of a much more moderate scope and style.

The Sisters now breathed more freely, though they deeply regretted the ten thousand dollars that had been sunk in the foundation. The location was by nature low, but foolishly it had been dug several feet lower. The Bishop had given the ground for the purpose, and this was now sold for five thousand dollars, and the rock used in the foundation utilized in the building of the next hospital.

Steps were taken to acquire means to erect the new building. Subscriptions were taken up through the city and State, and in 1874 a successful fair was held, at which the people of Denver contributed generously. Ex-Governor Evans gave a lot, which was disposed of for one thousand dollars; and ex-Governor Gilpin and wife gave fractional block 12, Park Avenue Addition, and on this, in 1876, was erected St. Joseph's Hospital, which at that time was considered a very fine structure for Denver.

But, until this work was accomplished, how much toil

and trouble the Sisters endured is only known to themselves and their Guardian Angels. Two Sisters from the Mother House were commissioned to go around through the State to collect means for the new Hospital, and this was a work that required much self-sacrifice from those engaged in it. They succeeded well, for the people of Colorado were very liberal in their donations, especially where the sick and the orphans were concerned.

The Sisters at the Hospital in the meantime were never idle; frequently, for want of room, they had to refuse those who applied for admission. There was one patient in the Hospital at this time who had great sympathy for the Sisters. He thought he was going to die, and made his will, leaving to Sister Joanna five thousand dollars. When Sister Joanna was apprised of this fact, she said to him, "As sure as you are living, Mr. Cassidy, you will not die this time." "Why, Sister?" said he. "Because," answered Sister Joanna, "no sick person that ever made a bequest in my favor, ever died in that illness." "Well," said Mr. Cassidy, "Sister, living or dead, you are to have the money." It was as Sister Joanna said and as Mr. Cassidy said, for he did get well that time, and Sister Joanna did get the money. Mr. Cassidy lived for some years after this event, and died in the mountains near Pueblo.

But it was some time before Sister Joanna received this bequest, which would have been most acceptable just then, for poverty still held them in its iron grasp.

One morning a woman presented herself at the Hospital and asked for thirty cents with which to buy her sick husband some medicine. Sister Apollonia, the Portress, admitted her and went to present her case to Sister Joanna, who said, "Sister, there is only thirty cents in the house," thinking that Sister Apollonia would go and tell the waiting woman what she had said; but Sister Apollonia lingered and said, "Sister, give her that and God will restore a hundred-fold." Sister Joanna opened her purse and handed

her the thirty cents, and Sister Apollonia hastened to place it in the hands of the poor suppliant.

That afternoon Sister Joanna and Sister Apollonia went into the city to see a sick man, Mr. John Molony, the husband of the generous friend of whom mention has been made as having shown hospitality to the Sisters on their trip to Manitou Springs. When the Sisters were leaving his bed-side, while expressing his gratitude at the favor of their visit, he placed ten dollars in the hand of each. As they were returning homeward, a gentleman accosted them, saying that he did not like to detain them on the street, but begged that they would accept a slight donation, at the same time handing Sister Joanna ten dollars; then, raising his hat and bowing politely, he left the Sisters before they had time to express their grateful thanks. Sister Apollonia turned to Sister Joanna, saying, "Now, do you not see you have already received the *hundred-fold*? God is so good." Thus the Sisters sustained and encouraged one the other.

Sister Theodora relates that on one occasion the house was full of sick, Sister Joanna was again absent on business, and, as not infrequently happened, there was but little money in the house—the milk-man had presented his bill, the grocer-man, the butcher-man, and every man in the city, it appeared, that had a bill against the Hospital, made up his mind to present it at the same time. Sister Theodora was bewildered and troubled as to what she should do. At ten o'clock, as usual, she went to make her Adoration in the Chapel. When Sister Apollonia came into the Chapel, she placed a folded paper in Sister Theodora's open prayer-book as she was passing to her own place.

When Sister Theodora left the Chapel, she opened the paper, a scrap from a newspaper, and read the following lines:

"Once I thought my cross too heavy,  
And my heart was sore afraid;  
'Send, O Lord,' I prayed. 'some Simon,  
As of old was sent to Thee.'  
'Be thou a Simon,' said the Master,  
'For the cross belongs to Me.'

"Still is crucified our Savior;  
We ourselves must Simons be.  
Take our crosses and walk humbly  
Up the steps of Calvary."

These lines she has never parted with, and when her cross seems heavy, as sometimes happens, for ever since that occasion she has been "up and doing," she remembers that our Lord said to her on that day, "*Be thou a Simon, for the cross beongs to Me.*"

With great warmth she thanked Sister Apollonia for her very opportune present. She was much cheered, and in a few days received a donation with which she paid "the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker," and had some left over with which to buy "a pullet for the pot" for her poor sick.

At her own request, Sister Joanna was allowed to remain at home for a time, and Sister Mary Loyola Hogan was appointed in her place; but she was scarcely installed in her new position when she was taken ill, and in a few weeks was obliged to return to the Mother House, where she died, January 17, 1876.

Sister Mary Loyola was succeeded by Sister Mary Ignatia Nealon, who hastened the work on the new building, and the Sisters were moved into it by the summer of 1876.

With more room the number of patients increased. Consumptives coming from the East in search of health, and hearing that there was a Sisters' Hospital in the city, were only too glad to gain admission.

At this time the patients did not enjoy all the conveniences that are now to be had, but they found a new, bright, cheerful house and pleasant surroundings.

Amongst their first patients was a Mr. Campbell, editor



of a paper in Chicago. He proved to be very hard to please, being irritable and peevish.

For a while he was nearly helpless, and when his nurse would commence to wash his face before giving him his breakfast, he would turn and twist, and say, "You are a *fine nurse*, not to know how to wash a man's face.

The Sisters would not resent anything he said or did. They knew his case was hopeless, and he was a stranger in a strange land. In religion he was an Episcopalian, but that he was not satisfied with his faith the Sisters had reason to know from casual remarks he made, in trying to provoke a controversy with them on the subject of religion. When he did not succeed in his object, he would make cutting remarks about the Catholic Church. Still the Sisters held their peace, but strove to render him as comfortable as the state of his health would allow.

A Sister says: "On my way to my first mission, I stopped over at Denver. While there I utilized my time in assisting the nurse of Mr. Campbell. One day I was brushing around the stove in his room—there was then no heating apparatus. He was reading, apparently paying little attention to what he read. Suddenly he called out, 'Sister?' I asked, 'What do you want?' 'I want you to answer two questions, will you?' 'Yes,' I replied, 'if I can.' 'First question: Why not go straight to God, instead of asking through a woman? Second question: If I go to confession laughing in my shirt-sleeves [his exact expression], are my sins forgiven?'

"I was wholly unprepared and lost for a moment at such questions; however, I had previous knowledge that his mother was living and loved him dearly and that the affection was mutual. He would not allow the Sisters to inform his mother of his condition because of the pain he knew it would give her to know that he was suffering so far from her. I said, 'Well, Mr. Campbell, I will answer your first question. You have many men at work in your office?'

'Yes,' he replied. 'Now, you have had a serious misunderstanding with one of them, and you became so infuriated with him that you were ready to shoot him on sight. Your beloved mother intervenes, goes on her knees, and begs you to pardon him. Would you refuse to do it?'

"Being a well-informed man, he at once saw the position Our Blessed Mother holds between us and God. 'Stop,' he said, in his abrupt way, 'that will do,' and wept bitterly.

"'Answer to your second question: Your sins are not forgiven; in the disposition of which you spoke there would be an additional sin. There are necessary dispositions for the forgiveness of sins.' Again he cried, 'Stop, that's enough. Thank you; I am satisfied. I believe as you do. Bring me the priest.'"

When Father Raverdy went to see him, he told him how he was grieved that he had treated the Sisters as he did, but that he was trying them, but had not succeeded in ruffling the temper of one of them, which he thought a most wonderful circumstance.

Father Raverdy prepared him for death. He then was a changed man in his reception of the Sisters when they went to his sick-room. He liked to have them in his room, and that they would promise to pray for him. He had a long, severe agony, during which the Sisters gathered round his bed; just before he drew his last breath he looked around, counted the Sisters, and said in a clear, distinct voice, "God bless you, Sisters, you saved me." He then commended himself to God, and in a few minutes had ceased to live.

His sisters, two lovely, refined women, came to take his remains to Chicago, and asked if he might be buried in the Protestant graveyard. The Sisters willingly gave their consent, as they felt assured that his immortal soul was already in a secure haven, and it would not matter so much where his poor mortal remains were laid.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Mother Xavier, in the fall of 1875, was returning to Kansas from a visitation of the houses then established in Montana. On leaving the car at Cheyenne, an envelope bearing her address was left in the seat she had occupied. Rev. Eugene Cusson, the pastor of Laramie City, passing through this car, noticed the envelope, and, on reading the address, went immediately to find the owner, who was then standing on the platform, awaiting the car for Denver.

Father Cusson introduced himself and quickly made known his wants—Sisters for a hospital in Laramie; the Commissioners for the County Poor had begged him to secure the services of Sisters of Charity to take care of their charges, and the managers of the Union Pacific Railroad running from Cheyenne to Denver also wished to place their sick and disabled under the care of the Sisters. Father Cusson desired Mother Xavier to return immediately to Laramie, but this was not possible, as imperative business called her to Denver at this time; but she promised to attend to Father Cusson's request as soon as convenient.

Whilst she remained in Denver, Mother Xavier corresponded with Father Cusson on the subject of the desired hospital, and, knowing that of necessity much talking must be done by the Sisters who would go to Laramie to make the preliminary preparations for the new house, as she was extremely deaf, she decided to send someone in her stead. The lot fell to Sister Joanna, who already had much experience of this kind, and it happened sometimes not to be of the most agreeable nature. Sister Martha Meade was appointed to accompany her.

On the fifteenth of December they left Denver; a pleasant, mild day; and the Sisters thought, as the distance was

not great, they would need no extra wraps. They fared well until nearing *Sherman*, when they began feeling chilly, and when at its height their teeth were chattering with the intense cold; this point had been reached by an ascent so gradual that the Sisters had not noticed it. At this time *Sherman* was the highest railroad point in the world; here the wind continually blows a perfect gale and the snow is constantly drifting and packing so hard that it requires numbers of men constantly employed with snow-plows and engines to dislodge it in order that the train may pass in safety. The Sisters were more than surprised to find themselves, as they might well imagine, in "Greenland's icy mountains," so bitter were the blasts that followed the entrance of any one into the car. Shortly past *Sherman* they came to *Dale Creek Bridge*, which they were afraid to cross—a bridge built of wood, of light, airy structure; but, after the cars had run safely over it, the Sisters learned that appearances, as usual, are deceitful, for the bridge was really substantial; nevertheless they heaved a sigh of relief when it was over, and soon they were traveling swiftly along through the *Great Laramie Plains*, in the midst of which was situated the little town for which they were destined.

It was a cold, bleak, cheerless-looking town the Sisters entered the evening of this December day; the chill of *Sherman's Height* had thoroughly penetrated their very being, and their hearts were rejoiced when they came in sight of the pastor's house, where they were hospitably welcomed by the housekeeper—*Father Cusson*, at the time, being absent on a sick-call. As it was late, the housekeeper served their supper and then conducted them to their sleeping apartment, where they found but one bed. Sister *Martha* determined to leave sole possession of the bed to Sister *Joanna*, who was a little above the average weight of woman—usually weighing three hundred pounds. The arrangement was satisfactory to both Sisters.

There was some extra bed-clothing in the room, of

which Sister Martha, who was a mite of a woman, made herself a comfortable couch on a lounge, and was soon in that happy land, the land of Nod, in blissful forgetfulness of the frightful cold of Sherman's Height and the fearful crossing of Dale Bridge, when she was awakened from her pleasant slumbers by a great noise in the room. She hastened to light the lamp, and the first thing was to look for Sister Joanna, whom she found, bed and all, on the floor, where necessarily she had to remain until morning's dawn.

The next day they spent in viewing their surroundings. Laramie City was a true type of the Wild West. Shortly before the Sisters arrived, several robberies had been committed, and the officers of the law were unable to find the culprits; the citizens tried their skill at detective work, and one morning the town was greeted by the unexpected and unaccustomed spectacle of three men hanging from a lamp-post.

The Sisters admired the location of the town, and did not tire of the scene surrounding them, there was such vastness, and all was so new to them. They fancied they should see Indians in war-like attire make their appearance, for all accounts of the plains that they had ever read or heard had been connected with Indians and buffaloes, and they would not have been surprised to see a herd of buffalo in the distance—

"Some rolling seas of buffalo  
Break thunder-like and far away  
Against the foot-hills, breaking back  
Like breakers of some troubled bay;"

but all was quiet and calm around this small young city of the West.

Father Cusson returned during the day and greeted the Sisters most cordially. He was enthusiastic about the future of Laramie, and tried to infuse into the minds of the Sisters a like sentiment. On all sides they heard that Laramie had a bright prospect before it. A tourist visit-

ing the city at this time wrote as follows: "Here are to be found beautiful scenery, pure air and water, and a mild air and extremely healthy climate. The mineral resources of Wyoming have not been developed. Laramie has within a radius of thirty miles the following named minerals: antimony, cinnabar, gold, silver, lead, plumbago, iron, red hematite iron, brown hematite, specular iron, sulphate of soda, gypsum, kaolin or porcelain clay, fire-clay, brick clay, coal, sand, with limestone and sandstone for building purposes within three miles of the city, and good wagon-roads to all the places where these minerals are found. About eighteen miles northeast from Laramie is Iron Mountain, on the head of Chungwater Creek. It is said to be pure iron and will some day be developed. Laramie, from its location and surroundings must become a manufacturing city, and upon this fact we base the prophecy of its future greatness and prosperity. There are lakes of soda within the distance named that must soon be utilized. A simple chemical process only is required to render this article into the soda of commerce, immense quantities of which are used in this country, and most of it comes from foreign countries. It is expected that a soda factory will be started at Laramie within the coming year."

Years have passed and gone, the minerals above named are securely reposing, undisturbed in their native beds, and no soda factory has as yet been permanently established.

The Commissioners of the Poor called upon the Sisters and expressed much satisfaction at the near prospect of placing their charges in such able, humane hands. It was also settled with the managers of the Union Pacific Railroad that the Sisters should have the care of their sick and injured men.

A frame house belonging to the Union Pacific Railroad, a few paces from the railroad track, was given for the time being to the Sisters to be used by them as a hospital. For-

merly the building had been used for that purpose, but at this time it was empty and much out of repair.

Whilst this house was being put in order for their reception, Sister Joanna and Sister Martha were energetically engaged in collecting means to purchase the necessary belongings for their contemplated work. They met with much civility and generosity from the citizens during the six weeks which they spent in this employment. Part of each day was passed in sewing, as the two Sisters made the comforts, sheets, etc., for the furnishing of twenty-four beds, as many as the old frame would accommodate, and with their own hands put up the bedsteads and stoves by the time of the arrival of two more Sisters from the Mother House at Leavenworth. A letter from Sister Martha to the Sisters at home will explain the state of affairs at this time:

"Laramie City, January 2, 1876.

*"Dear Sisters at Home:*

"When I wrote the word *home*, a tear dropped on the page before me—I hear you exclaiming, 'Sister Martha homesick! impossible; she is *too brave*.' Nothing of the kind, my dear young Sisters; I am not at all brave; a greater coward seldom traveled toward the setting sun; but I am courageous enough to conceal my sentiments from Sister Joanna, who, I think, is slightly affected in the same manner as your poor little Sister Martha.

"Sister Joanna is sitting over by the window to get the benefit of the departing rays of the fast-fading sun to finish basting some sewing that we intend to take to Mrs. Murphy's to-morrow to sew on her machine; the priest has none in his house, and you know we are yet with him. We think in about two weeks we will be able to take possession of the small brown house near the railroad track in the western part of the city, that Sister Joanna has succeeded in getting for a temporary hospital.

"Did Mother read you Sister Joanna's letter of last week? If so, I will not repeat the experiences of our days of collecting since we have been here, but tell you something of the Great West, for truly, dear Sisters, I cannot but look and marvel at the country I see around me. As soon as we are arisen and dressed in the morning, I am standing at the window, looking out in the direction of the base of the Black Hills at the rising sun, and this 'glorious orb of day' seemed never grander to me than when seen in all his majesty, spreading a yellow and roseate tinge over the vast plain at his feet. Every morning I have spent thus the few minutes in which I waited for Sister Joanna—for I am nimbler in dressing than she is—before we start out for the Church where Mass is at seven.

"This walk to the Church is delightful! the air, it cannot be denied, is cold, but it expands the lungs and invigorates the body. We enter the Church with thankful hearts to Him who has called us so far from our Convent Home and has brought us to one where every day we meet with evidences of His fatherly care. The people are kind, the prospects encouraging, and I think when our two expected Sisters arrive, that even the little homesickness we now experience will rapidly disappear. Who will they be? Time, that great 'solver of problems,' will tell.

"Every day passes rapidly. After Mass we stay in the Church to make our *Adoration*, for fear that the day may pass without our getting an opportunity for this favorite and much-loved community exercise. Returning from the Church, we linger on the way to inhale as much as possible of the delightful crisp air. We have our breakfast, then to work. 'Man's work is from rise to set of sun, but woman's work is never done'—and it might be added that a *hospital Sister's work* is not infrequently from the rising of one sun to the rising of another.

"In the three weeks we have been here, we have made fifteen comforts, twenty-five sheets, twenty-five pillow-cases,



hemmed thirty-six towels—oh, not by hand! of course not. We would have been geniuses indeed to have accomplished so much unaided by machines. We have proceeded in the business in this manner: We spend the morning soliciting, and in the afternoon we tear out sheets, towels, etc., and turn down hems, then the next afternoon we go to some kind lady's house, the fortunate possessor of a good sewing-machine. We eat no idle bread.

"I fancied from the conversations to which I listened on our way from Denver to this place that we would have slight difficulty in raising means to build a hospital. It is a country rich in many ways, but as yet money has been collected in no more rapid manner than is usual in older places. I think Cheyenne is a wealthier place than this—when we passed through there, I viewed the country around. It looked barren and desolate, but I learned that in the warm season the plains for miles and miles teem with cattle, sheep, and horses; here the ranchmen have settled by hundreds, on account of the rich nutritious grasses with which the country is covered.

"I heard two English tourists speak of the large number of curious and precious stones that have been found in the adjacent mountains, for in the distance there are mountains 'to the right of you and mountains to the left of you'; in these mountains are found topaz in all colors, garnet or mountain ruby, variegated opals, moss agates, amethysts, black and white onyx, and petrifications of wood and shells. It is supposed that the petrified wood is *palm*. How did it get there? The Sisters that like stuffed birds and things—I do not admire them—would have been delighted to see the mounted specimens of heads of buffalo, antelope, deer, and other animals, great and small, the names of which I do not know, adorning the dining-hall at the railway hotel. I would like to tell you more about the country around Cheyenne, but I fear it would make my letter a formidable length.

"I wish I had time to tell you more of what I saw and heard on the road from Denver to Laramie, for, though it was only a short trip, it was full of interest and information. I must not forget to tell you of the 'balanced rocks,' huge boulders of granite that are to be seen as you approach Sherman, that frightfully frigid station. I thought their massive rocks would topple over every minute, and involuntarily I put forth my hand as if to steady them. At some distance from these rocks is a tall mountain-peak near which there are some lonely graves and one solitary pine-tree; it looked very deserted and drear.

"And could you but see the Great Laramie Plains! They are one hundred miles long and forty miles broad, and oh, how grand and great they are! They begin at the western base of the Black Hills and extend to the slope of the Medicine Bow Mountains and farther north to where the Laramie River cuts its way through the mountains to join its waters with the North Platte. As the car swept along, I gazed and gazed at the mountain-peaks in the far distance to the left, and only regretted that I could not look on the right at the same time; but when I am *going home*, I will do that. These peaks on the left are called the Diamond Peaks of the Medicine Bow Range. I tried to get a glimpse of the peaks of the Snowy Range, but, though the atmosphere was clear, I failed to locate them to my satisfaction. It is said that even in the hottest weather one experiences a chilly sensation to see the white summits of the Snowy Range—white with their robes of perpetual snow. There, I see Sister Joanna folding her work preparatory to going to supper; the lamp has been lighted for some time. I must now say good-bye, with the invitation to come soon, and see the glorious rising of the sun on the Great Laramie Plains. Last evening, Sister Joanna, when standing on the door-step of Mrs. Murphy's, where she had been sewing, lingered as if entranced, admiring the inexpressible beauty and charm of the setting sun—it cast a bewitching peach-bloom tinge

over the Black Hills. I do not know what adjective to use wherein and whereby to express *my* admiration of the scene. The tears ran down Sister Joanna's cheeks; she said the peach-bloom tinge so vividly recalled the days of her happy childhood, and she could fancy herself in her 'old Kentucky home' in Breckenridge County, in the peach-orchard of her father, an orchard that when in full bloom was the admiration of all the neighbors for miles around—it was such a beauty! and when the peaches were ripe, it was still more attractive! Farewell to all for this time."

On the arrival of the two anxiously awaited Sisters, who proved to be Sister Mary Agnes Toole and Sister Mary de Pazzi Lane, the old frame, now dignified by the name of *St. Joseph's Hospital*, was thrown open to the reception of the sick. The place soon began to assume a look of order and neatness, and proved much more convenient than had at first appeared possible.

One may easily imagine the warm welcome the two home Sisters received from the exiles. They all went to work with energy and zeal. One morning, not long after the arrival of the Sisters, a deafening noise was heard at about four o'clock in the morning. It awakened all the Sisters. Sister Mary Agnes asked, "What is that noise?" Sister Martha answered, "An earthquake!" and, hastening to the window and looking in a northerly direction, exclaimed, "No, the boiler at the Rolling Mills has exploded!" At the Rolling Mills were employed between 150 and 200 men, re-rolling the old rails of the Union Pacific Railroad. Sister Joanna then went to the window and said, "It is true, there has been a terrible explosion!" and the other Sisters, coming to the window, also saw men with lanterns rushing distractedly around, and scream after scream was heard. Sister Joanna said, "Let us dress immediately, for we will have more than enough work to-day."

The Sisters were scarcely clad when a knock came to the door with the already known news; and at the same time

five of the scalded men were brought in. Sister Joanna afterwards, in relating the circumstance, said, "I have served over forty years in hospitals, but, God be praised! I never saw such a shocking sight. After one poor victim had been placed on the bed, I went to move his head into a more comfortable position, when his entire scalp came off in my hands!" The patients were wrapped in cotton saturated with linseed oil. Their sufferings were pitiful to behold. Four more victims were brought in, only one of whom was as fatally burned as the first comers.

In the explosion four were killed outright, and eleven injured; two were taken care of by their families and nine were nursed by the Sisters. Five of them, who were Catholics, as soon as they were scalded, called for the priest. Father Cusson was at the Hospital as soon as they were, where he was like a ministering angel, soothing, praying, and weeping over the poor victims as if they had been his own brothers.

The explosion would have been much more fatal had it not taken place just when it did; the night-workers were preparing to give place to those who worked in the day, and in that way many were already out of danger.

The last man brought in kept exclaiming, "I have come, Mr. Cusson, though I was not invited." Father Cusson said to him, "My dear, you are perfectly welcome; we will do all in our power for you." This was a Scotchman who was immensely large, the largest of all the men who worked at the mills. He was a Protestant, but when he heard Father Cusson praying over the others, he said, "O Mr. Cusson, you come and pray for me." This Father Cusson did, and it seemed to give real relief to the cruel pangs of his poor burned body, burned entirely beyond recognition, save for his immense size. He lingered for twenty hours, but obtained the grace of going to our Lord in his baptismal innocence; being baptized, at his earnest solicitation, about six hours before he died.

There was one among the scalded men who was as black as tar. He spoke to Sister Joanna as if he knew her; she said to him, "Who are you, that seem to know me so well?" He replied, "Do you not know poor *Shaughnessy*?" Sister Joanna felt increased sorrow and her tears fell fast, when she learned who it was, for he was one of the truest friends the Sisters had met in Laramie, a young man respected by all for his noble qualities of heart and mind. He asked for and received the Blessed Eucharist, and our Lord soon took him unto Himself.

For a few days there was such a concourse coming to the house that Sister Joanna at last put up at the door of the ward where the fatal cases were a placard bearing the legend, printed in large letters, "*No Admittance!*" What was her surprise on entering the ward, from which she had been absent some ten or fifteen minutes, to see about that many women going from bed to bed viewing the poor unfortunates. Sister Joanna inquired of them if they had not seen the notice at the door. They said, "No." "Then," said Sister Joanna, "I will put something there that you will see." So she stationed there two men who had offered their services, and who took turns in preventing intrusion. Of the nine men scalded, seven died, and two recovered after long and careful nursing.

After this terrible disaster, the Sisters had to replenish their stock of bedding, much of which had been entirely destroyed or rendered unfit for use during the nursing of the scalded men, notwithstanding all the precautions they could possibly take.

In the year 1877 there were two changes made: Rev. Father Cusson left Laramie, and his position was filled by Father Cumiskey; and Sister Joanna having been elected Treasurer at the Mother House, her place was supplied by Sister Philomena Quinlan.

A short time after Sister Philomena had taken charge at Laramie, they received as a patient a Protestant man,

who was ill for a long time. The Sisters noticed that he observed them very closely. They strive to treat all the patients alike, with great respect and kindness. Their treatment of him seemed to give him great gratification, which he displayed more by actions than by words, but he had been heard to remark, "If there is a *true* religion in the world, the *Sisters* have it, and live up to it." One day, after he had been some time convalescent, he asked Sister Fidelis Redeker, who had lately come to the Hospital, and was Sacristan, if he might go to Mass in the Chapel some morning. Sister Fidelis granted him the desired permission, and next morning, when she went to light the candles for Mass, he was waiting at the door to be admitted.

After breakfast he said to Sister Fidelis, "I was never so surprised in my life as when I saw Father Cummiskey saying Mass." Sister Fidelis said, "Why so? That is nothing unusual; Father Cummiskey says Mass here every morning except Sunday." The man replied, "Why, I always thought *Sister Philomena* said it." His health became reestablished and he left the Hospital with regret at parting with the Sisters.

Some months after they received a letter from him; he was then in Durango, keeping a boarding-house. He invited the Sisters, if they ever came in that direction in their travels, to make his house their home as long as they pleased. After that they heard nothing more from him for about two years, when they received another letter from him, saying as a beginning, "I am doomed to be hung in two weeks," then going on to tell that the fatal act he had committed had been done in self-defense, and begging the prayers of the Sisters that he might be prepared for the final moment. The Sisters knew not what to think; they decided to write to the pastor of Durango, Rev. Father Brennan, and make inquiries about the unfortunate man. The Father replied that what the man wrote was true, and that he had died a member of the True Church.

In the year 1878, the community purchased ground north of the railroad, without the city limits, about a mile from the Catholic Church. Here they erected a substantial brick house, two stories and a half high, with a fine basement. Soon a stable and other out-buildings were added, and we may readily believe the Sisters as well as the patients found this an improvement on the old brown frame, though it must be said that amongst the sad there were many pleasant recollections connected with their sojourn in this little brown cottage by the railroad.

Shortly before they had removed to the new Hospital they received a patient, afterwards known as "*Sister Martha's son*." He was a conductor on a freight train between Laramie and Cheyenne. He was taken sick in one of the little towns on the road. The physician was called in and saw at a glance that the conductor was quite ill. He told Mr. Van Husen, for this was his name, if he remained where he was he would die for lack of attention; advised him to go to the Sisters' Hospital in Laramie, when, in all probability, with careful nursing, he would soon be on the road again.

Mr. Van Husen answered, "*What! me go to such a place? No, never. I hate and despise those people. Don't mention them to me again.*" The doctor persisted, saying, "The Sisters will take good care of you"—when he was interrupted by Mr. Van Husen exclaiming, "They will never have that satisfaction; I would rather die than go there." The doctor said, "Well, good-bye; I'll see you in the morning."

Poor Mr. Van Husen spent a miserable night. The doctor found him much worse next morning, and said to him: "Now, Mr. Van Husen, my medicine will do you no good if you stay here. I tell you again you will *never* get well if you stay at this place. Go at once to the Hospital." Mr. Van Husen replied, "I just hate to go. Say, doctor, will I be allowed to take my own nurse along with me?" "Yes," said the doctor. "Well, I will go; but those Sisters will *never wait on me*." The doctor said, "You will feel quite

differently towards them when you become acquainted. "Never with *that* religious sect." He came and brought his nurse with him.

Sister Martha prepared a room for his reception, and he was taken to it. Poor man! it may be easily imagined that he felt anything but comfortable. He would not let his nurse out his sight. Sister Martha went into his room after an hour or so, to see if he needed anything. She spoke in her usual gentle, kind way. He looked fiercely at her and said, "Madam, I don't want *you* to wait on me. I have my nurse." Sister Martha replied, "I thought I would give your medicine to you if it is time." Without deigning a rejoinder, the patient call out in a sharp, peevish voice, "John, give me that medicine if it is time." Sister Martha said, "Is there anything I can do for you?" "No, madam; I told you I did not need your services." Sister Martha left the room very much amused, saying to a Sister in the next room, "My good man! he will get over that feeling in a few days."

Sister Martha saw that he needed more attention than the nurse, a strong, good-natured, stupid man, was going to give him, so she went back after some time and asked the patient how he was. "No better," snappishly, in as gruff a voice as he could manufacture in his state of extreme weakness, answered Mr. Van Husen. "Would you like a drink?" asked Sister Martha. "Not from you," turning away his face. "Well, indeed you are very sick," said Sister Martha as she was leaving the room; the patient managed to say in a loud voice, for fear that she would not get the benefit of his remark, "*Your* presence does not make me any *better*." Sister Martha managed to speak to the nurse, instructing him what to do, and preparing suitable drinks and applications that she knew were needed, and had them administered, as she thought, without Mr. Van Husen's knowledge that she had anything to do with them. Necessity called her into the room from time to time, when she saw it was to be a struggle for life and death with the conductor; but,



weak as he was, for the first three or four days he succeeded generally in casting an evil eye upon her as soon as she came into his presence.

The fourth day Sister Martha saw he was relenting. It appeared afterwards that he knew all the time that she was ministering to his needs through his nurse. The fifth day, when she entered the room in the morning, he watched her closely as long as he could keep his eyes open; towards the close of the day, instead of the stern "madam," when he addressed her, he said, very meekly, "Sister, if I send John away, will *you* nurse me?" Sister replied, "Yes, with pleasure." "Are you mad with me for treating you so meanly?" "No, sir," said Sister Martha, with a bright smile; "why should I be mad? We overlook a great deal in sick people." He remarked penitently, "You are very good."

Sister Martha was therefore installed his nurse, and he did not want *her* out of his sight. One night the poor man had a very high fever and was delirious, saying to Sister Martha, "You are my good mother. I never met any one like my mother until I met *you*; she was kind and good like you. *Are you not* my mother?" Sister Florentine was watching with Sister Martha, and she was kept wide-awake by the repeated inquiry, "*Are you not* my mother, my good, kind mother, who loved her son so much?" and Sister Martha would gravely reply, "Yes, my son, I *am* your good, kind mother," which answer would soothe him for awhile.

He began to get better after a struggle of a week between life and death. When he was able to sit up, propped in bed, Sister Martha asked him if he remembered anything he had said during that dreadful week. He said he did not; that he only remembered that he had been sick enough to die. Sister Martha said to him, "In your ravings you called me your mother." "Well, Sister," said Mr. Van Husen, "I am not raving now; I am getting well very rapidly. I will tell you the truth; I left my good mother years ago, and I

am sincerely convinced that she could not have been kinder to me than you have been. Now, Sister, I will acknowledge the state of my feelings towards the Sisters before I came here, and even after I came. I just hated to see one; the name was enough. Being on the road as I was, I came in contact with many Sisters, and it is not necessary to assure you that I was not one bit obliging to them. I would turn on my heel and leave them standing if I saw them coming to speak to me, even when I knew them to be entire strangers and that they did not know where to go. I tell you, I was your worst enemy on the road. I could not say anything bad enough about you." Sister Martha interrupted him to say, "Is that the raising I gave my son?" "No," answered he; "but you converted your son. I will never turn my back on a Sister hereafter, no matter where I see her, and you know that whilst I live I can never forget *your* goodness to me."

Whilst two Sisters were on a begging tour some months after, they met Mr. Van Husen at a hotel in Green River, and if they had been his own "kith and kin," he could not have displayed more pleasure at seeing them. He did everything in his power to show his entire change of attitude towards the Sisters, to whom he was once so bitter an enemy.

The two Sisters who met Mr. Van Husen were Sister Jane Frances and Sister Florentine Steinbacher. Sister Jane Frances was by this time an experienced hand in the art of begging, though she never found it an easy or an agreeable employment. She had begged in several places in Missouri and Kansas. When the new Hospital was started in Laramie, the Legislature of the Territory gave three thousand dollars towards its erection. This sum was thankfully received, but it did not go very far towards the expenses connected with a building of the kind intended. There were no Sisters at the Hospital to be spared for the purpose of soliciting contributions through the Territory.

as it was found necessary to do, so two were "borrowed" from the Mother House at Leavenworth. Their first trip was to the gold mines fifty miles from Laramie, of which Sister Jane Frances soon sent the following account:

"Shortly after we left Laramie, we took the stage—a clumsy farmer's wagon. The driver was an inexperienced one, and several times I thought we were not destined to see the gold mines, for there was not a stump nor a stone on his route that he did not strike.

"The first day we traveled nineteen miles, and at six o'clock got to one of the half-way houses where we were to remain over night, and such a house—'a shack' it is called in Wyoming; in Kansas it would be called 'a cabin.' There was one large room, one part of which was partitioned off by a piece of canvas. This was our sleeping apartment. The floor of the house was the bare earth. In the other room was a cook stove, some primitive cooking utensils, a table with three legs—hence Sister Florentine afterwards spoke of this place as the 'Three-legged Table Hotel,' almost too long a name for so small a building. Our bedstead was made of four logs of wood with most of the bark still on, the slats of wood, a grass mattress, two grass pillows, and a blanket, that was all—no sheets. On this couch we went to sleep almost as soon as our heads touched the pillow, for

'Weariness can snore upon the flint  
When restive Sloth finds the down pillow hard.'

"This house was a 'bachelors' hall,' there was not a woman around within a radius of ten miles—so the men prepared the supper, which, out of compliment to us, they tried to make extra tempting, and they succeeded in pickling the biscuits with baking-powder, but, not to abuse their kind attempts to entertain us, we ate plentifully of the biscuits, fat bacon, and tea with malted milk, and I did not have a headache after it either, wonderful to relate. After supper we went forth to view the scenery, which was lovely! The

house stood in a valley between two hills, with all the world around covered with wild flowers of every variety and shade of color, ferns in abundance, and noble, tall trees. We said we could stand there and look forever! If you had been there, I know you could not refrain from exclaiming, 'How wonderful is God! How perfect are His works!' It was growing dark. Sister Florentine said, 'I would love to stay out all night on this enchanting hill, were I not afraid some wild beast would come along and eat me up!'

"Next morning, after some more soda-pickled biscuits, and we even begged a couple for our lunch on the way, we started off with a new driver, for the mines, where we arrived at ten o'clock. Here we found a dozen little 'shacks.' We felt quite lost and hardly knew what to do, until a lady, lodging temporarily in one of these primitive buildings, came to see us, and said, 'Sisters, you will be welcome to stay with me. I am not a Catholic, but I have been acquainted with several Sisters.' We gratefully accepted her hospitality, but went first to speak to the foreman of the mines, who took us to the boarding-house of the miners. It was one large room, with two tables, each large enough to seat thirty. All around the room were *bunks*, three feet deep, built in, or rather *on* the wall.

"The men that worked on the night shift had not arisen when we went in. They all raised their heads to see who was coming. The foreman said, 'Sisters, sit down; the men will be in soon;' he then added in a louder voice, 'Say, boys, these Sisters are collecting; come now, do what you can for them. Say, boys, did you hear me?' One man raised his head and said, 'Sisters, you've come in a very bad time, I haven't a cent to give. Now, why didn't you wait till pay-day?' Another man raised himself on his elbow and said, 'Come, now, Mike, give the Sisters a dollar.' 'Faix, I couldn't give a penny; shure its meself that would give it'—here he was interrupted by another saying, 'You have money in the bank.' 'Who told you so?' said Mike.

'Now, as you are so generous, give 'em five dollars yourself.'

"By this time they had all left their bunks, where they lay dressed as they had left their work, and, after washing their faces in an adjacent shed, were in the dining-room, when the day-workers came.

"When they all got together, nothing would do but that we must take dinner with them. We made the excuse that Mrs. Powell would be waiting dinner for us, but they would take no excuse. After dinner, each gave a little, but I assure you the mortification of the whole proceeding was not *small*.

"We returned and paid a little visit of an hour or so with Mrs. Powell, who told us she had only one neighbor there and they were very fond of each other. They only lived a block apart, but still they did not have time to run back and forth every time they wished to speak a few words. One day the lady said to Mrs. Powell, 'I wish we could invent something that would save us the trouble of running back and forth so much.' They sat talking and thinking what they could do. Mrs. Powell said, 'Let us get a long cord; I will fasten it at my door, you do the same; see how it will work. Get a piece of pasteboard; make a mouth-piece of it, and perhaps it will carry the voice along the string.' So it did. The ladies stood at their doors, spoke in a low tone, and heard each other just as well as if they were in the same room. They asked me to try it. I did so, and heard distinctly.

"We left Mrs. Powell's after two o'clock, and took a different road on our return. It started to rain and did not stop for two hours. We had one umbrella and a blanket, but we got very wet. We went five miles through pine-trees as tall as the Mother House; they sheltered us a little from the rain. When we got from under this charming green canopy, the rain stopped, the sun came out bright and clear, and the remainder of the evening was delightful. We traveled along a very high hill; it could not be called a

mountain, for it was not high enough. A beautiful valley lay below. There were lovely wild flowers in profusion, and rocks as white as marble, as Sister Florentine said, 'growing' out of the side of the hill. It was the prettiest of the sights I have seen in Wyoming. I asked the driver to stop, that I might get a bit of the rock to take home. Sister Florentine thinks it a 'rare beauty,' but also thinks I am foolish to be carrying it around with me, as I got a generous *chunk* while I was getting it.

"We got to the 'Three-legged Table Hotel' that evening at seven o'clock. There were eight men there; a doctor from New Orleans, a captain from Fort Fetterman, four soldiers, and the two men belonging to the house. Imagine our embarrassment in such a crowd of strange men. The doctor spoke to us and said, 'Sisters, I do not blame you for feeling embarrassed in such a place as this, but you must not be afraid; these are all very nice men. I have long been acquainted with Sisters. For years I was physician to the Notre Dame Nuns in New Orleans.'

"This was a little consolation, but I felt like saying in an extremely loud voice, to be heard at all points of the compass, 'O all you Sisters safely sheltered in your convents, *stay there if you can.*' We begged our Guardian Angels to keep their wings extended over us waking and sleeping, and with this aspiration soon forgot our mortification in a pleasant refreshing slumber, and awoke next morning ready to start for Fort Brown, or rather Camp Brown.

"We went from Green River in a stage, only a trip of one hundred and fifty miles. The stage went so fast that it took us only two days to make the trip. The incidents of these two days I will tell you when I get home, and Sister Florentine will also relate her version of them. We were very lucky in receiving the hospitality of a very nice family.

"We saw two tribes of Indians, the Arapahoes and the Shoshones. They crowded around us and viewed us very curiously. Sister Florentine was much afraid of them; so

was I, but I did not allow her to notice it. I wish you could see the squaws with their papposes strapped to their backs, the queerest, dearest, funniest-looking little creatures that you ever imagined, with their dear little brown faces painted red and yellow, with a lot of brass beads around their tender necks and feathers in their hair. The poor little darlings! I thought I would be very friendly and patted one of the cunningest-looking papposes on its little painted cheek, when its mother turned quickly and scowled so darkly at me that I attempted no further demonstrations of affection.

"In the camp were a dozen captured hostile Indians; they were chained to pillars like wild animals; the chief was a fierce-looking creature; he was constantly trying to shake off his chains. Poor fellow!

"We went to the Hot Springs two miles from the camp; we entered one of the bath-rooms, took off our shoes, and placed our feet in the water, which was so hot that we were compelled to raise them up and down until they were *acclimated*. We kept them in the water for a long time and when we removed them they looked as if they had been boiled. I never felt better in my life, my whole body seemed rejuvenated. Sister Florentine experienced the same sensation. We did wish that we could take a nice little Hot Spring back with us to Kansas! Sister Florentine said that perhaps it was well that we could not, for the Sisters would want to live in it!

"From Camp Brown we went to Lander, a little mining town. Here we lodged with Mrs. Nobel, who went around begging with us. The foreman of the mines proposed having a ball for our benefit, for he said we would get very little at the houses. It was vain for us to offer any objections to the ball for our benefit; they were only too glad to have even the ghost of an excuse 'to trip the light fantastic toe,' which they did the very next evening. When the ball was ready to be opened, we were invited to attend. We politely declined, and were preparing to spend one

evening to ourselves, when two gentlemen were introduced who had come to persuade us to go to the ball, telling us not to be afraid to go, that everything was very nice. We thanked them for their kind invitation and repeated our former declination. Then the foreman came, thinking that surely we could not refuse *him*. But we did. He then said, 'Well, now, ladies, I don't see any harm in your going. They are waiting for you. Now, you must come. We will get more money for you if you will go around the room and just let the people see you there.' After we had again declined, he said, 'I think it is very hard for you to disappoint every one at the ball; they will feel very bad. Now, Mrs. Nobel, can you not prevail upon the Sisters to go?' But Mrs. Nobel befriended us, and at last the foreman left, but reluctantly. The ball proved a success without our presence.

"I must not forget to tell you of a lady who ran for the office of Mayor in Lander a year before we visited there. She was elected. She was a good woman, but I think good men must have been scarce when a woman was put up for such a prominent position. But it appears that it proved a great diversion for the men, who, when they would see her coming along the street, cane in hand, would say, 'Here comes the Mayor. Now, we must have a little fun. Come, boys, let's go in the saloon and then come out and pretend we are fighting on the sidewalk.' And, as good as their word, when the little Mayoress hastened to the scene, called there by the loud, rough language, and the sounding blows they gave one another, she could not succeed in making them desist, try as hard as she could to make peace amongst them. They would pay no attention to her; so, of course, they had to be arrested and taken to jail for public disturbance of the peace. The Mayoress resigned her office in less than six months, in perfect disgust at the bad conduct of the citizens. I saw her, and she was apparently a very refined woman. Sister Florentine said it was a lucky thing



for us that we did not attend the ball, for they might want to keep us to run for some office, and of course, as we would be so popular, we would be elected!

"Lander is a small town, but very pretty, with its hills and valleys, but it is very lonely, no churches and no railroads. The Catholics seldom see a priest, not more than once in three months, if so often.

"Our mission accomplished in Lander, we wished to leave as soon as possible. The stage only leaves here once a week, or sometimes once in ten days, and frequently passengers engage it a week ahead. The agent, when notified of our desire to leave immediately, said we would be compelled to wait another week. This was at four o'clock; at six o'clock the agent came and said, 'Ladies, the stage will leave at half past seven. I will not notify the other passengers; they will have to wait.' You may imagine how fervently we thanked this kind agent, and we do not intend that he shall soon be forgotten in our prayers either. It was a long, lonely road over which we had to pass; a few years before it was a common passway for the Indians. About midnight we came to a very lonely spot; the driver encouraged us by saying, 'This is the place where the Indians have killed lots of white people!' At one o'clock we came to a station where the horses were changed. We remained in the stage. We heard a voice say to the driver, 'Say, who have you got in the stage?' 'Two Sisters,' replied the driver. 'Have they got any money?' said the first speaker. 'They don't look like it,' truthfully answered the driver; and this in the middle of the night, over one hundred miles from the end of our journey!

"But we are alive to tell the tale, here at Green River. We are undecided what to do—that is, to what place to go, or whether we should not return to Laramie first; so if we should make our appearance shortly after this effusion, be not surprised."

The Sisters, after further successful expeditions, returned home, and in 1883, on January 25th, the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, the Holy Mass was celebrated within the walls of the new St. Joseph's Hospital for the first time. For several weeks the Sisters from the city had come out daily to make preparations for the opening, and the house presented a very inviting aspect when the Sisters arrived to remain permanently. They were five in number: Sister Philomena, Sister Marcellina, Sister Mary Fidelis, Sister Mary de Pazzi, and Sister Laurentia.

The High Mass on the occasion of the opening was sung by Very Rev. Father Cumiskey, assisted by Rev. Father Cassidy, of Rawlins, and Rev. Father Hays, of Cheyenne.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

Rev. Father Cusson was not satisfied with providing for the sick alone; that accomplished, the zealous priest turned his attention to the children of his parish, and the Sisters in charge of the sick were joined in 1878 by two others, Sister Loretto Foley and Sister Francis de Sales Cannon, sent to Laramie at Father Cusson's earnest request to teach a day-school.

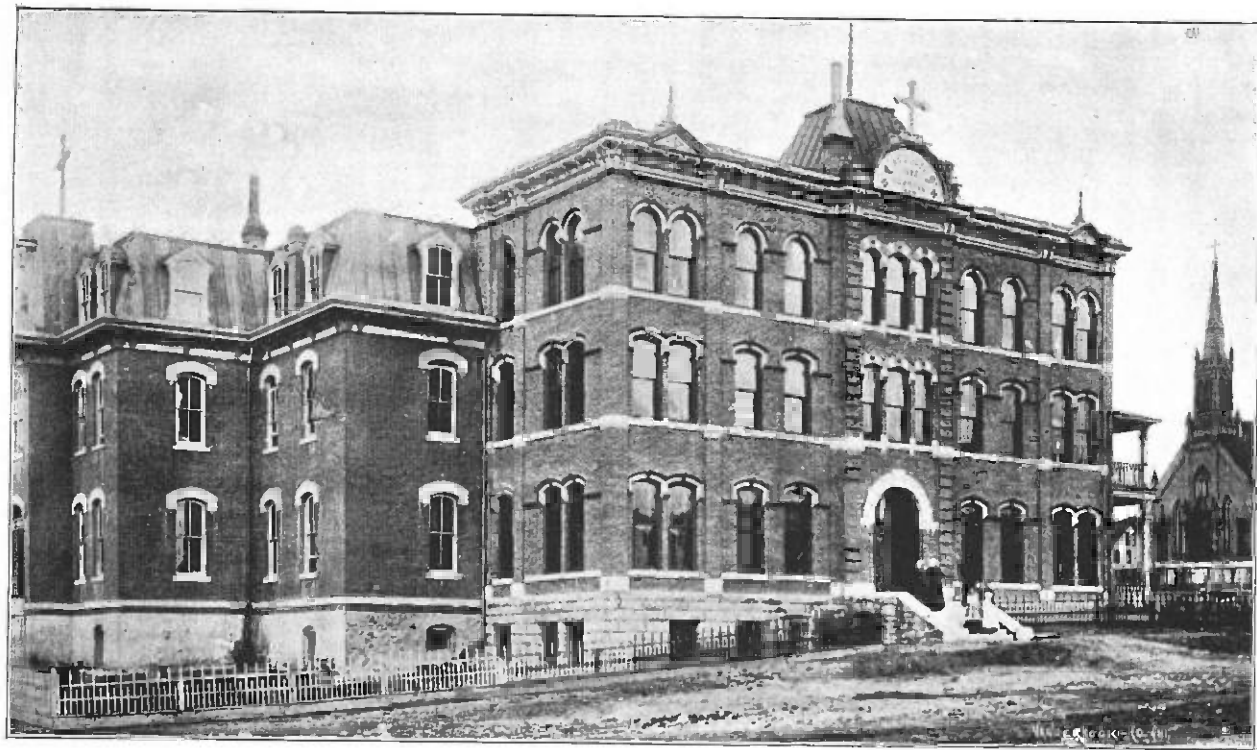
For more than a year the two Sisters lived at the Hospital and went every day to teach in their small rented school-house, when the community purchased a roomy frame building on North A Street, not far from the Church.

In this house, boarders as well as day-pupils were taught. Three more Sisters were added to the original two: Sister Mary Clement McAneny, Sister Alberta Rohr, and Sister Mary Cecilia Lawless.

Sister Mary Clement had for the last eight years been looking for a *burglar*. Before her advent in Laramie she had been stationed for that number of years at the Cathedral School on Kickapoo Street, in Leavenworth, and as regularly as the sun went down, at a certain time thereafter could she be seen looking inside, behind, and at the sides of wardrobes, behind window-shutters, in music-rooms, under the pianos, under beds, behind doors, and indeed behind, at the side of, and under everything that could possibly conceal a *burglar*.

She left Leavenworth without finding one, but her anxious search was rewarded shortly after her arrival at the *Gem City of the Mountains*, as Laramie was then proudly styled.

It is a custom in the community for the Sisters to take turns in getting breakfast. This particular morning of which we speak was Sister Mary Clement's *turn*.



ST. JAMES' HOSPITAL, BUTTE, MONTANA.

Hastening down stairs before the other Sisters, her first view on entering the kitchen was an open window and a man's boots vanishing through! She gave the alarm, fancying that everything in the house had been stolen, but upon investigation it was discovered that Sister Mary Clement had unexpectedly appeared upon the scene of the burglar's operations, for in the *trunk-room* a scene of disorder presented itself; each trunk had been opened, bundles made ready to be taken; it was evident that the robber was not aware of the fact that the Sisters were such early risers.

He only succeeded in carrying off a suit of woollen wear belonging to Sister Mary Cecilia, and this was not thought fair, as *this* dear little Sister had never looked for a burglar in her life.

The school was well attended, and soon another Sister was called for. These Sisters had a *busy life*. One of their duties was from time to time to visit the prisoners in the jail.

The daily papers in the month of July were full of accounts of two prisoners who were suspected of having murdered an eccentric old man who had lived on a lonely ranch in the Great Laramie Plains.

"I had read nothing more than the headings of these accounts," said a Sister who then had charge of the school, "until one day in October I saw at the top of a column, 'George Black Will be Hanged November 25th,' when I became concerned, wondering what might be the condition of his soul. When we had been to the jail, we had never met him. I decided to visit him.

"That same evening another Sister and myself went to the Court House, under which is the jail, and in a part of which the sheriff's family lives. We explained to the sheriff's wife the business upon which we came. She received us very politely, and wished that we would say a word to all the prisoners, who were at that time taking their supper.

"The prisoners seemed much pleased to see us, and all appeared anxious to talk to us. We spoke to them of the best manner of employing their time, and of making merit of all they had to endure. We asked them if they would not be glad to have millions of good, holy people praying for them every day, and whether, in order to obtain the benefit of the League of the Sacred Heart, they would be willing to say the little offering every morning.

"On their expressing their willingness to do so, we promised to return in about a week and bring each of them a Rosary ticket, but, as they said six of them were to leave the following Monday morning for the Joliet Penitentiary, we decided to return the following afternoon. They then dispersed to their cells, leaving us to converse with Mr. Black, whom we came especially to see, and whom we found most ready and willing to do almost anything and everything we asked of him. He was a young man of quiet, gentle manners and refined features. On our proposing to ask the parish priest to visit him, he said he would be glad to see him and to receive his instructions. He had never spoken to a priest, nor had he ever before spoken to a Sister of Charity.

"As we were about to conclude our first visit, Mrs. Young said we must not go without seeing Mr. Rockwell. On our inquiring who he might be, she informed us that he was Mr. Black's supposed accomplice in the murder. On reaching the cell to which Mrs. Young accompanied us, and on seeing Mr. Rockwell, I immediately instituted a mental comparison between the two suspected men, much in favor of Mr. Black, who by the law had been already condemned.

"Mr. Rockwell was a tall, well-built man, with black hair, and piercing black eyes. His manners were polished. He expressed high appreciation of our visit, and said that, at the request of the prisoners, several of the ministers of the gospel had been invited to visit them, but none of them had ever responded to the invitation. He was a fluent

talker and could converse on almost any subject, so much so that on hearing him talk on religious topics, it was difficult not to believe him to have been a Catholic. He was a sailor, had been around the world several times, and was familiar with Santiago in the midst of beautiful and sublime scenery, as with the products of Ceylon, or the dangers off the Cape of Good Hope. He spent his time in jail principally in reading and writing poetry. 'The Following of Christ' captivated him, and he also much admired Dante's 'Inferno,' and asked us if possible to obtain a copy of the latter for him.

"On Monday the six prisoners left for Joliet. The daily papers said it was the first prisoners that ever left Laramie in such hopeful spirits and in such peaceful dispositions.

"At our second visit, and in fact at all our visits from first to last, we found Mr. Black more inclined to listen than to talk. He said to us at our first interview that he was innocent of the crime for which he was to suffer and for which he had already been condemned. When examined in the court-room, he had said but little, only what was really necessary. This conduct the papers termed stoicism, and showed sympathy with Mr. Rockwell, who was ever ready and anxious to explain, to relate all circumstances, and to keep himself informed of public opinion.

"At Mr. Black's request, the time of the execution was deferred two months, and he made good use of this respite to prepare himself for death. He studied and recited his catechism like a little child, and became daily more and more encouraged to bear his sufferings with resignation. The hardest cross for him to bear was to have been declared guilty when he firmly declared his innocence of having committed the deed, but he did not deny that he was an accessory to it by his presence.

"As the prisoners, especially Mr. Rockwell and Mr. Black, were always anxious to know the time of our next visit, we appointed Sunday afternoon for the purpose.

"No sooner was this known in the city than the ministers began to flock in from all sides, and published in the papers that services would be held there at the very hour we had appropriated to ourselves. We were informed later that the prisoners were distressed at the discontinuance of our visits, so we promised to go every Wednesday afternoon instead of Sunday.

"Mr. Black, all along, protesting his innocence of the murder, had hoped a reprieve from the sentence of death, but, about two weeks before the day appointed for his execution, he was informed that no clemency would be granted. We then went to see him almost every day and offered our prayers and Holy Communions for him, and induced others to do the same. We are quite sure, too, that Masses were offered for him.

"The prosecuting attorney told Father Cumiskey that Mr. Black was a mystery to him. That the wife of one of the ministers called to see what she could do for him, as the words of the ministers had no effect on him, and that she even wept over him, but Mr. Black remained unmoved, but that the *Sisters* appeared to have a charm for him. 'Perhaps,' said he, 'it is their *dress* that gives them such influence.'

"Mr. Black constantly protesting his innocence caused the priest and sheriff, with the other officers, to hold a consultation as to whether it would not be well for Mr. Rockwell and Mr. Black to have a meeting in their presence. It was agreed upon, and it was hoped that thus the truth might be brought to light. Accordingly Mr. Rockwell was brought to the sheriff's parlor, and when Mr. Black came in, he rose, went towards him, and they shook hands.

"The expression of Mr. Rockwell's face was dark and fierce, while that of Mr. Black was mild and composed. When all were seated, the following dialogue ensued:

" 'Now, Rockwell, I am going to die for you. I only ask you to tell the truth.'

" 'I have told the truth.'



"'No, you have not,' said Mr. Black in a gentle tone; 'you know when you shot Burnet, and were going off, you took my hand and asked me not to give you away. I promised and kept my word, told a lie to save you, and now I am to suffer for it.'

"'You lie,' said Rockwell fiercely.

"They were immediately taken back to their cells, Mr. Black weeping bitterly. The next day he was baptized and vested with the scapular. The following day a neighboring priest came to give him an opportunity of choosing a confessor, but he preferred the one who had already given so much care and attention to his spiritual welfare and who had instructed him in the true way of salvation. He had received the Sacrament of Penance twice in preparation for his First Communion, which he received the morning of the last day of his life. Father Cummiskey remained with him the whole morning. 'It seemed that the Holy Ghost was visibly present in the cell,' said Father Cummiskey afterwards, 'while Mr. Black was making his thanksgiving, which lasted with slight interruptions during all the last four hours of his life. He walked up and down the cell, kissing the crucifix, and exclaiming that he could never express his gratitude to those who had done so much for him; that he would do all he could for *us* in the *next* world, as he could not show his gratitude in *this*.'

"When on the scaffold, the sheriff asked Mr. Black if he had anything to say. 'Nothing,' said Mr. Black, 'except that I did not commit the murder.'

"'Do you forgive everyone?' asked Father Cummiskey.

"'Yes, Father, I forgive *every* one.' These were his last words.

"He kissed the crucifix and handed it to Father Cummiskey, who gave him the last benediction, shook hands with him, and descended. In less than a minute after the priest's departure, the sharp, loud sound of the fall an-

nounced that Mr. Black was face to face with his Merciful Judge.

"Mr. Rockwell was shortly after released and left the city."

The relation of these events was made in August, 1896, and the sympathy of the Sisters was much excited for Mr. Black, whom they deemed innocent of the crime for which he was punished, and they wondered if the true murderer would ever be discovered.

In September of the same year a Sister came home from Laramie, and, in the course of conversation, said to the Sister who had made the above narration, "Sister, do you remember poor Mr. Black?" "Indeed I do," responded the Sister; "I was speaking of him not a month ago."

"Well," said the other Sister, "you will be glad to hear that his innocence has been established. Last month *Mr. Rockwell* was killed at Pocatello. He was in a saloon, where he had been drinking heavily, and he boasted that he had killed a man and another man had been hanged for it, when another drunken man responded, "You will never make that boast again," and, drawing a revolver, shot Mr. Rockwell, so that he died in a few minutes.

When the new Hospital was first occupied, the Sisters had still charge of the railroad patients, but, after a few months, a house for their reception was built in Denver and they were transferred to that place. The Sisters yet had the care of the county poor, but, in a short time thereafter, a house was obtained for them, and they were given into secular hands. Thus the Sisters were left with only a few private patients.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written of the bright future of Laramie, so far it has not fulfilled any of the predictions to that effect. The Hospital was closed in 1895. The school still continues, though it is not so flourishing as formerly; indeed, it is scarcely self-supporting, but no doubt it will be continued, as, when a Sisterhood has

established houses for charitable or educational purposes, it is hard to withdraw them from such duties, and they never do so unless they are compelled by circumstances they cannot control.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Since the Leavenworth community had been established in 1858, Mother Xavier had held the office of Superior, excepting a term of three years, when Mother Vincent filled that position. At the expiration of her term, Mother Xavier was reelected, and by dispensation continued to be reelected until the year 1877. Mother Xavier was in this year sixty-four years of age and extremely deaf. The community was increasing in numbers and new houses were founded from time to time, and this necessitated many journeys that were not convenient for Mother Xavier to make. Even at the Mother House, her increasing deafness was a great detriment to her usefulness as a Superior of a growing community. She suffered from sleeplessness caused by the noise in her ears, which she said sounded like iron slabs striking against one another when turned around quickly on a pivot, beginning as soon as her head touched the pillow. Many nights she had to arise and write far towards morning, and even then she could not sleep until she had taken something to quiet her nerves.

When the community was young, Bishop Miede had granted this dispensation for the reelection of Mother Xavier for several successive terms, believing it to be for the benefit of the Sisters, for she had been thoroughly trained in the Nazareth Novitiate under Bishop David, and his Lordship placed entire confidence in her ability to train the young Sisters in the Rules of St. Vincent of Paul.

Now some of those Novices she had trained were able to impart to others what they had learned from her, and it was deemed just and expedient to relieve Mother Xavier of the heavy burden she had borne so long and with such gratifying results.



**MOUNT ST. MARY'S ACADEMY ORCHESTRA. CONDUCTED BY SISTERS OF CHARITY. LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS. March, 1894.**

Agnes Flynn,	Carrie Dukan,	Tessie Courtney,	Anna Evenson,	Maggie Mulconery,	Blanche McGuire,	Rosella Broderick,
Gertrude Flynn,	Maggie Monaghan,	Pauline Whistler,	Gertrude O'Neil,	Belle Robinson,	Mary O'Keefe,	Rosemary Madden,
Nora Riordan,	Regina Hannau,	Celia Broderick,	Etta Finley,	Clara Case,	Katie Mulconery,	Minnie Whitty.

In 1877, therefore, at the election for the new officers, Sister Josephine Cantwell was elected Mother Superior; Sister Columba Normile, Assistant Mother; Sister Mary Angela Fialon, Treasurer; and Sister Aloysia O'Brien, Procuratrix. The newly elected Mother was in Helena, Montana, at this time, in charge of St. John's Hospital. She returned to the Mother House to assume the heavy burden of debt and responsibility, and Mother Xavier was sent to take charge of St. Vincent's Academy in Helena, Montana, which was then in a flourishing condition, and it was thought that the change to this much smaller house, with fewer cares, would be very beneficial to her nerves, which had been sadly tried during her long years of worryment through poverty and debt.

Mother Xavier at first felt, as she said, her "youth renewed," and was charmed with the mountains and the character of the mountain people, but, after a residence of two years, she found that her sleeplessness had increased; she was therefore brought home in the summer vacation of 1879.

In the following September the Independence, Missouri, Mission was opened, and Mother Xavier was sent there in charge of the small colony of Sisters required for that purpose. Here she passed two pleasant, profitable years, when there was a prospect of having an orphan asylum in Denver.

Mother Xavier was sent to Denver to make arrangements for the new building and to oversee its erection. In due course of time the house was completed and she had the happiness of seeing many innocent little children sheltered beneath the roof of the building, whose every step towards completion she had watched with an interest that she had never more keenly felt, even in her early days of "first fever."

After remaining some time in Denver as Superior at the Asylum, she was recalled home to take charge of the Novices. In this position, a Sister was appointed to assist her, thus

leaving her free to give the daily instructions to the members of the Novitiate; instructions which were never forgotten by those who heard them. The Novices were accustomed to say that "Mother Xavier spoke as well as any priest!"

In 1883 Mother Xavier had arrived at the age of three-score and ten, and still a person, to look at her smooth countenance and bright intelligent eye, would scarcely credit the fact. The young ladies of the Academy gave an entertainment in honor of the occasion.

It was on October 17th, in the evening, at half past six, the entertainment began. The stage of the Study Hall was beautifully decorated and brilliantly lighted. Flowers from the greenhouse were placed here and there, but the most lovely were gathered into a large bouquet and placed on a small table in front of the chair to be occupied by the mistress of the feast.

Chairs had been placed in the front part of the Study Hall, facing the stage, and these were occupied first by Mother Xavier, then by the reverend Chaplain of the Academy, Rev. Charles D. Monti, Mother Josephine, and the members of the Council. The program of the evening consisted of an address, recitations, and vocal and instrumental music.

All went on admirably for a time, when it was noticed by those who were seated behind "the chairs of state" that something was not right. First, Father Monti, who was a very particular, orderly man, was observed to be looking very intently at his program, then at the stage, then again at his program; he seemed not to be satisfied, however, for soon he had attracted Mother Xavier's attention to it, and she was seen to take up hers, which had been lying on her lap, and carefully viewed it. Then, Mother Josephine being next, her attention was directed to her program, then there were three heads in consultation; then the Sister who was presiding over the performances on the stage was called

down to exhibit her program, then there were four heads in consultation.

A poor Sister in the background knew what all this pantomimic movement meant. That morning she had been called upon to write the programs for the entertainment. A hundred copies were required for the occasion. The *hektograph* was used, and the Sister, who was anxious to finish them, as she had some work of her own to do, had already completed twenty impressions, when a Sister came to St. Paul's room, where she was hektographing, and said, "Sister, I would like to make a slight change in the program." The hektograph Sister gently said, "Well, Sister, what is it you wish?" The other Sister answered, "I have changed my mind, and we will not have '*La Flute Enchantie de Mozart*.'" "But I have already twenty impressions taken, and I do not like to make erasures in them; it would ruin the appearance." The music Sister persisted that the "Enchanted Flute" should be omitted.

A new copy, with the "Flute" omitted, was made and thirty more impressions were already taken, when another Sister entered St. Paul's room, saying as she came in, "Sisters, I am sorry to disturb you, but I have come to tell you that I wish to erase the vocal solo 'My Josephine' from the program; Ella — has a sore throat and she would only croak to-night." "But," began the hektograph Sister, "I have just accommodated Sister Mary Aloysia by omitting the 'Enchanted Flute,' and I trusted that would be the only interruption I would have." "My Josephine" solo was omitted. another copy taken for the poor, much-tried hektograph, and thirty more impressions taken, when rap, tap, tap, came on the door and a Sister hurried in saying, "O, Sister dear, I hope I am not too late, but please take off the program the recitation by Dollie —; she does not know it all, and I would not for a great deal have her make a failure." The "Recitation by Dollie —" was erased, a third copy was taken for the hektograph (for the Sister had resolved to have



no erasures on her work), and several impressions taken, when in rushed Sister Mary Borgia, without knocking, saying, "For mercy's sake, Sister, I hope you have not that dialogue on the program, for just this blessed day Hannah — takes to have a nervous headache, and so spoils the whole affair."

*That* dialogue is omitted, another copy taken, and, finishing thirty more impressions, making the required number of one hundred, the hektograph Sister resolved to use all the impressions she had taken, some with the "Enchanted Flute" in, some with it out; some with "My Josephine" in, some with it out; the same with the recitation and dialogue—whence the four heads in consultation at the entertainment; each one had a different program.

Mother Josephine was at this time (1883) serving her second term as Superior of the community. As a Novice in Tennessee she had been trained in the duties of a true Daughter of Charity by Mother Xavier, and now it was her earnest desire to have Mother Xavier at home at the Mother House to perform the same office for the young Sisters, and also to obtain her wise advice when she felt in need of counsel.

When the election for new officers was to take place in 1877, it was shrewdly suspected by the members of the community that Sister Josephine Cantwell would succeed Mother Xavier in its management.

Sister Josephine was one of the twelve professed Sisters who came to Leavenworth in 1858. After her arrival, she served for years in the Hospital of St. John's as an efficient nurse for body and soul. She had been Mother's Assistant during one term of Mother Xavier's five terms of office, and in 1877 was in charge at St. John's Hospital in Helena, Montana. She was beloved by the Sisters, respected by externs, and was a good business manager—in a word, it was believed that she was the one to pay the heavy

debt hanging like a lowering cloud over the Mother House of the poor Sisters of Leavenworth.

"When I was elected Mother," said Mother Josephine, "I was in Helena. On the evening of the 21st of July, it was told me that there was a boy waiting in the hall with a dispatch. I went immediately, suspecting the nature of the communication. When I took the dispatch, I trembled so that I said to the boy, handing it back to him to read to me, 'I cannot see it.' Glancing at it, he smiled and said, as if to reassure me, 'Sister, you are *promoted*.' Finding that no answer was required, the messenger went his way, leaving me standing in the hall as if stupefied. The first thought that occurred to me was the enormous debt on the Mother House, and not a dollar wherewith to pay it. I went to the Church, where I wept most bitterly.

"During this day Sister Alphonsa had said of a clock that was out of order, 'One o'clock has been striking for an hour; perhaps that is a sign the *new Mother* is on Catholic Hill,' and many other jesting remarks to the same effect had been made; and indeed, for several weeks before the Sisters had foretold what would be the result of the July election. When I came from the Church and told them the contents of the dispatch, it was no unexpected news to them, so certain were they that such would be the case.

"That night I was very ill and the Sisters were crying around me, but I told them that indeed I wished I would die, and that I would rather die than face a debt that I could foresee no prospect of ever paying, and then what would become of the community. I spoke as a woman of no faith, and I have often hewailed my lack of trust in God our Father at this time, for indeed He proved a tender Father to me. He inspired the Sisters in the different branch houses of the community to write to me cheering, consoling letters, offering me their sympathy in the heavy charge laid upon my shoulders, and promising each one to help me according to her ability, and each one was faithful to her

word, and during my three terms of office, for I was 'kept in the harness' until 1886, when the last dollar on the Mother House had been paid, and the community, for the first time in their religious lives, breathed the breath of freedom from debt. Thanks be to God!

"A few days after I received the news of my election, I left the Rocky Mountains, where I had passed some happy and I hope some useful months, and with 'reluctant feet' turned my face eastward. My heart was still very sore; there was a threatened disaster to the train on which I was traveling—to this I felt indifferent, death would have been preferable to the impending responsibility; but when I arrived at home, and, driving up the avenue, was met by the dear Sisters, drawn up in a line on each side of the gate to welcome me with such manifestations of good will and satisfaction, my heart was changed, and I begged of God to give me a willing heart to do and suffer for them according to their trust in me.

"When Rev. Father James O'Reilly next day came to welcome me, he said, 'I am glad you are Mother; you will pay the debt on your home.' These words, coming as they did from the lips of that saintly priest, I took as an omen of good promise. All my old friends and acquaintances spoke words of good cheer, and God allowed this because He knew my need of encouragement. I often wonder at His fatherly kindness when I was so untrustful of Him at this time.

"The debt on the Mother House in 1877 was forty-eight thousand dollars, on forty-four thousand of which there was a yearly interest of ten per cent.

"Some of the money borrowed from St. Louis belonged to General Sherman. I wrote to Mrs. Sherman and told her we would lose our home if the interest we had been required to pay for so long was not reduced. She replied, saying for me to write to General Sherman, and, as he never did anything of moment without consulting her, she would then say a word in our favor. I did so, and the general allowed a

reduction of two per cent—not much indeed, but it was not to be despised; and when Mr. Lee, from whom the balance of the money had been borrowed, heard of this reduction, he also let us have his money at eight per cent.”

Sisters were sent in different directions collecting money to pay the debt, and the Sisters at home and in the branch houses stinted themselves in various ways in order to lessen the indebtedness even by a dollar. Our Lord was so good that in a short time the sky of our horizon began to brighten—the sun was beginning to shine on the poor community so sadly tried by hardships of many kinds.

The Sisters at the Mother House had frequently suffered in their different avocations from want of sufficient water, so it was resolved to have water from the Soldiers' Home brought to the Academy; this was done at an expense of \$1500. Then the place known as the *Chandley Farm* was bought. This was thirty acres lying between the Asylum grounds and the Academy. To go from one house to the other, which was frequently necessary, the Sisters were obliged to go through the yard of this gentleman, for he had a brick house on this land, in which his family resided. This constant passing through private property was very disagreeable and inconvenient to the Sisters, and must have been as much so to the occupants of the cottage, though they invariably treated the Sisters with the utmost politeness. Mr. Chandley was willing to sell, and the community purchased the place for six thousand dollars. This place, now known as St. Joseph's Cottage, with its thirty acres around it, then served as the residence for both the Academy and the Asylum Chaplains.

Mother Josephine proved so successful in the management of the affairs of the community that she was nominated for a third term, by dispensation, and was elected.

Mother Josephine said of her early days: “When I was about fourteen years of age, my morning work was to drive the cows to pasture. During one wet season the rain fell

incessantly for three days. For this space of time I did not venture out, but on the fourth morning I drove my charge to the field. On my way there was a poor family, in the greatest destitution that could be imagined; it consisted of the mother and two little girls. The husband was wandering around trying to get a day's work. They had formerly lived in a decent cabin not far distant from where they now were, but the landlord had dispossessed them.

"Their dwelling at the time of which I am speaking consisted of poles driven into the ground and covered over and around with old canvas, reeds, brambles, sticks, anything that would help to make a shelter from the weather, which was beginning to be chilly—it was in the first part of September. Their bed was put on the floor of this miserable hovel, and for a door a meal-sack was hung up. The woman Mrs. Paul (I called her Hannah), was in the habit of going to the neighbors to get food and clothing; she frequently came to my father's house for assistance, and I was much interested in her and her two pretty little girls, nearly of the same age.

"During the rainy days I often wondered how Hannah was faring. I hurried to her miserable place, and, before raising the wet sack at the entrance, I called out in a cheery voice, 'Hannah, how are you?' But I got no answer.

"I raised the wet sack and went in. The bed was saturated with the three days' rain, and on it lay Hannah and the two little girls, wet, drenched to the very bone, cold, shivering, and starving. They had been in this condition since the second night of the rain, when Hannah had been taken ill, and of course was not able to summon aid.

"I knelt down in the puddle of water by her and asked what I could do for her. She said, 'Get me the priest.' I sped away on the wings of the wind, bareheaded and breathless. I had seen the priest, as I was driving the cows along, riding in the direction of a rich gentleman's house, some distance from where I was. I ran without stopping to this

place. There was a servant holding the horse of the priest, who was in the house. At first I could not speak, but when I managed to tell the nature of my errand, he said the priest was engaged and would not be through for some time; but I insisted that I should see him and tell him that the woman was dying.

"The priest heard the altercation, and, seeing a bare-headed girl, very much excited, trying to pass the servant, came to see what was the matter, expecting that it was a sick-call. He no sooner heard what was wanted than he mounted his horse, and went immediately to poor Hannah's bedside. When I reached the place he had already heard her confession. He handed me a half-crown and told me to get something for her immediate necessities. I asked Hannah what she wanted. In a low voice she said, "Loaf-sugar, light-bread, and tea.

"I purchased for her what she desired and arranged her as comfortably as I could. Next morning I hurried again to the place, this time taking some clothing along with me; when I arrived there, she was dead, with a piece of sugar in her mouth. A neighbor took the two little girls, but in less than three days they too were dead. On the following Sunday the priest who attended Hannah in her last hours preached a sermon on 'Charity,' and upbraided the rich neighbors of this unfortunate family for not having looked after their wants, and said, 'Had it not been for a slip of a girl, Mrs. Paul would have died without the rites of the Church. God will bless that girl wherever she may go.' And so He has blessed her," Mother Josephine would add, "praise be to His holy name!"

This incident happened in the *Isle of Saints*, where Mother Josephine was born in Borrisolsigh, County Tipperary, February 2, 1827. After she had passed her twentieth year, she came to America, where she made her home with her uncle, Dennis Shea, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and it was there she learned of the Sisters of Nashville and joined their congregation.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

Rev. Father Dunne, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, in Kansas City, Mo., had already in 1876 asked for a colony of Leavenworth Sisters to teach his parish school. This was the first mission opened by Mother Josephine; who, however, was not at all anxious to found this house, on account of the very poor accommodations that were in prospect as to a place for the school-house, but she was unable to resist the urgent solicitations of Father Dunne.

A pretty little cottage on McGee Street, perched on an eminence, the highest in the city, and which was reached from the street by a long stairway, was rented as a residence for the Sisters. Before their arrival this had been put in "apple-pie order" by the ladies of the parish. In the latter part of August, 1877, they took up their abode in this little "Hanging-basket," as the Sisters styled their new abode, and which was just about large enough for five or six small Sisters. The five Sisters whom Father Dunne most cordially welcomed to his parish were: Sister Josepha Sullivan, Sister Rosalia Casey, Sister Rose Vincent Barnhill, Sister Mary Clare Bergen, and Sister Beatrice Riley.

School was opened the first Monday in September, with about three hundred children in attendance the first day. Their number continued to increase until it reached about five hundred. The assistance of another Sister was required, and Sister Mary Stephen Ludden was sent to their aid. This Sister had, a few days before, been in Kansas City on business, and had paid the Sisters at the school a visit. They were teaching in the basement of an intended Church, which had been abandoned on account of its low, damp, miserable, ugly location. This basement had been roofed over, and at this time four Sisters were teaching or

attempting to teach nearly five hundred children in the same room, which was insufficiently lighted and badly ventilated, or rather not ventilated at all, except the door or a window was left open. It was a dark, cheerless apartment.

Around the house in wet weather the water settled in puddles, the yard consisted of a yellow clayey soil of a sticky nature, that some of the larger bad boys delighted to bring into the school-house on their boots, as much as they could carry, and of course the *little bad boys* had to imitate their example. On rainy days the children could not see to write in their copy-books, and frequently the stove would smoke so that the teachers and pupils would leave the school-house with eyes red as if from weeping over someone "loved and lost."

It was on such a scene as this Sister Mary Stephen gazed—she was amazed; she said jestingly to Sister Rosalia, "What crime have you committed, that you have been sent to such a place?" When the fifth teacher arrived from the Mother House, and it proved to be Sister Mary Stephen, Sister Rosalia said to her, "And what crime have you committed, to be sent to such a place?"

A few weeks after the opening of school, the teachers with one exception, Sister Rose Vincent, were attacked with malarial fever, which lasted with violence for three weeks, during which time the Sisters left their beds to go to the school-room, from which as soon as school was dismissed they hastened back again, and did not leave them until again next morning at school-time. Sister Rose Vincent was kept busy aiding Sister Beatrice to prepare something to tempt their appetites, so that the school would not have to be abandoned, as there were no Sisters to be spared from the Mother House to take their places.

They were all fond of grapes, and one evening, upon returning from school and retiring to bed, Sister Rose Vincent served them a plentiful supply, of which they ate heartily. Dr. Lester, who was their physician, visited them daily,



and was most anxious to contribute all in his power to their recovery. Coming this particular evening, Dr. Lester went around as usual to each Sister's bed, feeling her pulse and examining her tongue, when, to his astonishment, one tongue was as black as the other, and they were all as black as could be. Although the Sisters were very sick, they were not very serious, and they could not refrain from smiling at the doctor's momentary great surprise. He contented himself by telling them never to swallow the *seeds* nor *skins*, which they had just done by the dozens—and that in their condition fruit would be very beneficial to them.

The Sisters all recovered their usual health in due course of time, except Sister Rosalia, who never again regained hers, which had been so perfect when she came.

The Church was five blocks from the school-house. The children were obliged to assist at Mass every morning, and afterwards to march in perfect military order from the Church to the school-house, a task not so easy as one might suppose; the Sisters found it the most difficult one of the day.

Not only were the Sisters required to teach, drill, and train the children, but at last Father Dunne requested Mother Josephine to allow them to take charge of the Church—that is, to be sacristans. Whoever has had charge of a parish altar will need no explanation of the extra work this made for the Sisters of the "Hanging-basket" on McGee Street—though little of their time did they spend there, for, besides the duties already enumerated, they were expected to visit the sick, console the dying, make clothing for the naked, visit the prisoners in the jail, to seek the children who were absent from school more than three days, and to be ready and willing to receive and listen to those who would come to seek sympathy and counsel. But with all that was required of them, the same old story has to be told, they were "as happy as the day was long."

Father Dunne set them the example of hard work and

self-sacrifice; his pastoral residence was a small room near the Church, his meals he took sometimes at the house of a parishioner, sometimes at a restaurant, at other times he took merely a bite in his own poor one room.

The Sisters always spent the two vacation months, July and August, at the Mother House in Leavenworth, and Mother Josephine was loth each time to let them return to Kansas City, until a better school-house was provided for them, fearing their health would be irretrievably ruined, but for three years she allowed her scruples to be overcome by the urgent pleadings that the Sisters be sent back.

In 1881 there was great demand for the services of the Leavenworth Sisters in the West, in Leadville and other places, and Mother Josephine took this occasion to withdraw all the Sisters from the missions in Missouri: from St. Patrick's School, from the German School in Kansas City, and from Independence. In the fall of 1878, Rev. Father Zechenter, of the Church of Saints Peter and Paul, of Kansas City, had asked that two Sisters of Leavenworth be sent to teach his parish school, which had been taught formerly by the Sisters of the Precious Blood. Sister Clara Kammer and Sister Mary Celestia Brady were appointed for this mission, and they resided with the Sisters on McGee Street.

The reverend Fathers in whose parishes the Sisters taught were anxious to have them remain, but Mother Josephine had resolved that the West should be supplied, as she knew there was no lack of teaching communities in the East, whose services these reverend Fathers could secure merely by the asking.

Father Dunne felt himself much aggrieved that the Sisters would not return. This Mother Josephine would not have permitted, even had they not been required in the West, for in this vacation Sister Rosalia had returned home far gone in consumption, brought on by exposure teaching in the damp, unventilated basement. She suffered constantly during the latter part of the last year the Sisters

remained in Kansas City. In the beginning of June a Sister was sent to relieve her of school-duties, but still she remained in her dear "Hanging-basket," where she was tenderly cared for until all the Sisters returned home in vacation.

One evening during her illness two Sisters were on their way to the drug store to have a prescription filled, when they met a gentleman in a buggy, who appeared to be reconnoitering. He stopped them and asked if there was a hospital in the vicinity. "No," answered one of the Sisters; "but there is a Sister at our house who is very ill." "That settles it," said the gentleman; "we will not fire a salute from this quarter."

Great preparations were being made in Kansas City at this time for the reception of President Grant, who was on his return trip from his tour around the world, and had promised to make a pause here.

On their return the Sisters told Sister Rosalia that she was the cause of General Grant not getting a salute in their neighborhood. She said, "Oh, that's not so," but it *was so*, nevertheless.

Sister Rosalia was brought home the last of June, 1881, and on November 26th of the same year she died.

Father Dunne, however, did not relinquish hopes of again having the Leavenworth Sisters in his parish. Five years later, when Sister Josepha was elected Superior of the community, he again made application by letter and personally for the Sisters, but his petition was not granted; this was one of his last pastoral efforts, as he died shortly after.

The year in which the Sisters were taken from Missouri, Rev. Francis M. Hayden, of St. Bridget's Church, Kansas City, Kansas, asked for a colony of Leavenworth Sisters for his parish school. Sister Jane Francis Reynolds, Sister Mary Celestia Brady, and Sister Mary Winifred Kline were the first teachers for this school, and, as there was no resi-

dence prepared for them, they took up their abode with the Sisters in Wyandotte at St. Mary's, whence they crossed the bridge every morning to go to their school-house in the *Bottoms*, as that portion of Kansas City, Kansas, is called. This method of living was continued for four years, when it was found necessary, on account of the number of pupils increasing, to secure the services of another Sister.

Father Hayden then rented a house near the Church and had it fitted up for the residence of the Sisters. There were now four Sisters in this St. Bridget's colony, for a cook was added to their number. If the McGee Street house was *small*, this one was *smaller*—a one-story house of four tiny rooms, and a tinier cellar; the Sisters were accustomed to say, "If in this house you wanted to go upstairs, you must go down into the cellar first, then come up again." There was no room that could be utilized as a kitchen, save an old shed in the rear of the house; but the Sisters had fallen into kind hands—their neighbors were *kindness* itself. Mr. Hinton and Mr. Kerr, who lived very near them, seeing the disadvantages and inconveniences which the Sisters labored under for the want of a proper room for a kitchen, after their day's work was done—they were coopers by trade—spent until nine o'clock every night for several weeks, when they had finished the construction of a room for a kitchen, which threw all the rest of the house into the shade—it was so snug and trim—it was a pleasure to cook in it! and after the kitchen was finished, every Sunday Mrs. Hinton sent over a chicken already dressed for the oven, with a loaf of delightful home-made bread. This attention she continued for years, until she removed to Brooklyn, New York, much to the regret of the Sisters, to whom she and her husband had been friends in need, and they are *friends* indeed!

All the neighborhood were inclined to befriend the Sisters. Before they returned home for the vacation, some of the young ladies would come to ask the Sisters if there was any sewing that they could do for them, and therefore the

St. Bridget's Sisters came home every vacation with their garments in good order, thanks to the deft fingers of these charming ladies; and in the latter part of August, when the Sisters would return to be in readiness for the opening of school, offers were always made to aid the Sisters in putting things "to rights."

Sister Jane Francis was the first Sister Servant in Kansas City, Kansas. Sister Mary Celestia taught here five years, and Sister Mary Aurelia Ferry for six years; many other Sisters have been employed in this school, but for a less number of years at a time. In the course of a few years a music-teacher was added to their number, and this was Sister Bernadette Brown, who taught for some time; then she was succeeded by Sister Georgiana McMahon. Rev. Father Hayden was removed to Topeka in 1887, and his place at St. Bridget's was taken by Rev. Father Curtin.

In the summer of 1897, not only the Sisters' dear little hermitage, but the school-house and Church were destroyed by a fire, which originated in a neighboring building.

Rev. Adolph Wibbert, after he was ordained, had been stationed for some time in Leavenworth at the Cathedral; it was there he became acquainted with the works of the Sisters, and when he was appointed to the parish of Salina, he begged a colony of Sisters to take charge of the school for the Catholic children of the place.

Four Sisters started on this mission in the latter part of August, 1879; they were Sister Justina Mackin, Sister Agnes McGrath, Sister Scholastica Hall, and Sister Lucilla Ryan. Sister Justina had charge of this small community, a position she retained until her death, May 1, 1893.

Upon the arrival of the Sisters in Salina they found a house ready for their reception, and the children of the parish, hearing of their advent, gathered on the porch of the Sisters' cottage and looked through the window in open-mouthed astonishment. When noon-time and dinner came, even then the children lingered and watched, the Sisters

not saying anything to them, not wishing to deprive them of the satisfaction of gratifying their curiosity. School was begun the following Monday, the first in September, and there the Sisters found all their little visitors of some days previous, with their curiosity still unsatisfied, for they watched every movement the Sisters made.

The school flourished, the Sisters were pleased with this new mission, and the future seemed very bright, when one of their number, Sister Agnes, was taken seriously ill. This Sister was universally beloved for her gentle and charitable disposition. Mother Josephine hastened to Salina as soon as she received news of her illness. As she knelt by the bed-side of Sister Agnes, she entreated our Lord to spare her a little while longer if it were His holy will; but her time had come, her mission was finished, and her pure soul went to receive its reward, March 20, 1880. Mother Josephine returned with her remains to Leavenworth, where this dear Sister had been employed in the parochial schools, and here also was her early departure from this world sincerely deplored, for wherever she had been she had endeared herself to all by her gentleness of manner and kindness of heart. She died at the age of twenty-six.

The Sisters shortly after lost their honored pastor, Rev. Father Wibbert, who went to Wisconsin; his place was taken by Rev. Father Maurer, who still remains.

The winter of 1883 proved a very severe one to the Sisters; they were obliged to keep up a fire all night to keep from freezing. During the Christmas holidays the weather was intensely cold. The community-room was on the second floor, and in the evenings, when they were free from the day's duties, they were obliged to spread a comforter on the floor under the table around which they sat, so as to be able to remain in the room.

During this extreme weather their washerwoman, Aunt Sally, came in snow up to her knees. She was dressed in her "ole man's" coat, hat, and boots. The Sister whose day

it was to cook made her take off her boots and sit by the stove. When the boots were removed, it was seen that there were no stockings on her poor, cold, black feet. Sister knelt down by the stove and rubbed them with her hands in order to warm them more quickly. Tears rolled down Aunt Sally's cheeks as she kept repeating, "If you ain't saved, I don't know *who will be!*"

There was a little girl, ten years of age, living in Salina at the time the Sisters went there; eighteen years later she writes:

"Salina is situated in the central part of Kansas on the western borders of the great wheat belt. While its extensive valleys are not as fertile as the more eastern part of the State, they are more unbroken, and therefore easier of cultivation, and to-day its country dwellings resemble the merchant's residences more than the proverbial farm-house.

"How well I remember, though then but three years of age, how one farm-house appeared to a family from the East who took possession of it at that time.

"Three different parties had previously tried to make the fertile fields which enclose it produce grain instead of grass and sunflowers, but had hopelessly failed.

"When we, the members of the fourth party, arrived in Salina, we found it a collection of unpainted houses or shanties, with no comforts and lacking many necessities.

"We remained at the hotel a few days, enduring all the discomforts of a Wild West boarding-house; then we continued our journey towards our future home, a distance of two miles and a half in the country. As we ascended the bank of Mulberry Creek we beheld our country Bowery, surrounded by clusters of our own native blossoms that 'nodded and bended in the breeze.'

"Here a life of labor began. My father, who had never before worked on a farm, knew but little of the art. Among his first purchases was a team of horses, a wagon, and harness, and one day we endeavored to put them together in

the way they should go,' but somehow the harness did not appear to fit very well, so he stopped at the nearest neighbor's to learn the trouble. My father had put it together wrong. The accommodating neighbor was obliged to open every buckle to get it arranged correctly, and this my father took for granted was necessary every time horses and harness went together.

"The cause of our greatest uneasiness was the much-dreaded Indian, for the remembrance of their inhuman raids was still fresh in the minds of the earlier settlers. But the only time we had occasion for any alarm was one day when no one was home but my mother, myself, and my little brother and sister. My brother, going to the window, by his exclamations of wonder and surprise attracted my mother's attention, who immediately knew what occasioned them. It was the sight of two strange-looking men on horseback; my mother knew at a glance that they were the much-dreaded Indians; so, locking us in the house, she went out to meet them. They were half civilized, but wore the full dress of the savage. They were begging, and insisted on coming in, but my mother ordered them off. After consulting together for some time, they rode away.

"The Indian was not an imaginary danger, for there were but few families that had not fled from their homes at some time or other and found shelter along the river banks until the savages had passed; then they would return, to find everything of any value stolen, and their horses and cattle killed. Those who did not succeed in escaping were scalped and murdered.

"After a few years had passed without any visitation from them, the settlers began to feel secure, and some of the men ventured to spend a few weeks each fall hunting buffalo, whose dark flesh when well prepared would tempt the most fastidious epicure, but my mother would never taste it, because it was too closely connected with the remembrance of the fearful Indian.



"There were no churches in Salina at this time, and Father Fogarty said Mass once a month in the old Court House.

"A few years later the Catholics succeeded in building a comfortable brick church on the corner of Iron Avenue and Ash Street, and it remains but little changed to-day. Father Fogarty was succeeded by Father Wibbert, through whose efforts a school-house was built, and a few years later the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth were engaged to teach in it.

"Shortly after their arrival in Salina, the right reverend Bishop honored the little city by a visit. We were still at that time living in the country. One summer morning, my mother, dressed in the typical dairymaid's costume, was churning some cream, when a carriage drove up to the door. We soon recognized our beloved Bishop, then a young and handsome man, accompanied by Rev. Father Cunningham, Rev. Father Wibbert, and Mr. W. R. Geis. After a short but pleasant visit, his Lordship gave us his blessing, and I did not see him again until I was confirmed.

"The Sisters were a very welcome addition to the inhabitants of Salina. The actions of children generally show the sentiments of the parents; the love and reverence with which the Sisters were regarded is expressed in the following incident.

"At church, one Sunday morning, a little girl got into the Sisters' pew, whether accidentally or intentionally is hard to say; however, when the Sisters came in, she was much frightened, for she had never been so near one before.

"After her courage returned, she moved up gradually to the nearest Sister, and almost holding her breath, laid her hand upon the coarse black habit, feeling that if she was not really in heaven, she was at least beside one of its inmates!

"When she went home, she tried to describe the Sister's dress, but got very much bewildered among the folds of the

full skirt with a tuck, the apron without a tuck, the loose sleeves half as long as the apron, the cape half as long as the loose sleeves, and the sunbonnet that looked like a little emigrant-wagon on top of all. This costume she thought the most beautiful she had ever beheld in her ten years of existence, but little dreaming at the time that she also, in eight years, would be wearing the habit she so much admired, that of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth."

The Sisters have now been stationed in Salina for nineteen years, during which time two Sisters have died, Sister Agnes and Sister Justina. The latter is buried there.

In 1881 a parochial school was established at St. Mary's, Kansas. The first house occupied by the Sisters served the triple purpose of dwelling, class-room, and music-room. The original colony were Sister Columba Normile, Sister Alexia Schiffbauer, Sister Sophia Fallon, and Sister Euphrasia McCann. Soon a larger house was purchased, and this too was used as a residence and a school. Still more room was needed and two more class-rooms were built. In 1891 another class-room was erected for the higher grades. In 1892 two of the rooms were placed under the control of the Public School Board, and the Sisters teaching these grades receive a portion of the public school fund.

On August 15th, 1894, the corner-stone of the present fine school building was laid, and by December of the same year it was ready for occupancy. It is a two-story stone building. The lower part is divided into six large class-rooms and two offices. One of these offices is used by the Father who presides over the school, while the other serves as a store-house for the books used by the school.

The upper part consists of a Chapel, which is used during cold weather, a hall with a seating capacity of six hundred, and a stage fitted up with all the modern improvements of scenic decorations. The building is heated by steam.

In front of the building, in a niche in the second story, is a large and beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart. Our Lord seems to have blessed this school in a special manner. Devotion to the Sacred Heart has been spread far and wide. To foster and promote this devotion, the Communion of Reparation has been established, and many zealous and pious Catholics have been chosen or have volunteered to act as promoters in this noble cause.

In the years 1895 and 1896 St. Mary's was visited by that dreaded scourge, diphtheria. These are years that will be long remembered in the history of the place. Many happy faces are missed in the class-room and home, many cheerful voices are heard no more, but their sweet and guileless souls are with Him who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

The community in 1879 was still struggling under the weight of the crushing debt.

Sisters were kept abroad begging—sometimes successful, at other times distressingly unsuccessful. Two Sisters, Sister Mary Baptist and Sister Mary Pius, were sent to Ireland, where they remained four or five months. Unfortunately, but one letter, which has already been given, with reference to their stay, is left, and the only other reminder of their trip to “the land of their Fathers” is the handsome statue of the Blessed Virgin that adorns the niche in front of the Academy, of the part that was once the Chapel, but which is now the studio. This statue was the joint present of a reverend Carmelite Father and Miss O’Connor, both of Dublin.

Sister Francis Xavier and Sister Mary Celestia were sent to Texas, and another famous beggar, Sister Jane Frances, with Sister Helena, was sent to California. From Texas there are no accounts extant, but some of the letters from California have been preserved.

“San Francisco, California,

“May 7, 1879.

*“Dear Mother Josephine:*

“We left Laramie April 15th, at 5 p. m., and arrived at San Francisco on the 18th. The evening of our arrival was very gloomy—the rain was falling heavily and a dense fog covered the bay. When we got to Oakland, I had a violent headache and a worse heartache, at the thought of being nearly a thousand miles from home, and that we did not know the face of a human being in this distant land. I just thought my poor old heart would break—that was three weeks ago, and yet it is not broken, and the prospects are

that it will last as long as 'little Janey' does, and Sister Helena assures me that I will live to be the age of Methuselah; she says those people that are always complaining generally live beyond a natural lifetime.

"As we entered Oakland, I turned to Sister Helena with eyes full of tears, I was so blinded I could scarcely see, and said, 'Oh, isn't that a wide river!' but on second thought I knew it was the San Francisco Bay. I will not attempt to describe my feelings when we got into the boat to cross over to the city. The boat was very fine and crowded with passengers. I tried to look at each one, to see if there was not a face I knew, but there was not one to recognize the poor Kansas beggars—alas, not one! I think it took us twenty minutes to cross the bay.

"When we arrived at the city, we took a 'bus, and, according to Sister Joanna's suggestion—which was, as we were entire strangers in the city, that we should stop at the best hotel in the place, and then seek a lodging with some good family—we drove to the Occidental Hotel. We were shown to a very grand room. I said to Sister Helena, 'We are all right to-night; what will we do to-morrow?' She replied in her light, cheery way, 'Why do you worry? we have a fine room, hot and cold water, all the necessaries for one comfortable night's lodging. You are always borrowing trouble. Remember the old saying:

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,  
And every grin, so merry, draws one out."

After our three days and nights traveling, let us take a rest. God will provide for the morrow. Anyway, Sister Jane, it is a long time since you had such a fine carpet under your feet; you ought to make hay while the sun shines. Go to sleep and forget your woes.'

"To be candid, your poor Sister Jane never did sleep in a grander room, but that did not prevent her relapsing into a fitful slumber, disturbed by dreams of being left entirely alone, and waking up unrefreshed, notwithstanding all the

splendor of the surroundings that met her awaking gaze in the charming morning that succeeded the past day's gloomy weather.

"Our bill for room and breakfast was four dollars—that was not much for wealthy beggars! An hour later we started out in search of the Bishop's residence, for another meal at the hotel would leave us absolutely penniless.

"On our way we met a lady who accosted us, saying, 'Sisters, are you going to the fair?' Without replying to her question, I asked another, 'Is it for the Bishop?' 'No,' responded the lady; 'it is for the benefit of a new Order he is trying to establish.' She asked us to accompany her; this we did, thinking thereby we might meet someone who would take us to the Bishop's residence.

"There were beautiful and costly things at the fair; among them was a doll dressed as a bride, valued at a thousand dollars. Immediately upon our entrance a lady came forward and said in a very polite manner, 'Sisters, I see you are strangers here; where is your home?' When the kind lady thus addressed us, and I remembered our friendless, penniless, unprotected situation in this immense city, my eyes were ready to overflow. Sister Helena told her our sad story. We asked her if she would accompany us to see the Bishop. She said she could not refuse us.

"We arrived at the Bishop's palace at 10 a. m. This was Saturday, and it is a custom on this day of the week for the poor of the parish to come for alms which the Bishop distributes with his own hand. We took our place among the other poor suppliants of his Lordship's bounty. There were benches ranged around the sides of the room, which was a spacious one. We were there about half an hour, when Bishop Alemeny walked in—a second Mother Xavier, with his little slippers on, and his white habit. He is not much taller than Mother Xavier, and very slight.

"He went around the room, addressing a few words to

each one. I had palpitation of the heart when he neared the place where we were standing to receive him. When he perceived our habit, he took us into an ante-room and asked a few questions. I gave him our Bishop's letter, which he read, and, without making a single comment, left the room. You will remember, dear Mother, that I said we got there at 10 a. m. We expected his Lordship to return every minute. We waited until two o'clock, when we heard him coming downstairs. The lady, who was still with us, said, 'The Bishop goes every Saturday afternoon to the Mercy Hospital; you had better speak to him before he goes out.' I told her, 'No,' that we would endeavor to see him at another time.

"It was now after two o'clock, and we were obliged to seek a lodging for the night. The lady would have taken us with her, but she had no accommodations to offer us.

"She suggested that we go to the Sisters of Charity, who, she supposed, would willingly give us hospitality. We found the place, but the lady was mistaken in the supposition that we would be received. The Superior said, 'No?'

"We then went in search of the Mercy Hospital, which was a long distance off, our 'good Samaritan' still our guide. The first word I said when we reached the Hospital was, 'Is Bishop Alemeny here?' 'No; he left about ten minutes since.' We then asked for the Mother Superior. She was absent, but her assistant came and welcomed us in a manner that gained our hearts 'on the spot.' It was now near nightfall, and we had not broken our fast since morning; neither had our kind companion, who now left us, seeing we had secured a safe harbor for the night. We had no thought of making this our permanent abode while in the city, for it was too far out from the business portion.

"On Monday morning, our dear Mother Assistant got us each a companion for the day's tramp. Our first attempt was to secure a lodging-place, and Sister Helena was the lucky one. She met Mrs. Jordan, whose husband's brother

lives in Leavenworth. Sister asked her if we could stay with her while we were begging in that part of the city. She said we would be *welcome*. How *lucky* we were! I never met a nicer person nor a kinder one than Mrs. Jordan is. We told her of our reception by Bishop Alemany. She said, 'I will go to see him. The Vicar General is a weekly visitor here. Unless you have permission to beg, you will be denounced from every altar in the city. The Bishop has instructed every priest in his diocese not to allow any Sisters to beg.'

"Mrs. Jordan saw his Lordship that same evening. I asked her the result of the interview. She remarked that she was sorry she could not go round with us, as she was acquainted with so many of the wealthy families. It seemed from this only bit of information we got about it, that the Bishop had not approved of our begging, but had not in reality forbidden it. This we were certain was the case on the first Sunday we spent with Mrs. Jordan, for she sent her children to the different churches to see if the respective pastors said anything of the *Kansas beggars*; James was sent to one church, Joe to another, Gus to another, Peter to another, Venie to another, Gertie to another, and Mr. Jordan himself went to another. No mention was made of the beggars, and Mrs. Jordan said, 'You are now safe to beg while you are in the city.'

"We are indeed happy to have met this charming Christian family, where we are made to feel that we are conferring a favor by putting them to so much trouble, as we necessarily must be doing by our frequent comings and goings at any hour of the day that suits our convenience, not theirs. Mr. Jordan was wealthy at one time, but has met with reverses which have reduced his fortune to moderate circumstances. Mrs. Jordan does not seem to regret it; she said when speaking of their financial losses, 'Sister, I do not regret what we have lost, except for Mr. Jordan, who feels it deeply on account of the children, who have not been



accustomed to want the least thing without its being immediately supplied.' Mr. Jordan, every Sunday morning, would call each of the children, beginning with Venie, the eldest, to whom he gave ten dollars to do with as she pleased, and to the rest according to their ages. Venie, who is as lovely a girl as I have seen in my travels, said, 'The loss of fortune is the best thing that ever happened to us; it brings us nearer to God. We have good health, we are all together, and I think we have every reason to be happy.'

"We have been installed here now for nearly three weeks. On Sunday, the single day on which we do not beg, is the only time we have to converse with Mr. Jordan. We have dinner at four; last Sunday we sat at the table talking until *eleven*, when I said, 'Mr. Jordan, it is time for us to retire. He rejoined, 'Sisters, it is early yet. I think you might spend a little time with us; you know we see you so seldom.'

"It was nearly twelve o'clock when we got upstairs. When we reached our room, there we found *grandma*, Mrs. Woods, the mother of Mrs. Jordan, waiting for us, who said, 'Well, you poor Sisters! you must be very tired; those folks downstairs are very selfish to keep you up so long, but I must have a little talk yet. I wish you would tell Mary (that is Mrs. Jordan), that Joe walked up the street the other day with a young Jewish girl; it is too soon for a lad as young as he is to have such notions in his head.' We consoled the dear old lady, who remained for half an hour longer, leaving us with the assurance that her mind was relieved about Joe; that it was no use for her to tell his mother anything about him, but she knew she would pay attention to what the Sisters would say. But Joe will never suffer from what *we* will tell on him, for he is one of our devoted friends and we scarcely think he could do wrong; any way, not in walking up the street with the pretty young Jewish girl.

"We have also met another kind family, who lay claim to us, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, who live in an opposite direc-

tion in the city; they say their home is ours whilst we stay here, but, God willing, I will tell you of them in a future letter. As this is so long, I will add no more, only to say that I have not had a headache since I last wrote, and that Sister Helena's health is all that could be desired. The money that we have collected we will send you on the 17th of this month."

"San Francisco, California,

"August 11, 1897.

"Dear Mother Josephine:

"Our hearts were wonderfully cheered yesterday by your encouraging words and the assurance you give us that *the debt* is decreasing slowly but surely; this remembrance will console us in all the weary steps we are compelled to take.

"I write to you to-day from our second home in San Francisco, Mr. Johnson's; the family, at present, consisting of himself and wife—they have a married daughter, who lives several blocks from them—and surely in this case do 'two hearts beat as one,' for whatever one says, the other endorses. They are well-to-do in this world's goods, pious and charitable. They call us *their children*. We have been to so many places to beg since we last wrote you a long letter, and Mrs. Johnson insists that we rest for two days at least, before we go elsewhere. I will devote part of this time to write to you more in detail than I am wont to do. We have been to Oakland, San José, and other places in the last few weeks. On our arrival in Oakland we went direct to Father Gleason's house. When we told him we were from Kansas, he said, 'O, that is the *grasshopper* country. I have read much of their invasion of that State, and I wondered if the accounts were true. How did they come?' I told him, 'In swarms, like a colored snow-storm.' I then recounted the trials and tribulations of my adopted State. During the recital I saw the tears running down Father

Gleason's checks. I stopped my narration, saying the half had not been told. The good Father expressed much sympathy. He gave us a five-dollar gold-piece, and then accompanied us to the Sisters of Mercy; he told Sister Angela, who answered the door-bell, to be very kind to us, we had a very hard mission, and said in leaving, 'Sister Angela, treat them well,' and, giving us his blessing, left us.

"Sister Angela, excusing herself, went upstairs, leaving us sitting in the hall; she returned in about half an hour and said, 'Sisters, I think you had better go home; the Catholics here are very poor, and I believe the best plan for you is to return to your Mother House.'

"Fancy our surprise at the unexpected address! However, our opinions *disagreed*, and a very lively dialogue ensued, conducted by Sister Angela and myself, Sister Helena being the very interested audience. Sister Helena said as we left after the dialogue concluded, for Sister Angela had followed us to the gate, 'Sister Jane, for such a delicate little woman you have a very strong tongue.' 'Why did you not assist me?' I asked her; she replied:

"Those who in quarrels interpose  
Must often wipe a bloody nose."

"Providence, as usual, befriended us. Immediately on leaving the gate we met a lady who accompanied us around begging; we were through by noon next day.

"We went next to Father King's parish; he was not at home, but one of his parishioners volunteered her services, which we thankfully accepted. When Father King heard of what this lady had done, he sent for her and gave her a sound lecture for her generous conduct. As it was on Saturday that all this happened, we did not know of it until our return to Oakland on Monday morning. We went to our home at Mrs. Johnson's in San Francisco to spend Sunday.

"We had not finished begging in Father King's parish, so on Monday morning we went back. We could not imagine what was the matter; people stared at us so, and we

heard someone say, 'There go the impostors; they had better leave the place at once.' We met a friend of ours, Mr. Toohey, formerly of Leavenworth, who said, 'Sisters, I felt so bad that I could not go to work this morning until I had seen you to tell you what has happened.' We were all anxiety to know what it could be. He said, 'Father King denounced you from the altar yesterday.' We asked him what Father King said. Mr. Toohey answered, 'These were his very words: "There are two women here dressed in the garb of religious. I know not whence they came nor whither they are going. *Give them nothing.*"'

"This was said at eight o'clock Mass. Mr. Toohey and Mr. Gallagher, another Leavenworth man, immediately after Mass called on Father King and assured him that we were not frauds, that we were personally known to them, and begged that our denunciation should not be repeated at High Mass. It was not repeated, but what had been said at the first Mass spread like any other contagion; hence the strange looks that greeted our return to Oakland. We told Mr. Toohey that Father King had only done his duty; that we had not met him as yet, but that we would go immediately and present ourselves.

"Father King received our explanation very coolly, and, seeing no good was to be accomplished by a longer stay, we begged his blessing and left, determining that, after we had thanked Mr. and Mrs. Toohey for their kindness to us, we would leave the city. As we were standing at the door, saying some farewell words, Mrs. Toohey suddenly exclaimed, 'O, Sisters, do you see that old woman, Mrs. Donohue, on the other side of the street? She has been all over the neighborhood to-day, talking about you; she is making a very unfavorable impression on outsiders.' I said to Sister Helena, 'Come, let us run after her.'

"Off we started. When she saw us approaching, she went into a grocery store, which we also entered. She escaped our view. I asked the grocer, 'Where is Mrs. Dono-

hue?" 'She has just run out of the back door,' he replied. We followed her, overtook her at her own door, and entered with her into her house—where we were all three glad to rest after our journey, which, though not long, had been very rapid. After we got breath, I asked the astounded woman what object she had in trying to injure us amongst her neighbors. 'Shure,' she said, 'and didn't the priest from the altar say ye were impostors?' We could not so much blame her, for she firmly believed that what Father King said from the altar was gospel truth. After a little stay, we parted good friends, but she said hereafter she would look, so to say, before she leaped.

"We went from Oakland to San José, where I must say it was a *real pleasure to beg*. When we presented ourselves in the first place to the parish priest, our reception was all that we could desire; he said, 'Sisters, do what you can with my blessing.' Was not that *refreshing*, after our late experiences in Oakland? The Father told us to go over to the Sisters of Notre Dame and tell them he sent us to ask hospitality whilst we remained in San José. If we had been their own Sisters, they could not have treated us more cordially; everybody was kind; a lady, Mrs. Donnelly, a friend of the Sisters, sent us around in her fine carriage with two spirited black horses and her own coachman.

"The two Kansas beggars put on lots of airs, for that day at least. We went first to the business places, where we were treated with much civility, especially at the banks, where great commiseration was expressed for the sufferers in the grasshopper country. They also expressed great sympathy for me, I look so little, black, and thin! Sister Helena said to me confidentially, 'They little know how well you are able to hold your own. No woman, if she weighed five hundred pounds, could get ahead of you.' It amuses her to listen to all the pity lavished on me, when she is daily much more exhausted than I am by our tramps.

"If we could go flying around the country begging in a

fine carriage like Mrs. Donnelly's, you would see two fresh, stont Sisters returning to you, instead of the two thin, slim ones that left you now nearly three months ago.

"On the day of which I am speaking we collected more than we had for the last week—it was on the Feast of my patroness, St. Jane Frances de Chantal. We met a Methodist preacher in one of the banks, who gave us ten dollars in gold; another man gave us a *penny*, we thanked him kindly, and told him that was *quite a help* to feed the hungry, give drink to the thirsty, and clothe the naked!

"From San José we went to Gilroy. Just as we arrived at this place, an old lady got on the track; she must have been deaf, for every one was endeavoring to warn her of the impending danger, but in vain—the train ran over her, mangling her body frightfully. The sight unnerved us for the day, and the remembrance of it seldom leaves our minds.

"We went to see Father Hudson, who, upon reading our Bishop's letter, said, 'Yes, you may beg.' Then, meditating a few minutes, looking fixedly at one of the corners of the room, he frightened us badly by unexpectedly saying, 'If you beg in my parish, or in fifty miles of it, I will denounce you from the altar. Now, don't dare go any place—leave at once; but if you will get permission from my Bishop in Los Angeles, I will do all I can for you and I will tell the people from the altar to do the same'—and all this in one breath, while Sister Helena and I sat spell-bound at the sudden 'changes of base.'

"Now, Los Angeles was a long way off, but, long or short, the Bishop must be seen. There was no train going to San José that night except a freight that did not leave until nearly six o'clock. It was now two o'clock. At six we boarded the freight train; I suppose you know how fast a freight train travels, when it is laden with hundreds of animals, but *beggars* must not be choosers. When we arrived at San José, we had great difficulty in getting into the Convent, as it was so late.

"Next morning we went to San Francisco and took the ship, or rather the ship took us to Los Angeles. Sister Helena was very sea-sick, so was I, for two hours. It was my first trip on the ocean; how I did enjoy it, especially the rocking when we got into our berths that night! I asked Sister Helena if she remembered her mother rocking her in the cradle. '*No, she did not,*' she managed to say in the crossest of voices. I said very gaily, for I had now entirely recovered from my spell of sea-sickness, '*Well, you will not forget this rocking.*' Poor Sister Helena made no rejoinder, and this was proof positive that she was too sick to speak, for she seldom allows *me* the *last word*!

"We got into Los Angeles at half past one, and went straight to Bishop Mora's house. If he is not an *angel*, I do not know where you will find one on earth! As soon as he had read our Bishop's letter, he endorsed it, telling his priests to give us permission to beg, to do all they could for us, and to see that we were well treated, and that in every place where there was a Convent, there we must lodge, and that the Sisters must be very good to us, as we were *far from home*! As school-girls say, wasn't he '*too sweet* for anything?' Sister Helena and I felt like kneeling down and kissing the hem of his robe! If I were an artist, I would like to draw his portrait—he has the expression of a *holy saint*. His diocese is a very poor one; Mexicans and Indians, many of them living in adobe houses; they are more of a responsibility than a help to this holy Bishop.

"We stayed with the Sisters of Charity, who were as good to us as their saintly Bishop desired them to be. We remained there ten days, and succeeded moderately well. Our next destination was Santa Barbara, where the people were really poor, so we did little in the way of begging. Here we saw the adobe monastery of the Franciscans, looking fully its age of centuries. We begged in all the little towns off the coast—that is, when it was worth doing so.

"When we got to Monterey, the priest was not at home.

The housekeeper, who seemed to be a very clever woman, said we could beg, for she was certain if the priest were home he would give us permission, and that he would not be home for three or four days. Next morning we went to the Church to say our prayers; a number of persons were congregated there for the same purpose. The first thing I saw on a side altar was a statue of the Infant Jesus with something resembling a *stove-pipe hat* on its head; it covered its eyes and nearly its nose. We learned afterwards that it was a silver crown a lady had given out of devotion to the Divine Child. I do not think I ever laughed more heartily in my life than whenever I would look in that direction. Sister Helena whispered to me to stop, that those good people would think we were frands; and they were really watching us very closely. The people began to get nearer to us. Sister Helena said, 'It is time to go; we will be arrested.' When we left the Church, she gave me a curtain lecture; she said, 'Now, didn't I tell you those people were watching us? Should they send for the sheriff, then what?' She talked, as usual, so rapidly that I made no attempt at excusing myself, but indeed she laughed herself just as much as I did. We told the housekeeper when we went to breakfast, and she said those people were all Spanish and very devout, and that it was out of respect for the religious habit that they wished to get near us. It did not take us long to get through begging in Monterey. The people are poor and the place dilapidated, with its old abode houses crumbling to pieces.

"One day whilst here we were invited to dinner by a very good Spanish lady. She said to us, 'Sisters, you must dine with me to-day, for I am sure you never ate a Spanish dinner.' She lived in an adobe house of eight rooms, all on the same floor. The rooms were tastefully furnished. The dinner was excellent; the lady said, 'This dinner is cooked in one pot.' In that pot were potatoes, beans, corn, carrots, cabbage, onions, and beets; they were cooked with fresh beef, very fat, which seasoned the vegetables just to my



taste; I never enjoyed a dinner more. Sister Helena speaks of it as 'the *one-pot dinner*.'

"From Monterey we returned to Gilroy in triumph, and, as you may easily imagine, Father Hudson was much taken aback when we were ushered into his presence. I am confident he never expected to see our fair faces again. However, he kept his word and was very kind, introduced us to some influential Catholics, and soon—as in San José—we were behind a dashing team, flying around the country, which was *beautiful*. One day the driver said we had gone over fifty miles. At this second trip to Gilroy we lodged with the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart. Their habit is purple, odd, but quite pretty. Their Mother House is in Spain.

"From Gilroy we came here, where Mrs. Johnson literally received us with open arms, and declared that here she would keep us until we had rested and regained strength.

"This time she has more sympathy for Sister Helena than for me, for she says if I am able to write such a '*furious long letter*,' I must not have been very much fatigued. As it is, dear Mother, I have omitted many little items of interest that I would like you to hear, but if I wrote them, Mrs. Johnson would indeed have reason to complain of me. I must spend some time with her before we start off again, which, if she will allow us to depart, will be the day after to-morrow.

"Sister Helena says to me, 'What *do* you find to write about, that you make your letters so long?' I felt like replying to her in the words of a well-known author, 'I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry, "*'Tis all barren.*"' California has not been barren to me—I would love to write to you about so many things of which I have not spoken, but I must not fail to tell you about the birds, the *meadow-lark*, *linnet*, *quail*, and *robin*. The wheat-fields here are vast in extent and glorious to behold, and it is said that these birds when flying over them sing, 'More wheat,' 'Sweet wheat,' 'Big wheat,' and 'We'll eat the wheat.' And it would

delight me to tell you of the exquisite flowers we have seen, and some pine-trees whose boughs drooped with a peculiar 'Lapland grace' that was indescribably pretty; but I will force myself to stop. When I will have time and opportunity to write another such 'furious long letter' I do not know, but I will, as usual, God willing, let you have a few lines weekly, and write in detail when I can."

"San Francisco, California,

"January 3, 1880.

*"Dear Mother Josephine:*

"On the first of this month we sent you the money that we collected in the last three weeks; you will be apt to have it by the time you receive this letter.

"We have asked subscriptions as yet from only one millionaire. We saw Mr. Flood at his own house. Oh, what a strong, large, red-faced man he is, such a specimen of bodily strength! I told him we were begging, and for what; he said he would not give anything; that he did an amount of charity at Christmas, and that was enough. I said, 'Will you not be kind enough to give five dollars?' He answered, 'No; not a penny will I give you.' This was at Menlo Park, his country residence, or which will be, for it is not quite finished. Every pipe that conveys water through the house is solid silver. He has only ten millions lying in the bank-cellar in San Francisco; so, of course, the poor, good man could not well afford to give the Kansas beggars a penny.

"The day before we made this application, Sister Helena said to me, 'Well, Sister Jane, how will you carry away all the money you will get to-morrow? You might as well take along an express wagon. Never mind, our begging days will soon be over, if we can only beg from a few millionaires. The first thing we will do when we get this big donation, will be to throw away our two little bobtail cotton umbrellas, and get silk ones with nice long handles. Surely Mr. Flood will not offer us less than five thousand dollars.'

"We still have our weather-beaten, bobtail cotton umbrellas. The Sisters at home little know what the poor beggars have to suffer. When I am Mother Superior, which will be the day after never, I will send every Sister on her turn to beg, commencing with the Superiors, to let them learn by experience, and to let them see how the two classes of people are divided in this world, the rich and the poor, to see the generosity of each. The rich man will close his hand on his dollar, while the poor man will give *half* of his.

"While I have the time I must tell you of our adventures in Sacramento and Grass Valley. When we arrived in Sacramento it was very warm. When we got off the cars there was such yelling! each hack-driver trying to get passengers for his particular vehicle. I never heard such confusion; I thought they would take us body and bones, and throw us into all their hacks. We were glad when we at last evaded them, for we felt that really we could not afford to ride, as long as we were able to walk, for lately we have been finding it quite difficult to get a dollar.

"We had a long distance to go, but we screwed up our courage and started off, leaving our valises at the dépôt, to find the priest's house, which was a great way off, as we discovered to our cost. When we got to our destination we presented our Bishop's letter. Father McSweeney said we might beg, and directed us to where the Sisters of Mercy lived, and oh! we were so worn out when we got to their place, that had they not received us most kindly, as they did, we would have sat on their porch, anyway, for we were too fatigued to take a step more.

"No sooner had the Sister Portress notified the Superior that two poor Kansas beggars were at the door asking hospitality, than she herself came to welcome us, and then hastening away, returned in a few minutes bringing a tray on which, on removing a snowy napkin, we found a cup of Irish tea, some buns, fresh butter and fresh oranges—this as a preparation for our supper. We were soon refreshed,

as much by the motherly goodness of the Superior as by the much-needed nourishment. We took our meals in the Sisters' refectory, and were treated as if members of the Order.

"Before supper we went into the city and secured the services of a young lady to accompany us next day. The Sisters were glad to see us back, and wished us much luck for the morrow. We were enjoying ourselves in the community-room, when the door-bell was rung. It was a note to us from Father McSweeney. We both instinctively felt that it contained no good news for us. The note read thus: 'Sisters, the permission I gave you at noon I withdraw. You cannot beg here. Now, you must leave; the sooner the better for you.'

"There was no further enjoyment for us that evening. After we went to our room, Sister Helena would occasionally break forth with, 'I wonder what got into the priest?' 'Why did he give permission and then withdraw it?' We at last put on our *thinking-caps*, and concluded that, as Father McSweeney was only the assistant, he had given the permission supposing it would meet the approval of the pastor, who, when we spoke to Father McSweeney, was in Virginia City. The pastor, we presumed, had returned and had told Father McSweeney that we could not beg. Still we were not exactly satisfied as to how matters were.

"Next morning we asked our kind Mother what it all meant. She said, 'I do not know what to think; it is very strange. We think he is very holy, a second Saint Aloysius.' I said, 'I don't think Saint Aloysius was so changeable, to give permission, and before half a day was passed to take it away again.' We bade the Sisters good-bye and went to the house of the young lady whose services we had bespoken the evening before. We had not been there long when, as at the Sisters,' the door-bell rang. Sister Helena and I had a presentiment of what it was. The young lady left the room and returned shortly to hand us a

note, saying, 'Father McSweeney sent this.' This was a piece of gratuitous information.

"The young lady again left the room, when Sister Helena turned to me and said, 'Well, Sister Janey, what will we do now? Where will we hear Mass Sunday? to-morrow will be Saturday.' I replied, 'Wait until we hear what the note says.' 'Well, don't be so slow; let's hear what's in it.' Without any unnecessary courtesy, the note was: 'Did you get the note I sent you yesterday? I told you to leave the city. I tell you again, leave the city at once, and if you do not, I will denounce you from the altar if I see or hear of you any more.'

"Now, surely enough, what *were* we to do? Sacramento was in the diocese of San Francisco, and there was no train going to Grass Valley that morning. Sister Helena, as usual, to relieve her overcharged feelings, began to catechize me: 'Well, now, Sister Jane Frances, what *will* we do? If he were a Saint Aloysius, we could go to see him, but he is not, and it would not be wise to attempt the experiment, he might have us arrested.'

"After we had gone to our room for the night she began, 'What about our valises?' These, you remember, we had left at the dépôt, and that was two miles distant. I said to her, 'O Sister Helena, do go to sleep!' 'I cannot sleep until I know how we will get our valises in time to reach the train to-morrow.' I tried to console her by saying that it would not be much loss if we never got them, and I added, 'You told me the other day that I talked too much, and now *you* will not let me go to sleep.' She replied, 'Turn about is fair play, and I would have been asleep long ago, if you had not kept answering me.'

"The first thing in the morning we told the young lady that business called us from the city, for she had besought us to remain with her at least over Sunday, and we did not like to tell her the contents of Father McSweeney's note, and asked her if she would be kind enough to send for our valises

from the other dépôt. For fear of any mistake, she ventured to go for them herself.

"Our train left at nine o'clock; it was now eight. We went to the dépôt and got there about five minutes before the train came puffing up. We had given up all hopes of getting our luggage, when, just as we were entering the car, our old familiar valises were handed to us, and at the same time the young lady who had brought them slipped a gold-piece into my hand, the whistle blew, I shrieked, and so did Sister Helena, 'Thanks!' at the top of our voices, to this charming young guardian angel.

"Now, where did we go? Back to Frisco, of course; to Mrs. Jordan's this time. On entering the house Sister Helena said, 'Here you have the beggars back again; you will never get rid of us; it seems we are really attached to you. I wish you were not so kind to us; I fear you will have to keep us. Sister Janey won't last long anyway; then we will just throw her into the ocean, where she will be only a bite for the big whale; I saw one the other day—I mean the bones of a dead one; they would make fine side-posts for gates; I think they were fourteen feet long.' So she went on in her gladness at being out of reach of Father McSweeney's little communications.

"All were rejoiced to see us again so soon, but their joy was dampened when we told them that this time we could only stay a day—that is, over Sunday; but promised to take New Year's dinner with them if we possibly could do so.

"On Monday morning we started off for Grass Valley to see Bishop O'Connell. His Lordship received us kindly and without any hesitation gave us permission to beg; his diocese is poor and it did not take us long to complete our work. Here we lodged with the Sisters of Mercy. To the people we were quite a curiosity as coming from the *grasshopper country*; the usual exclamation was: 'O, I would not like to live in such a God-forsaken country; it seems there is a curse on it—grasshoppers, droughts, high winds, and cyclones!

How can you Sisters live in such a country? why don't you move away?"

"In a short time we were back in San Francisco, where we have now been for over a week, repairing our sadly tried garments, and recruiting for our anticipated incursion of Nevada. O, how we do dread it! As the angel said to Elias, 'Arise and eat, for you have still a long way to go,' so I said to Sister Helena the other day—she says she is very obedient about the *eating*; we had our Christmas dinner with Mrs. Johnson and New Year's dinner with Mrs. Jordan, and here have remained since; this is now the third, and on the fifth, if nothing unforeseen occur, we will bid *farewell* to our dear benefactors. We feel both glad and sad; glad to think that time is bringing us nearer home, and sad to leave our true and tried friends whose houses we have made our own for nearly a year. May our Lord shed His choicest blessings on them on this earth, and may the joys of Heaven be theirs—this is the very heartfelt prayer of Sister Helena and myself. To-morrow we go to say farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. *Partings* are very sad affairs!

"Dear Mother, you might next address us at Virginia City, Nevada. I will write as soon as possible after we get there.

"Good-bye for the last time from the land of Gold."



ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL, LEADVILLE, COLORADO.



## CHAPTER XXX.

On January 20, 1872, a young clerical student was on his journey to Denver, Colorado, to be ordained on the coming morrow. He was from Salem, Lake County, Illinois. His name was *Henry Robinson*. On the train also were two Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kansas—Mother Xavier and Sister Joanna, who were on their way to the same destination, called there on business connected with the projected hospital in that city. The young cleric was most favorably impressed by their appearance and deportment, and resolved that when he had a parish of his own and should require the aid of Sisters, he would endeavor to obtain a colony from the community to which these two religious belonged; at this time he did not even know the name of the community.

Rev. Henry Robinson, after his ordination, remained in Denver, assistant at the Cathedral, until September, 1874. In 1873 the Sisters of Leavenworth opened their hospital in that city, and the newly ordained priest was frequently called there to minister to the spiritual wants of the sick and suffering. It was only a few days after his arrival in Denver when he met at the Bishop's residence the two Sisters whom he had seen on the cars, and he was pleased to learn that one of them at least was to remain in the city.

Sister Joanna had observed this young priest at her first meeting with him, and shortly after remarked to Mother Xavier, "That newly ordained priest intends to *spend himself* for the honor and glory of God. I trust the Bishop will moderate his zeal, or I fear he will lose his health, and he is *worth saving*."

When Bishop Machebeuf decided to send Father Robinson to Fairplay on a mission, the people of the Cathedral

parish, to whom he was much endeared, made a strong resistance to any such step, and the night that Father Robinson was to leave Denver crowds of men surrounded the Church until twelve o'clock, declaring that he should not leave the city for the purpose of going on a mission to any other place. Father Robinson reasoned with them until he persuaded them to retire to their homes, and the next morning he was on his way to Fairplay, his first mission in Colorado. Here he started a church right in the midst of the mountains. He also administered to the spiritual, and not unfrequently to the temporal, wants of the few and scattered Catholics in the surrounding counties. In California Gulch, now Leadville, there were but two Catholic families. Mass was first said there in the old *Star* House.

In 1876, Father Robinson removed to Alma, and in 1878 was stationed in Leadville. Here he put up a frame church. This was the first church of any denomination built in Lake County, and it was located near the smelters in the lower part of the town. When the Sisters opened a school in Leadville in 1882, this building was removed to the upper part of the city and used for some years as a school-room for the *minims*.

Two Sisters from Denver, Sister Francis Xavier and Sister Apollonia Rohr, were, in the summer and early fall of 1878, collecting for the benefit of their hospital. They had finished their work in Fairplay, and had decided to go to California Gulch to collect, if Father Robinson would allow them to do so. "Tom" Starr, known to every one as a generous young miner, offered to take them across the Mosquito Range in his own conveyance, and, if they could not collect, he would bring them again to Fairplay and they could then beg in the adjacent places.

They started early in the morning from the hospitable little mining-camp and arrived late in the evening at the pastor's residence in California Gulch. They found the residence of the pastor to consist of two very small rooms

back of the very small Church, built in a grove of pine-trees, and indeed all they could see around the Church were mountains bleak and cold, and pines in all directions, and under them wagons, full of people, with others swarming around, "as thick as grasshoppers," as Sister Francis Xavier said. She was lately from Kansas, the land of grasshoppers and cyclones, so the comparison came readily to her mind.

When the Sisters entered the priest's poor little reception-room, they found him at home, to their great satisfaction, as they knew he had many outside missions, and that frequently he was called far into the mountains on the occasion of accidents in mines, or sickness in the families of his parishioners.

Father Robinson willingly granted them permission to beg in the Gulch. In the course of the conversation, he casually mentioned that he was to have a fair the following week. Immediately on hearing this news, the Sisters declared that it would not be just that they should collect at that time, as it might interfere with the success of his fair, but Father Robinson insisted that they should collect, and, sending for Miss Anastasia McCormick, with whom he took his meals, he put the Sisters in her charge for the night, and next morning secured a guide to conduct them through the camp. But Sister Francis Xavier determined that they would not spoil the success of the intended fair, so she insisted that the young lady accompanying them should bring fair tickets and sell them on the way. This was done, and many were purchased before they returned from their quest.

Although Sister Francis Xavier had some experience as a traveler and had been in many mining-camps, she had never yet seen such a busy scene as that she witnessed in her one day's tour of California Gulch. Men literally lined the whole length of Chestnut Street, the only one at that time—men with picks and shovels, men without picks and shovels, men hurrying excitedly here and there, men every-

where. It is told that sometimes the crowd going to the postoffice was so dense that persons having good locations in the line could easily secure from one to ten dollars by giving way to some one else. Money was plentiful, and it was well that it was, because not very long before this date flour was brought from South Park by men on snow-shoes, and sold for eighty dollars a sack, and even at that price it was "as welcome as the flowers in May."

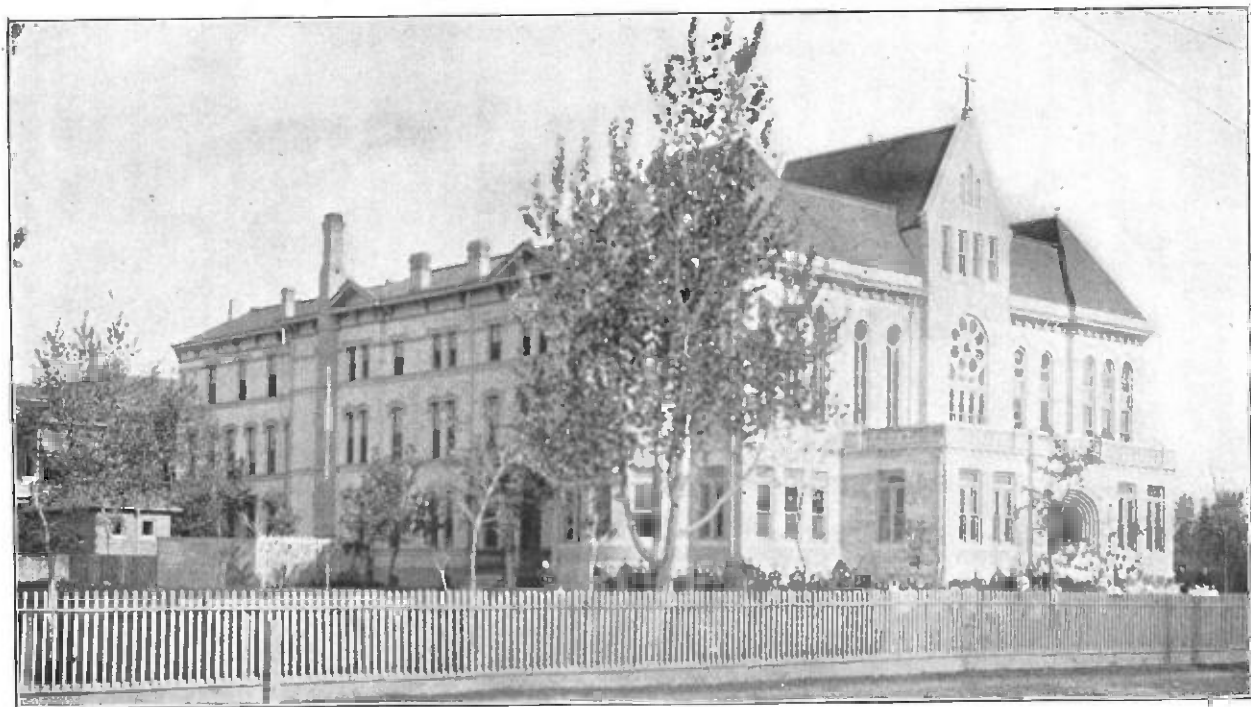
Now, money was needed at every turn, and it was still plentiful; houses were scarce and people paid as high as one dollar per night for the privilege of wrapping up in their own blankets under shelter.

The miners received the Sisters' call most gladly, and were generous in their contributions, expressing a wish that the Sisters would build a hospital in their midst. One superintendent, when giving his contribution, said, "If you come to live amongst us, I will make this donation a hundred-fold." Others made remarks to the same effect.

On their return, the Sisters told Father Robinson of their success, and of the wish for a hospital expressed by the miners. No serious attention was paid to it at the time, as it seemed an improbable event, for the place was so drear, communication with the outside world so difficult, traveling most of the way being then by stage-coach or private conveyance. Provisions were dear, and lumber for building houses nearly impossible to obtain for love or money.

Their mission in the Gulch completed, the Sisters thanked Father Robinson for his generosity, and early next morning were waiting for Mr. Starr to call and take them back to Fairplay. They waited in vain until it was quite late in the day. When he did appear, Sister Francis Xavier said to him, "It is a certain truth that you are not the *morning star*; you appear *too late*." "I am a *Starr*, all the same," he pleasantly rejoined.

After the departure of the Sisters from the Gulch in September, the miners did not relinquish the desire they



DENVER ORPHANAGE.

had expressed of having a hospital and placing it in charge of the Sisters of Leavenworth. The physicians of the place were also desirous that their patients should be in such careful, tender hands, and wrote petitions to that effect; hence it happened that the improbable really occurred, and that the Sisters took up their permanent abode in this world-famed mining-camp. Father Robinson, to whom the miners spoke of their ardent desire to have the Sisters among them, also applied to the Mother House, and three Sisters were sent to Leadville, *the City of the Clouds*.

The Sisters in Kansas knew something already of the charm and wonders of Colorado, but the story of Leadville, the Magic City, sounded to them as of the time when "Islam prated of Genii's might," so unreal did it seem; but when it is remembered that in Colorado there are seventy-two mountain peaks over 13,500 feet above sea-level, yet unnamed; 500 lakes, though not large, yet all gems of exquisite crystal purity, surrounded by majestic pines, that see themselves forever reflected in their azure depths; green foot-hills and greener meadows, with flowers unrivalled in hue and fragrance—and all this under a marvelous sunshine, for six months in the year equal to that of Italy, though world-wide and far-famed, we do not wonder that one is reminded of the days when "Islam prated of Genii's might," and this is especially true of Leadville, the City of the Clouds, the Magic City, the Bride of Snow—

"High on the mountain's bosom born,  
Bride of the snow, whose childhood's morn,  
When years have scanned thy waning prime,  
Will seem as story of mystic time,  
When Islam prated of Genii's might  
And fortunes gathered within a night."

In the "early days," as old miners still love to call the time when, after the Pike's Peak excitement, they ventured yet farther into the fastnesses of the mountains, amid matchless scenery, was found what they called California Gulch, in later years Leadville, *the City of the Clouds*.

In this marvelous country, on the western slope of Mosquito Range and almost on the summit of the Continental Divide, was *gold* found in such abundance that ten thousand fortune-seekers made their way to this almost inaccessible mining-camp in an incredibly short space of time, and from its placer mines they washed millions of dollars. This was in 1860, and for some years following, but the ten thousand gold-seekers discovered that this precious metal was to be gained at a great sacrifice, frequently of health, and at that time, on account of the lack of railroad communication, of their dearest affections—home and friends; so many, from time to time, forsook the mountains and returned to the plains and fireside delights. In a few years this famous camp was abandoned save by a few of the less fortunate, who lingered to try to see if at last they also could not win a smile from fickle Fortune. Through the Gulch ran a little pearly stream, and on its banks dwelt the few remaining miners in cabins constructed with their own hands. Occasionally they tried their "luck," and at last Dame Fortune *did* smile upon them, and in one single summer the few cabins by the side of the brook were replaced by a city of twenty thousand souls.

One famous mine alone, the Little Pittsburg, gave fortunes to many adventurers, who were replaced by others who had heard of the marvelous wealth contained in this mine. Mine after mine was discovered, and it may, with truth, be said of this Magic City, that she is

"A city on a mountain throne  
With vaster wealth than ever shone  
In India's lap—peerless, alone.  
From the cold womb of Certainty  
Born in a day, an hour, we see  
The marvel of a century."

This city looks upon the grandest scenery in the Rocky Mountains, upon the beautiful Valley of the Arkansas, and sees the sun setting over the Wasatch Range and the snow-capped peak of Mount Massive; but in those days of fever-

ish excitement, few stopped to admire the surrounding landscape with any other object or interest in view than to find the precious metal; to find *gold* was their thought by day and their dream by night.

The hardships and cruel sufferings connected with this mad search for fortune can scarcely be conceived, but that there were intense hardships and frightful sufferings is proven by the fact that such urgent appeals were sent for nurses for a hospital.

The three Sisters selected for this mission were Sister Bernard Mary Pendergast and Sister Crescentia Fischer from the Mother House, and Sister Francis Xavier, who was at that time in St. Joseph's Hospital in Denver.

The two Sisters left home the 15th of December, 1878, intending to join Sister Francis Xavier in Denver, where preparations for the new foundation were to be made, and they were to start for Leadville the day after Christmas.

In the meanwhile urgent appeals came to hasten the coming of the Sisters; miners were sick and dying, with no shelter, and no one to care for them. And until the Sisters were on the spot, no attempt would be made to commence the hospital; as yet even the site for the building had not been selected, and would not be until the arrival of the Sisters.

Sister Bernard Mary, who was to have charge of the intended hospital, did not much relish the prospect, and, though regretting the sufferings of the miners, was not anxious to leave Denver, as long as a laudable excuse presented itself for her to remain, so much did she dread the anticipated burden of so unpromising a mission—no house, no furniture of any description, bed-clothing to be made, and the means for all this had to be collected!

Still more letters were received from Leadville with painful accounts of the sufferings of the miners, and saying, "Come as soon as possible," and a day was appointed for the Sisters' departure. The evening before they were to start a



dispatch was received from Father Robinson saying, "Come immediately." They were ready to leave.

The next morning snow covered the ground to the depth of two feet on a level, and in many places was drifted as high as a man's head—the gate of the Hospital was invisible, completely covered with snow. Traveling was an impossibility for that day, and proved to be the same for three thereafter.

In the meantime the Sisters were not idle; they continued making bed-comforts, which they were to take with them. Sister Bernard Mary seemed to enjoy these few days' respite from the coming trial, and could not conceal her satisfaction that the "kind snow" had given a little time of grace.

The Sisters pitied her, but at the same time they knew she was equal to the task; hence they decided to perpetrate an innocent joke at her expense.

They prepared a telegram purporting to come from Leadville. The third evening of their enforced delay, the door-bell was rung, and the Sister Portress came in shortly after with a dispatch in her hand, which she handed to Sister Benedicta, the Superior of the Hospital. Sister Benedicta glanced at it, and, handing it to Sister Bernard Mary, said very gravely, "Sister, this dispatch is for you."

Sister Bernard Mary immediately saw that it was from Leadville and that it read as follows: "*Sisters not wanted*," signed, "*H. Robinson*." "Not wanted' indeed!" she said. "Very consoling news after all we have gone through, traveling, worrying, sitting up late and early to make bed-clothes to cover the poor and the sick, and nearly breaking my head and my heart to resign myself to the thought of going, and here to be told in plain English, 'Sisters not wanted'! Well, *wanted* or *not*, we'll go, because we are *sent*. What *will* Mother Josephine say? '*Not wanted*' indeed! We'll start to-morrow, please God, and see *why* we are 'not wanted.' What have we *done*, I want to know, that we are 'not wanted'? I

will dispatch right away to Father Robinson and tell him why we were not in Leadville at the appointed time."

She turned to Sister Benedicta, whose cheeks were wet with tears, but not of sorrow (though Sister Bernard Mary thought they were), and said, "Please to send word to Shugrue [the man of all work at the Hospital] that I want him to go in town to the telegraph office."

Taking a slip of paper and standing by the window, she began writing; presently she turned to Sister Benedicta and asked, "How do you spell *inclemency*? I am so nervous I can scarcely spell *cat*—'not wanted,' and pray why?"

The dispatch was written telling Father Robinson that it was owing to the inclemency of the weather that they had not been in Leadville at the time requested, but it never went farther than the *front hall*, where the Sisters were awaiting its reception.

This happened in the early evening. After supper, Sister Bernard Mary expressed her desire for the night to pass quickly, so that they could start on their journey; no one so anxious as she to get off! A Sister expressed her surprise at Sister Bernard Mary's anxiety to leave Denver, she who had been so loth to go; then she heard "the tale of the dispatch," which she already knew much better than Sister Bernard Mary.

As the Sisters came into the community-room that evening, each one expressed sympathy at the relation of the news contained in the dispatch, and each one advised her to start bright and early next morning to see why the Sisters were "*not wanted*."

But before night prayers they revealed to her that the Sisters *were wanted* in Leadville. At first she was disinclined to credit what they told her, but at last was convinced they were in earnest. She admitted to the Sisters that the shock of even believing for a moment that the Sisters were "*not wanted*" had effectually cured her of any disinclination to go where obedience had directed her.

The next morning the Sisters left Denver, taking with them several boxes and bundles of things that they knew could not, at that time, be obtained in Leadville. For seventeen miles they went in the cars, where they found they were to have a traveling companion in the person of ex-Governor Evans, who was to go as far as Fairplay on their route. This was a pleasant surprise, for he was an old friend of Sister Francis Xavier, and not only a friend to her, but a benefactor to all the Sisters in Denver. There was also a Mr. Smith, who owned the coach-road on which they were to travel to Leadville.

At the end of their short car-journey they took the coach, which was very tightly packed with other passengers, and the Sisters' boxes and bundles (as usual!).

They continued to travel until nine o'clock at night, when they stopped at a wayside inn, the driver being unwilling to trust his horses in the darkness through the deep and drifting snow.

After breakfast next morning, the coach with its passengers and freight started off again. The passengers were bundled in blankets and buffalo-robcs, and even then scarcely kept from perishing with cold; the wind blowing a stiff breeze and the snow drifting mountains high. That evening the driver stopped earlier than usual, at another inn, where there were also some hunters, seeking shelter from the extreme cold. Every one in the house welcomed the Sisters with delight, and wanted them to remain until the weather had in some degree moderated. But, however agreeable this would have been to the Sisters, they were compelled to decline remaining any longer than the following morning, when the snow was so very deep that the coach had to be abandoned and a wagon-bed on runners substituted in its place, and six mules were harnessed instead of the six gallant grays of the days previous.

Into this conveyance the same passengers and freight were deposited, with much contriving as to how it would

contain all that was required of its capacity. After a last cup of coffee handed to the Sisters as they were starting, the wagon with its heavy burden was ready for the road.

The Sisters were encased in buffalo-robcs, as were the other passengers, and their heads covered with blankets. There was a fine drifting snow, with the sun peeping out, cold, clear, and bright. The sled proceeded miles and miles without a human habitation in sight, only mountains and snow!

Poor Sister Bernard Mary's newly found courage and determination nearly deserted her on this third and last day. Sister Francis Xavier said to her, "O, do not keep your head covered up; do look around and about. Isn't this scene glorious! Just think, this land is full of gold!" But she could inspire no enthusiasm in the breast of Sister Bernard Mary, who thought that on her side silence was the better part of valor. She felt really as if she were out of the pale of civilization; she had never thought or dreamed of such a journey as she was then making; as she said afterwards, her feelings were indescribable.

At seven in the evening of this third day, the sled drew up near the little church in the pine grove; a light was seen in the distance through the trees; it was the smelters.

Sister Bernard Mary had asked several times in the afternoon of this day, "Are we nearly to Leadville? Can we see the city from here?" and questions to this effect. When the driver reined up his team and said to the Sisters, "Is this where you want to stop?" pointing with his whip to the small frame building, and Sister Francis Xavier said, "Yes, this is the place; but first go to the door and find out if Father Robinson is at home," Sister Bernard Mary thought she was under the illusion and delusion of a dream; if this *was* Leadville, where was the city and where were the people?

The driver went to the door, rapped, and entered. In a few moments he returned to the sled and said, "Yes, Father

Robinson is at home; but he is sick. He says for you to come in."

They entered the house and found Father Robinson, pale and emaciated, wrapped in a buffalo-robe, and sitting by the side of a drum-stove, which had in it a stick of wood, much too long, for half of it appeared outside the stove door. On the stove was a small tin bucket of water. This much the Sisters took in at one glance.

Father Robinson was not able to arise, but bade the Sisters be seated, after first having them to order their bundles and boxes brought inside the room. He was just recovering (indeed, it did not appear that he *was recovering*) from a spell of pneumonia. The Sisters regretted that they had to disturb him, for they saw that he was still very ill. They wished to go immediately to their own dwelling, but there was none for them. A roomy log-house had been bespoken and promised, but the occupants were unwilling to keep their promise of relinquishing it on the arrival of the Sisters.

Miss Anastasia McCormick, learning that the Sisters had arrived in the camp, hastened to see them and to inform Father Robinson that she would take care of them for the time being. Accordingly, requesting the Sisters to follow her, she conducted them to the St. Nicholas Hotel, in charge of her sister, Mrs. Killduff. Here they remained for five weeks, treated as most honored guests, and would have continued in the same place, but Mrs. Killduff was called away from the city, when Miss Rosa Graham claimed them as her guests until the Hospital should be completed.

Sister Bernard Mary soon discovered "*where* were the people." The evening of their arrival, on the way to the hotel, to her surprise, she found people everywhere, on the road, on the street, in the hall of the hotel, on the stair-steps leading to their room, which was on the second floor, overlooking the street, and she heard the sound of their voices coming from a distance on the clear night air.

The site for the Hospital was selected on what is now

known as the corner of Tenth and Hemlock Streets, trees cut down, and work begun. It was a barren spot, nothing to be seen around but pine stumps and sage-brush; but, afar off, were to be discerned, in the west, across the Arkansas Valley, the snow-covered peak of Mount Massive; to the north Homestead Peak, and to the south Mount Sheridan. But at this time this was not an interesting view to the Sisters, for they had been fully satisfied with their trip from Denver to Leadville, and would not have regretted never to have seen mountains or snow again.

The men engaged in the building worked with a will, but it was difficult to obtain lumber. In the neighborhood three saw-mills were in constant operation, but, as fast as the planks were finished, they would be claimed by men standing waiting for them, who, without saying, "Can I have these?" would lay down the price and carry them off in triumph.

The remainder of January passed and part of February and the Hospital was nearing completion; the Sisters went every few days to see the progress that was made, and at last, towards the close of February, they promised themselves that in a few weeks they could take up their abode there.

On the first of March the bouse was under roof, but as yet there were no doors nor windows. The Sisters had been as usual to see the progress of the work, and were preparing to leave the building, when their first patient was brought in and laid on a pile of shavings at their feet. The Sisters told the man who had brought the sick man that they were not prepared to receive patients, that the Hospital had as yet neither doors nor windows. But they were talking to deaf ears, for the man replied he would leave him anyway, as he might as well die *there* as on the street.

This event happened towards night-fall. The Sisters resolved immediately not to leave the Hospital, but, begging some of the workmen who were around the house to board

up the windows in the room in which the sick man lay, they then and there inaugurated the work of St. Vincent's Hospital, which has now been continued unremittingly for eighteen years.

Upon investigation they found that their enforced patient had been frozen crossing the Mosquito Range, and that there could be no hope of his recovery; still they resolved to render his last hours as comfortable as possible. A stove was put up in the room intended for the kitchen, which the workmen had also boarded in when they learned that the Sisters were to remain permanently, and here soon a tea-kettle was singing merrily! The Sisters swept up this room, and also that in which was the poor frozen man, whom they had taken from the shavings and placed on a mattress. Luckily, they had most of the furniture for the Hospital already in the house.

But they had no lamp and no provisions in the house. Father Robinson was notified of the condition of their patient, and he came immediately to offer him the consolations of religion. With him came a young man, who went away again as soon as he saw the state of affairs, and returned with Miss Anastasia McCormick, who did not come empty-handed, but brought a lamp, some sugar, tea, eggs, crackers, butter, potatoes, and a loaf of bread.

By the time Father Robinson was through his visit to the sick man, the Sisters had prepared a cup of tea, boiled some eggs, and very politely invited him "to stay and take tea." This invitation he accepted, though the Sisters thought he did so to encourage them under the circumstances. Seated on a nail-keg, he accepted the cup of tea from the Sisters, and also an egg presented on the lid of the tea-kettle, with a slice of the loaf of bread, which he had to cut with his own pen-knife.

Such an unlooked-for beginning of the Hospital! The Sisters were somewhat timid about remaining in the house without lock or key, but Frank Wheatley, the young man of

whom we have spoken, assured them that he would remain up all night and be around the city, and that others would also do the same, so they need not fear.

After the departure of Father Robinson and Mr. Wheatley, the Sisters, after attending to the wants of their patient, brought some mattresses into the kitchen, and about midnight complete silence reigned over St. Vincent's Hospital.

The next morning the Sisters were bewildered when they first awoke and found themselves barricaded in the room, but they soon discovered they were in *Leadville*, for there was their old familiar friend, the *snow*, which had drifted through the crevices of the planks nailed up in place of windows.

Arising, and offering up this day's work in the new Hospital, and of all the days that should ever follow within its walls, to the honor and glory of God, and invoking the intercession and assistance of their powerful patron, St. Vincent of Paul, they commenced the duties of the day, and it proved a busy one. Workmen were engaged to put in windows and hang up doors; partitions were made, separating the rooms into wards and private apartments. These partitions were made with canvas or thick paper, and served their purpose for many a day.

The Sisters had contrived already to secure some things necessary for the use of the Hospital, but still many useful articles were lacking. *Daniels & Fisher* had lately opened a supply store in *Leadville*, and to them the Sisters applied from time to time for what they needed, but generally without success, transportation was so difficult. The reply to the demand usually was, "We haven't it to-day, but expect it to-morrow or the day after, or next week, or surely *pretty soon!*"

When it was rumored abroad that the Hospital had a patient, others came to join him, and in a short time the house contained at one time twenty-seven measles patients,



and this before the Sisters were fairly initiated in their work.

When Sunday came, Sister Bernard Mary and Sister Crescentia went to the first Mass, as Sister Bernard Mary was not able to fast so long as Sister Francis Xavier. But as it was, she returned from Mass with a violent headache, and when Sister Francis Xavier returned from the late Mass she found Sister Bernard Mary added to the list of patients, and a very sick one, too. She remained ill for two or three days, and the two Sisters were left alone to wait on over thirty persons, all confined to their beds, and needing hourly attention day and night.

Their first patient had died, "thankful to die with the Sisters," as he said just before drawing his last breath, and in less than two weeks four more had passed away, but all the patients with measles recovered, and some of them had already left the Hospital. Their places were soon occupied by others.

At the end of a month the Sisters were nearly exhausted. They had written home for assistance, but as yet none had been sent. *Three* was a very inconvenient number of Sisters for the Hospital, for sometimes it was necessary for a Sister to go into the city on business, and as the rule does not allow a Sister to go abroad alone, what was to be done? Two Sisters could not be spared from serving the sick, and so it was decided to get some person in the neighborhood to accompany a Sister when it was necessary to leave the Hospital.

There were not many families in Leadville in 1880. It was nearly an impossibility to get any one to accompany the Sisters, but they discovered that one of their neighbors had a little boy, six or seven years of age, and they decided to secure his attendance.

One day the services of the little boy were asked, so his mother sent him to the Hospital, then he and Sister Francis Xavier sallied forth and went a long distance. Sister Fran-

cis Xavier noticed that the child eyed her very keenly, as if she were a great curiosity, and so she was to him. As they were on their way home he saw some other little boys in an alley playing marbles, and he cast longing, lingering looks in their direction. But Sister began to try to interest him by asking questions about the city, when suddenly, pointing a little finger towards the Hospital, the cross of which was only visible, said he, "There's your house; you are big enough, you can find your way," and he hastened off to make a party at the marbles.

The Sisters still slept in the kitchen on the mattresses, which they put in the corner of the room during the day, as every available bedstead was in use for the patients. One morning, after they had gone to rest very late, Sister Francis Xavier was the first to awake. She had been up some time, made a fire, put the kettle on the stove, made preparations for the week's washing, then begun making the bread which had been "*set*" the night before, and still Sister Bernard Mary and Sister Crescentia sweetly slumbered. At last she said, "Sisters, get up; this bread has more religion than you have, for it would have been down to the Church by this time if I had only opened the door for it"—the dough had raised out of the dish in which it had been set and was running down the sides to the floor.

That day was more laborious than any they had yet had, and nine o'clock that night found them still preparing supper for the patients, when, just as they were as busy as they could be, a knock came to the back kitchen door and a man came in, saying he had two more patients out in his wagon, two ladies. Sister Bernard Mary said to him, "Why did you bring them here? you know there is not another bed in the house for a man, much less for two ladies. Why did you do such a foolish thing? you knew better." But the man persisted, and said they wouldn't stay any other place and he *had* to bring them, and with that he went towards his wagon with a lantern, and Sister Bernard Mary, who was really

vexed at his obstinacy, was standing ready to receive and to tell them that there was no place for them, when she perceived that the "*two ladies*" were Mother Josephine and Sister Martha!

As the novelists say, "we will draw a veil" over the scene that followed! In all Leadville there was not a happier house than the Hospital of St. Vincent that night.

Mother Josephine had been on a visitation to the foundations in Montana when she received the appeals for help in Leadville. She hastened her departure and determined to visit Leadville before she would return home. She remained some days, during which time she proved such an excellent nurse that the patients were sorry to see her leave. Sister Martha was left, and Mother Josephine also promised that as soon as possible she would send two more Sisters.

Sister Martha had not been long in Leadville when she had a serious spell of illness; so the poor Sisters would have been badly off indeed for help, but there happened to be in the house five good men with broken legs, who were just able to hobble around, and they, seeing how hard the Sisters had to labor, offered their services, being willing to do anything in their power. From that time forth, as long as they remained in the Hospital, they peeled potatoes and washed the dishes, which was a great help to the Sisters.

On Fridays, Father Robinson was accustomed to say Mass at the Hospital. One Friday, shortly after Mother Josephine's visit, he did not come as usual, but the Sisters concluded that he was away on a sick-call and thought it nothing very extraordinary. Late in the evening Dr. Heron came in and said to Sister Bernard Mary, "You are strange Sisters of Charity, letting that poor priest lie there all day suffering without any one to offer him a drink of water." This was news to the Sisters. Two of them immediately started off to see what could be done for his relief.

They found Father Robinson seriously ill, so ill that they feared the worst. They sat up with him for some

nights, and would have had him removed to the Hospital, but they feared that, in his weak condition, he would not be able to stand it.

A priest from Breckenridge took his place for two Sundays, and on the second came to the Hospital as a patient himself. He had not been in his room very long, when a man came into the lower hall saying, "Sister, I am very sick." Sister Bernard Mary invited him into a room and told him to be seated in a rocking-chair until a place would be prepared for him. She went out, and, meeting Sister Francis Xavier, told her she thought the man ought to be anointed, that he had not long to live.

When Sister Francis Xavier saw the man, she thought there was no immediate danger; said he was tired—he had walked from Fryar's Hill, a distance of nearly two miles; but Sister Bernard Mary insisted that he ought to be anointed. They spoke to the priest, who told them to bring the man to his room. This they did by drawing him along in the chair. They left him with the priest, who heard his confession, and, after some time had passed, called the Sisters in and told them to make preparations for anointing the man. Sister Francis Xavier assisted in making everything ready, and then went to rest for awhile, as she had sat up the night before.

Two hours after she awoke, and the first question she asked of Sister Bernard Mary when meeting her was of the miner from Fryar's Hill. Sister told her that his body was at the undertaker's. Sister Francis Xavier said, "O, that cannot be so! you mean he is gone to his mine." But it *was* so, for the man had died in the chair just a few minutes after receiving the last rites of the Church!

By the time Sister Martha had recovered, the number of patients had increased to sixty-five, and they were usually very ill when they came or were brought to the Hospital, for it was with reluctance that a miner would lose a day from the fascinating employment of looking for gold, or, by

this time, rather for *silver*, for it was the immense *silver* properties of the ore which first attracted capital to Leadville and made a city of a mining-camp.

Already in 1863, while California Gulch "was yet disgorging its golden treasures, the miners were impeded in washing their gold by a heavy sand, porphyry and spar, which, upon scientific investigation, was found to contain silver; and Leadville was soon pronounced the greatest *silver* camp on earth."

It was found impossible for the four Sisters to do the work required of them; and it was noticed that the health of Sister Bernard Mary was much impaired. Help was summoned from the Mother House, which sent Sister Anastasia Vasey and Sister Mary Marcelline McGrath to their assistance.

Sister Marcelline has written her impressions of those busy days:

"There was a great amount of work to be done; there were sick people in every corner of the house—in the halls, because there were not rooms enough, and on the floors, because there were not beds enough; yet all deemed it a happiness to be under the same roof as the Sisters and to be the recipients of their careful nursing. Poor dying men would beg, when they had heard there were no more beds, 'O Sister, for God's sake, take me in; let me lie on the floor; let me die with the Sisters. I'll have to die in the streets if you don't take me in.'

"The house was then about half its present size; it could accommodate seventy-five patients, though one hundred were then crowded into it; it was hut partly built, merely weatherboarded, with canvas, calico, and heavy paper tacked on the scantling, thus dividing it into rooms and wards.

"This period is known among the Sisters as 'the time of the canvas or calico walls,' and these had many inconveniences, as may readily be imagined. As soon as possible the building was enlarged and improved and made more

comfortable; but this was later on. Money was then no object among the miners, who were only too glad to give, and to see a hospital rise in their midst, where they knew they would be cared for in case of accident or sickness.

"There were also some desperate characters in Leadville. Their chief occupation seemed to be *lot-jumping*, at which they were experts, nor did they spare the Sisters. One morning when the Sisters arose, a small log-cabin was seen in their yard; it had been built during the night; at another time a frame house was erected on another part of the premises, this also was done under the cover of darkness; but the authorities and chief men of the city pursued the evil-doers and stopped their proceedings. It is indeed 'an ill wind that blows no one good'—the log-cabin served the Sisters for a laundry, and the frame building as a house in which to lay out the dead of the Hospital. Things then went on quietly for a time.

"As soon as workmen could be procured, it was thought best to fence in the hospital property, so that no further invasions might be made, but here again another trouble arose. Some parties living near by fancied the Sisters were enclosing more ground than was their share, and that they were infringing on what would prove, later, to be the public street. These parties took the law into their own hands and tore down the fence by night; next day the workmen rebuilt it, but again, at night, it was torn down, and again rebuilt, and finally the parties had the audacity to tear it down in open daylight, in defiance of the workmen and the Sisters. This conduct aroused the indignation of the good people of the city, so the men banded themselves together and resolved to guard the Hospital, day and night, if necessary, and to shoot down the first man who dared lay hands on its property.

"They guarded it for three nights; the first was the worst. Fancy the alarm and terror of the Sisters when the men said they would *shoot* any one! the Sisters begged and

implored them not to do so; they even begged Father Robinson to remain at the Hospital while they were there, to prevent them from shedding the blood of any one. The men then said they would shoot to frighten, but not to kill. The first night they did shoot a man who was in the act of tearing down a fence. It was, however, only a slight wound in the leg. The Sisters, of course, had him taken into the Hospital and nursed him unto recovery. He became a changed man and was ever afterwards an ardent supporter of the rights of the Sisters. This shot put an end to all interfering with the Hospital and its belongings, and things went on harmoniously after that.

"The number of patients continued to increase, and, as a matter of course, the number of Sisters had to be augmented in order to be able to carry on the work; they labored hard, late and early, day in and day out, but they were compensated for their labors in knowing that they were instrumental in drawing many souls to God. How many there died a happy death, who had not been to the Sacraments for years; many, too, entered the True Fold at the eleventh hour, and, receiving the Sacrament of Baptism, never lived to soil the whiteness of their robe. Wonderful are the ways of God!"

Still other Sisters were summoned to aid the six hard-workers at St. Vincent's, but the discomforts of traveling had been materially lessened. The Denver and Rio Grande, the pioneer railroad of the section, had in 1880 made its advent in the City of Clouds, and the journey from Leavenworth to Leadville could be made with ease in thirty-four hours.

In 1881 Father Robinson replaced the little frame church near the smelters by a large brick structure, built on the corner of Seventeenth and Poplar Streets. This church, owing to its location, has the highest steeple in the world. In 1885, the great bell, weighing 3,626 pounds, was purchased. "It was christened 'St. Mary,' and given a posi-

tion 10,825 feet above sea-level. From its lofty throne it invites saint and sinner to come and adore the Lord, their God."

About this time Father Robinson was impressed with the necessity of a school for the children of his rapidly increasing parish, and 1882 saw a new building on Ninth and Hemlock Streets, consisting of two large rooms below, and four larger ones above, completed for that purpose.

Three Sisters from Leavenworth were summoned to conduct the school. They were Sister Joseph Dugan, Sister Mary Clare Bergen, and Sister Theodosia Rolfe. They resided with the Sisters at the Hospital.

When it was announced in Church that the Sisters would open school the next day, the children, with all the faith of their ancestors, went to the public schools, of which there were three, demanded their books, and left. Every Catholic child withdrew from the public schools and went to his "own" school, as that conducted by the Sisters was called, and assuredly each and every one must have thought he owned it, from the noise made on entering the hall of the building.

The attendance the first day was two hundred and fifty, and it continued to increase, so that in November another Sister came from the Mother House, and even four Sisters were scarcely sufficient for the number of pupils. Additions were made to the building, which is of brick, and it now contains twelve spacious, well-lighted apartments, with music-rooms attached. At this date (1898) there are nine class-teachers, and two music-teachers. The school is open free of charge, even to those of a different religious belief.

The year 1893 is a memorable one for St. Mary's School, as it marks one of its most noteworthy events—namely, the reception of the diploma and medal awarded the pupils' work at the Columbian Exposition.

Sister Bernard Mary's health having visibly declined, she was relieved of hospital duty and returned to the



Mother House; her place was taken by Sister Mary Bridget O'Rourke, whose name, as it is said, "is so associated with St. Vincent's that the mention of *one* suggests the *other*."

Shortly after this event, Sister Francis Xavier was called to Denver, where an orphan asylum was in contemplation, and her services were needed to secure means for the erection of the building.

In 1896 occurred the great Leadville "lock-out and strike," which lasted for months. This unfortunate state of affairs had not affected the even tenor of the school nor of the Hospital, until the night of Sunday, September 15th, the Sister staying up with the sick at St. Vincent's heard a terrible explosion, which shook the City of the Clouds to its foundation, rocky though it be, and shots fired in quick succession told of a riot in progress. The other Sisters needed not to be awakened. Sleep visited few pillows that night.

A dense cloud of smoke rolled from the direction of the *Coronado mine* on Seventh Street, and the city was a lurid flame.

This mine, after having been inactive for some time, had recently begun work with non-union labor, and the *Miners' Union* had not seemed to resent it.

Soon there was hurrying to and fro, people fleeing for their lives from the vicinity of the burning mine, and from the shots fired in all directions.

In the early dawn, one of the victims of the night's frightful work was brought to St. Vincent's badly but not fatally wounded.

The city was in consternation, fearing that the worst had not come, but by noon of that day the militia were in possession of the city and the mines, and order, for the time being, was restored. Still there remained an ill spirit, for it was said by some that the *Miners' Union* had burned the *Coronado*, and repetitions of like scenes were anticipated.

This suspicion, for suspicion only has it ever remained, created a still greater division between the opposing par-

ties; but, thank God! these evils were averted, and to-day peace again smiles upon the city.

Father Robinson was spared the sight of these divisions in this city, to the happiness and prosperity of which he had given the days of his early prime. In 1890 he had been appointed Vicar General in place of Rev. Father Raverdy, lately deceased, and was called to reside in Denver, the episcopal city of the diocese.

Many changes have occurred since the impromptu opening of St. Vincent's Hospital, eighteen years ago, but every day the Sisters are greeted by the fair face of the friend whom they met upon their entrance into Colorado—the beautiful snow! In the month of June, 1894, there was a heavy storm, and as two of the Sisters were making their way through the snow-drifts to the school-house, a gentleman from across the street called to them, "Sisters, I wish you a *Merry Christmas!*" and might have added, "and a *Happy New Year!*" for the snow remained on the ground for over a week.

The Sisters have never for a day regretted their advent into the City of the Clouds, and, having been resident here for so many years, its prosperity is very near and dear to their hearts. They sympathized with those who suffered during the never-to-be-forgotten great strike, and they now rejoice that an era of prosperity is again reigning in the land. After the struggle was over, from every silver camp in the State men with pick and shovel started out on a prospecting tour, and *new gold* fields were discovered, but *silver-mining* will never be abolished.

A late Fourth of July orator said, "Leadville is bounded on the north by the north pole, on the south by the torrid zone, on the east by an era of *silver prosperity*, and on the west by an illimitable *golden eternity*;" and another said, "*Mines* may come, and *mines* may go, but *Leadville* goes on forever!"

## CHAPTER XXXI

Prosperity was bestowing its brightest smiles upon the Leavenworth community, the branch houses were in a flourishing condition, the health of the Sisters excellent, the Novitiate contained a goodly number of aspirants, when a sad misfortune suddenly and unexpectedly fell upon the Mother House.

It was the evening of the Feast of the Sacred Heart, Friday, June 16, 1882. The pupils of the Academy had finished their examinations. On the ensuing week the Commencement was to take place, when four young ladies, all of Kansas—Miss Millie Bennett, of Columbus; Miss Mary Brogan, of Hartford; Miss Maggie Dugan and Miss Ella Murray, both of Leavenworth—were to receive their diplomas.

The day had been unusually warm and all had noticed the oppressive and sullen stillness of the air as night came on.

Few of the Sisters slept or rested, whilst those who did, by eleven o'clock, overcome by fatigue, succumbed to a deep sleep, from which it is difficult to arouse.

Mother Josephine was amongst the wakeful ones. She stood at her window with bated breath and with steady eye gazed upon two funnel-shaped clouds which met and burst with a furious roar—fiercely marched the direful storm king from north—northwest, armed, and fully equipped for war, bringing lightning, wind, and thunder; the nearer he came, the more rapid his strides; oft and oft he lassoed the main tower with lightning's noose, and thunder, such as is rarely heard, answered peal upon peal, until whirlwind, that dreaded ally, with cyclonic rage, came to reinforce, and with one fell stroke crippled beautiful, beloved Mount St. Mary's.

The Chaplain, Rev. Martin Huhn, occupied a house about fifty yards from the Academy. He heard the fearful crash made by the falling tower, and, not knowing what it was, immediately ventured forth into the fierce storm to offer his priestly assistance, for he feared that many had been wounded, as at a glance he discovered that part of the Academy had been unroofed.

The workmen of the place also hurried to offer their aid. They had observed the coming storm, being unable to sleep on account of the excessive heat. Upon leaving their house, they saw by the lightning's glare that the main tower of the Academy had fallen and that the rain was pouring into the building.

Sister Louise, the disciplinarian of the boarding-school, had gone into the city that same afternoon and remained over night at the Cathedral School. She did not retire at the usual hour with the other Sisters, but watched the approach of the storm, and saw the lightning strike Mount St. Mary's tower. As soon as she was able to stem the fierce torrents of rain that followed the stroke, and this was not until three o'clock in the morning, she started in town and obtained aid for the disabled Academy, before a word had arrived of the night's fatal catastrophe. In a short space of time the Academy grounds were covered with willing hearts and helping hands.

When Father Huhn and the men arrived at the house, all was silent. The Sisters at the moment the tower fell had gathered in the halls to know the result; the first place visited was the pupils' apartments, to find if they were safe. In the young ladies' dormitory everything was in perfect preservation; the pupils were awake, some standing around the presiding Sister, others kneeling by their beds. The Sisters then proceeded to the small girls' dormitory, and here no entrance could be made, but, on looking up through the transom over the door, the open heavens could be seen!

No pen can do adequate justice to the sorrow expe-

rienced by the Sisters when the fact was disclosed to them that the children, if still living, were imprisoned, with no prospect of release before the coming daylight. It was then about one o'clock.

As soon as the Chaplain appeared on the scene, he made preparations to enter the barricaded room by forcing an entrance through the transom, which was only effected after some time. The men found great difficulty in making the slightest aperture in the débris piled against the door. At last an opening was made large enough for one man, and through this, over mortar, bricks, rafters, and timbers, Father Huhn was the first to venture. As in the halls of the Academy where the Sisters were standing or moving about in perfect silence, and the men had worked without an unnecessary word, so here silence and darkness reigned supreme. The reverend Father carried a lantern in his hand, which he had to manage very carefully, as the storm was still in its fury. He gave all the dying conditional absolution, yet with a fearful heart, for he said aloud, "There is no one alive here!" when Rosa Burke, now Mrs. J. Heavern, of Cincinnati, cried out at his feet, "Yes, *I am alive, Father.*" She was fastened down under a rafter and could not be extricated until next morning, when it was found she was uninjured.

The rain continued to pour in torrents, the lightning flashed, and the thunder shook the building, until towards four o'clock, when there was a lull in the warfare of the elements; and by this time the aid from the city had arrived.

They also worked in silence and with determination, so that, after two hours' hard labor, the timber-barred door of the dormitory was opened and eighteen souls came forth clothed in white robes, picking their way over rafters, stone, mortar, and brick, piled in fearful disorder. Out they came, and each in turn was received as a *lost treasure*. *Four were missing!* Further search was made in the fated dormitory, and their dead bodies found. Their names were: Mabel Mc-

Lanathan, Ida Golden, Annie McDonald, all three of Leavenworth, and Mary Charlotte Austin, of Carrollton, Mo.

Three out of the four had just a few days previous made their First Communion. Little Ida Golden was found as she had fallen asleep when first retiring to bed that night, with her rosary twined around her fingers, but a cruel gash in her forehead and one in her chest showed that her death had been instantaneous. The other three had left their beds and had been killed by the falling timbers.

Mabel McLanathan was crushed beyond recognition save for her long, blonde ringlets, which were filled with blood and mortar. Mabel, aged ten, was small for her age, but was more than simply a sweet child. There were reflected from her infant soul the wisdom of maturer age and the innocence of a babe—her winning ways were as charming to those around her as were those of *Marjory Fleming*, whose name has become a household word since the days of long ago, when she cheered the leisure hours of Sir Walter Scott.

Mabel was very earnest and the force of her pleading ways was seldom resisted. Poor little "Golden-haired Mabel," as she was fondly called, was inconsolable when the other children made their First Communion, and she, not being a Catholic, could not make hers.

The evening of the 16th she asked a Sister whom she met on the pavement, at the side of the recreation-room, to get her a rose from a bush at some distance, to which she pointed. She was remarkably fond of flowers. The Sister replied, "O, Mabel dear, the grass is so damp and I would spoil my slippers." "O, Sister, you could just 'tip' over there—if you *only* knew how I wanted a rose!" The pleading face, the "tip over there," the gesture, were too persuasive to refuse, and the rose was procured at the risk of "the slippers"; still there was an unsatisfied look on her face, and the Sister said, "Well, Mabel, anything else?" "Yes, Sister," and she looked at the slippers; "if I *only* had a rose

for *Mary Charlotte!*" Mary Charlotte's rose too was brought, and, holding them aloft in triumph and admiration, she bore off the prize.

The next day roses from that bush were put in her darling hands as she lay cold in death, in her coffin-bed.

It seemed a greater wonder to every one that eighteen out of the dismantled dormitory were spared than that four were taken, but they were fitted for Heaven and the Master called them thence.

The Sister in charge of the little girls' dormitory was Sister Mary Zita Sullivan, herself formerly a pupil of the Academy. At the first crash, before the final catastrophe, she hurried to awake her charges and put down the windows. She called to the children to come to the east end of the room, as timber was falling by the door, preventing egress. Some followed Sister Mary Zita—there were twenty-two in the room; others were hemmed in by falling rafters before they could answer the summons.

Just as the storm was at the height of its fury and the frightened children were clinging around Sister Mary Zita, one of them exclaimed, "Look! oh, look there!"

We will give the words of an eye-witness of this incident on that memorable night—now *Mrs. Jesse W. Robins*, of *Marceline, Mo.*; then Miss Pearl Talbot, of Albuquerque, New Mexico. Mrs. Robins is a Protestant. She writes under date of January 26, 1897:

"I was awakened by the loud rattling of the shutters by my bed, and sprang up greatly frightened. Seeing Sister Mary Zita at the far end of the dormitory, walking up and down in great distress, I ran to her, asking, 'What is the matter?' She answered, 'A great storm is coming; go back and awake the girls around your bed.' I had just reached Agnes Hannon when a crash came, the building rocked, and then stood still.

"No one knew what had happened, but Sister called us, to come to her, so we ran in her direction. By this time the

roof was off, and the darkness was intense. We knelt down around Sister and prayed for relief and the cessation of the furious storm. The heavens were one mass of flame from time to time, and we thought the house had been struck by lightning. The rain was completely drenching us. Sister counted us and four were missing. She cried bitterly. While kneeling there, one of the girls called out, 'Look! oh, look there!' and right in front of us was a round space cut in the wall and inside of that knelt the Virgin with face upturned and hands outstretched beseechingly toward Heaven. It was a wonderful vision, and one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

"Great was our amazement when, relief coming in the person of Father Huhn, who with a lantern came through the transom of the door, to the top of which the débris was piled, we saw the vision gradually fade away, and in its stead rose the familiar white walls and windows, with not a mark upon them! We were sure there was where the lightning had struck, and hollowed out the space wherein the Virgin had knelt. Back of her we could see the sky one blaze of glory and the great cloud of fire moving over our heads; now all was dark, the only glimmer of light was that from the lantern carried by the priest. He was kind and helpful; and though we had yet to wait awhile in the pouring rain, we waited in hope, for we knew that Father Huhn would do all in his power to have us relieved as soon as possible.

"All the girls were extricated in the early morning except the four dear ones, two of whom were mutilated and crushed almost beyond recognition. We all deplored the sad ending to our hitherto happy school year, and where all had been calm and peaceful, now were sorrow and tears. We broke up at once, no one having the heart to think of Commencement exercises."

A statue of the Blessed Virgin now stands in the spot where the children saw the apparition.

A fact wonderful to relate is, that one of the young



ladies, Miss Rose Guitierrez, of Albuquerque, New Mexico, now Mrs. Thomas Hubbell, of the same place, slept soundly throughout the storm, and awaked quite late in the morning to find herself alone in the dormitory. She had enjoyed a peaceful slumber and awoke refreshed after the previous week's work of examination. Her surprise may be imagined when she saw and heard what had transpired during one sad, fateful night.

No sun appeared to brighten the gloom of the next day. By noon the bodies of the four missing children had been extricated from the ruins and prepared for the coffins which arrived early in the afternoon. The news of the disaster had quickly spread far and near, and people from many directions came to look upon the innocent young victims of the storm's fury.

Where a few days before the sight of budding flowers and verdant trees had greeted the delighted gaze of the coming guest, now havoc and sad desolation met their sorrowing view.

The storm with its dire results had struck terror into the hearts of some of the Sisters. Two in particular were much affected with great fear, and these were Sister Stanislaus and Sister Helena. The Sisters styled them the *Owls* of the Academy, but, unlike ordinary owls, they appeared to sleep neither night nor day—their occupation during the night being to peer around the house, waiting for the slightest breeze to be heard, when they would awaken the other Sisters, and many a time a false alarm was given.

In the early evening each made preparation for the nightly vigils by bringing down from the dormitory at the top of the house a quilt and a pillow, which she deposited in a lower room, to be spread when the elements were in a state of quietude. Only then would they sink to rest—not voluntarily—enjoying “Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,” but not for long, as the least noise would awaken them.

The Academy and its inmates, knowing that two such

holy souls were keeping virgils, soundly and securely slept the sleep well-earned by the unremitting labors of the day.

But, of course, this state of affairs had to reach a climax. It happened in this way. Sister Stanislaus, who was the leader of the *Vigilists*, finally determined upon a secure place of refuge in the event of the next great storm. She decided to go into the *tunnel*.

The *tunnel* extends from the cellar of the Academy underground across the yard to the building which contains the furnace-room. It is used in winter to conduct the heat from the furnace into the Academy.

A furious storm occurred in August. Sister Stanislaus had told no one her determination. She flew to the cellar, entered the tunnel, and crawled in, and in, and still farther in, in order that she should not be buried under the ruins of Mount St. Mary's, which she felt certain would be blown to atoms.

But, oh, what agony did she not suffer! "the cure was as bad as the disease." As she proceeded farther in she was suffocating and gasping for air, and praying and beseeching our Lord to save her, to save the house, to save everybody! At the same time she imagined the house blown down and the aperture of the tunnel closed with the ruins. As it was impossible for her to turn and go back, because of the narrowness of the tunnel, she was obliged to move forward and try to reach the other end; the full length of the tunnel being about two hundred feet.

By great struggling and perseverance she finally succeeded in reaching the farther end. And oh, how welcome to her was a breath of air! There she was, perched like a bird, opening her mouth and inhaling all the air she could. When her strength was sufficiently renewed, she proceeded to leave the tunnel, the opening of which was above the furnace. She had to descend by a ladder. As it was as dark as pitch, she had to pick her steps cautiously and await the flashes of lightning to see where she should step.

As she neared the foot of the ladder what did she behold but an open cistern! The men had been working on it the day before and had left it unclosed. She had nearly stepped into a watery grave. Finally, half dead from fright and fatigue, she found herself once more in the open air and facing the *watch-dog*, wide awake and wide-mouthed. It approached, her heart stood still, but she said kind words and patted it on the head, and it stood submissively by her.

The rain was pouring down in torrents, the lightning flashing and the thunder roaring.

As she started across the yard she met one of the workmen. She said, "Mr. Leary, is the Convent blown down?" "No, Sister, 'tis there yet."

Mother Josephine, who was standing at the window observing the course of the storm, was astonished to see by the flashes of lightning the form of a Sister approaching from that direction and at that hour of the night. She wondered whether she saw an apparition or a real Sister.

But she was still more astonished when she found it to be no other than her dear Sister Stanislaus, and when she heard her adventures, she thanked God from her heart, Who had brought her safely home.

Not long ago, when Sister Stanislaus was relating this incident, it was remarked that it was a wonder she was not afraid of the things she might have encountered in her trip in the tunnel, such as slimy things, and crawly things, and poisonous things, in the shape of snakes, lizards, rats, etc.

She shuddered at this, and said she did not think of these things at the time, but did afterwards.

She has never tried the tunnel since, nor is it likely that she will ever do so again, but she frequently runs to the cellar in case of a supposed approaching storm.

By the first of September the Academy was in perfect repair and ready to receive the returning pupils.

"On the Feast of the Nativity of Our Blessed Lady, September, 1882," says Sister Agnes Flynn, "I first had the

pleasure of seeing Mount St. Mary's, which was destined to be my future home. I arrived by the way of the ambulance. It was at that time the usual means of conveyance between the city and the Convent.

"As we entered the grounds in the evening, the Angelus bell was pealing forth its last soft notes. The building towered in majestic splendor, the cross surmounting it glistening under the golden sunset. Branches of stately trees swayed in the soft breeze, alternately concealing and revealing the glorious crimson orb. Around the base of the massive entrance was a brilliant array of flowers of different shades, vying with each other in beauty and fragrance.

"To me the whole scene presented a charming appearance. On my entrance into the Convent, the first whom I met was venerable Mother Vincent, who was then Assistant Mother. She welcomed me very affectionately, and caused me at once to feel at home. She then led me to the Chapel, which was very beautiful. There I saw Sisters in snowy head-dress, kneeling in silent adoration before their Immaculate Spouse. The thought occurred to me that *this* is 'Paradise on earth.'"

'Tis here, at this beloved Mount St. Mary's,

"One sees with each month of the many-faced year  
A thousand sweet changes of beauty appear,"

and at the time of which Sister Agnes speaks it was especially beautiful, much to the surprise of persons who had beheld it not three months since, when the now verdant, flower-ornamented lawn had been strewn with the ruins of the cyclone's rage.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

It remained for the Rt. Rev. Louis M. Fink, O.S.B., to secure the crowning blessing to Mount St. Mary's. For twenty-seven years has the community flourished under his fostering care as Ecclesiastical Superior.

In the year 1882 his Lordship visited the Eternal City, and while there obtained the favor long desired—that the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul, of Leavenworth, Kansas, be canonically erected in the city of Leavenworth, State of Kansas.

We annex the Rt. Rev. Bishop Fink's letter of authorization:

*"Louis Mary Fink, O.S.B., by the Divine Mercy, and favor of the Apostolic See, Bishop of Leavenworth, to all whom it concerns for eternal salvation:*

"By the present letter we make known that there have been granted us on the 16th day of July, 1882, the necessary and opportune faculties, by which we can proceed with the canonical erection of a central and Mother House of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent, with a Novitiate annexed, which house is situated in the City of Leavenworth, and is called the Academy of Mount St. Mary's: We therefore, using this authority and these special faculties, in honor of the Omnipotent God, the most Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mary, and St. Vincent of Paul, canonically erect and declare erected the Institution of the Daughters of Charity with a Novitiate annexed called the Academy of Mount St. Mary's, which is situated in the City of Leavenworth in our Diocese, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen!

"In testimony and memory of this affair we have signed this document with our own hand and sealed it with

our Greater Seal, on the first day of November, the Feast of All Saints, A.D. 1882.

"Given at the Episcopal Residence in the City of Leavenworth, November 1, 1882.

"†*Louis Mary Fink, O.S.B.,*

*"Bp. of Leavenworth.*

(Signed) *"John F. Cunningham, Notary."*

The Western missions continued to grow apace. In 1882, that eventful year—on September first, in Denver, Colorado, Rt. Rev. Bishop Machebeuf, Mr. Quail, the architect, Mother Xavier, and Sister Francis Xavier went to Highland Park to select the site for an asylum for orphans.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Machebeuf was always most anxious to see works of charity flourish in his diocese. A hospital and an orphanage were twin conceptions in his mind.

The Highland Park Company in the month of August, 1882, proposed to give five acres of ground to the Sisters of Leavenworth on condition that they would erect upon it a building worth \$10,000 (ten thousand dollars). The Bishop was delighted with this proposition, and urged the Sisters to accept without delay. However, there were objections—want of sufficient irrigation was the principal one. This his Lordship endeavored to answer by proposing the erection of a wind-mill on the premises, which, by means of a water-tank, would obviate the difficulty.

After trying in vain in every direction around Denver to find a more eligible location for an orphanage, the Sisters became satisfied that the offer of the Highland Park Company ought to be gratefully accepted. There was no further delay. The company was notified to this effect.

Mother Josephine appointed Mother Xavier to preside over all the business matters attendant on the securing of plans, letting contracts, etc. Mother Xavier's first step was to procure a description of the five acres given and have a correct survey made of the same. The company gave a deed of the land and it was deposited in bank by Rt. Rev. Bishop

Machebeuf and a representative of the company, there to remain until the Sisters had complied with their part of the contract.

The preparations for building went on immediately. Throughout the transaction, the advice and assistance rendered by M. E. P. McGovern, of Denver, were invaluable to the Sisters. That kind friend took all the bids, collected all necessary information, and when the bidders were ready to make their reports, he invited them to his own home on Arapahoe Street for the examination and discussion of the business.

When the time arrived for the site to be selected, the Bishop was much gratified. Never did he seem happier than on that day. He several times expressed his happiness. He owned two and a half acres of ground alongside that given for the Orphanage. As soon as he saw how the land lay, he made a present of this to the orphans, thus giving a fine frontage to the Asylum. And when the building was completed, what complacency he exhibited in showing it to visitors, whom he would frequently bring with him on a drive from the city, and with what pride he pointed to two attractive bright rooms on the south side of the house, saying, "These are *my* rooms!" and it was in one of these little cosy rooms, the small south parlor, that he breathed his last—six years later.

The St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum was begun in September, 1882; and in 1883, February 15th, it was ready for occupancy. It is quite a distance from the Hospital to the Asylum, nearly six miles, and sometimes the Sisters who were engaged in putting the house in order were compelled to walk that distance, as the Hospital at that time had only one vehicle, and it was frequently in use when needed for this trip.

Sister Francis Xavier and Sister Sabina Hurley went nearly every day for two weeks to the new building for the purpose of getting it in order for the reception of its little

occupants, thirteen of whom were already at St. Joseph's Hospital, where they had been for some months.

The Sisters usually took a lunch with them, and remained all day cleaning floors, windows, etc. On the 15th of February, a cold, bright day, they had walked from the Hospital and failed to bring a lunch. Towards five o'clock they began to feel the pangs of hunger and were preparing to take the long walk home, when a woman with two children walked in and said she had come to leave them with the Sisters. Sister Francis Xavier told her they were not yet residing there—that they were just then on the point of departing for the night.

The woman insisted on leaving the children with the Sisters, saying she had obtained work in Central City and the train for that place would leave in a few hours. Argument was of no avail; she went off, leaving the children.

What were the Sisters to do? In 1883 there was not a house within a reasonable walking distance, the weather grew colder, it was growing late, the Sisters were hungry and so were the children. If the Sisters were able to walk to the Hospital, the children were not; they, a girl and a boy, Georgie and John Philips, were only seven and five years of age. What was to be done? They at last determined to remain over night in the new building, and thus was St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum inaugurated.

The ladies of Denver had the week before given a fair for the benefit of the orphans, and the provisions remaining from the supper given on that occasion were stowed away in the cellar, where the Sisters had not yet been. They now made a tour of inspection, and found all that was necessary to prepare an appetizing supper for this hungry small family of four.

But there was no stove as yet put up. The Sisters continued their investigations and discovered a sheet-iron stove, and, as "good will giveth skill," in a short time the stove was up, supper over, and the dishes washed; the dishes being



some empty tin-cans they had discovered among the remains of the fair's entertainment.

There was no lamp to be found, but, as Sister Francis Xavier said, "There was plenty of moonlight." There were as yet no blinds to the windows. The little children were first made comfortable for the night, then the Sisters retired by "the light of the moon" and slept the sleep of the weary until late in the morning. There was complete silence around them, as they were far from the tumult of the city.

As early as possible that morning, Mother Xavier, who had been much worried over the non-appearance of the Sisters the night before, sent to make inquiries, and great was her surprise to hear that St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum was in operation.

Not only was Mother Xavier surprised to learn that the Asylum was opened, but also the kind ladies of the parish—Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Governor Gilpin, Mrs. J. S. Bailey, and others—who during the next few days called to see the Sisters and their charges, who in the course of the week had increased to the number of fifty.

Mother Xavier was the first Sister Servant. This position she held until her health failed. She was succeeded by Sister Loretto.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop was one amongst the first to congratulate the Sisters. He said he took a selfish enjoyment in seeing the completion of the building; he had long desired a refuge where he could spend some time in solitude away from the city, from business, and from worldly care, and he felt sure the Sisters would offer him a little corner to which he could come when the happy opportunity presented itself.

The Sisters felt highly honored that his Lordship should select their house for his "haven of rest," and placed at his disposal any rooms he would be pleased to select; thus it was that the little south parlor and the room adjoining were from thenceforth called "the Bishop's rooms." They were in

the most secluded part of the house, and here from time to time did he retire to spend a few free days.

In the early morning he would say Mass for the Sisters, and for the rest of the day he was left in his beloved solitude—only broken by his meals, and perhaps in the afternoon he would send to the city for a barrel of apples and a bucket of candy, and have the children, if the weather were fair, congregated in the front yard, and he himself, with his venerable hands, would go around distributing to each child its share, even to the smallest infants, whose bibs had to be held up for their share. A barrel of apples and a bucket of candy did not last long—scarcely by the time his Lordship had delivered the last was there a sign to be seen. The children would be ready for another barrel and another bucket.

The Bishop often expressed the intention of building a small cottage in the Asylum yard, where he could live in peace for the few remaining years of his hitherto active life. He was now past the allotted age of man, and he even looked older than he was; this was partly owing to his lameness, the result of an accident in his early missionary life in the mountains, which became more noticeable as the feebleness of age came on.

In June, 1889, he was on the eve of going to the southern part of Colorado on his Episcopal visitation, and remarked that upon his return he would see about the intended cottage, and even pointed to the spot he desired for its location.

On July the third he returned from this trip and came first to the Asylum, as he said, "to rest," thinking, as he gleefully told the Sisters, "that he had stolen a march upon the priests—that none of them knew of his return." But his joy was of short duration. The next morning a priest came and called for "the Bishop," who, on being informed, said, "Now, they know where I am; but I will return here this evening, I will be out for certain. I want all the children in the yard at half past seven."

He returned that evening as he had said. Next morn-

ing the Sisters were waiting in the Chapel to be present at the Bishop's Mass. He was always prompt to the appointed time and the Sisters feared he was ill. While they were in this state of uncertainty, Mrs. Bagley, a near neighbor, who on week days sometimes attended Mass at St. Vincent's, came to say that the Bishop was very sick; that, when she was passing through the hall by his room, he had called for assistance.

The Sisters went to attend to his wants, and they saw immediately that he was sick unto death. He told them that he had been extremely ill all night, but that he did not like to disturb any one. Bishop Matz was notified, and he came forthwith, bringing with him a physician, who knew at a glance that his patient was past the help of medicine. On the fifth day of his illness a lawyer was brought out from the city, and the Bishop made his will. When Sister Francis Xavier entered the sick-room a few minutes after the lawyer's departure, he said to her, "I did not forget *you*."

He died at two o'clock next morning, July 10, 1889, at the age of seventy-seven years.

In the words of the card announcing his death, we pray: "O God, who among Thy priests, successors to the Apostles, hast made flourish Thy servant Joseph; grant, we beseech Thee, that he may be also numbered eternally in their companionship; through Christ our Lord. Amen."

On the 17th of July, 1889, contracts were signed for an addition to the Asylum—the cost amounting to over \$25,000. The original building was also repaired and improved, and this, with the addition containing a chapel, makes a beautiful and imposing structure.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Matz dedicated this addition on May 22, 1898. His Lordship was assisted by Rev. Father Gibbons and Rev. Father Pantinelli, S.J.

In Denver there is a third institution presided over by the Sisters of Leavenworth, and that is the Parish School of the Annunciation.

After the return of Father Robinson from the Holy Land in 1889, he was appointed Vicar General of the diocese of Denver. He requested that he should have a parish and *his own Sisters*—the Sisters of Leavenworth. He was given "Old St. Anne's," as it is called, in northeast Denver, near the smelters, changing places with Father Raber. Here there was a church with a small school-house of two rooms. The school was taught by two Sisters of St. Joseph, who came every day from St. Patrick's Parish.

Father Robinson sold this old church and school, and a large building, church and school combined, was completed by October, 1890.

The school opened with 125 children and three rooms. The teachers were: Sister Raphaella Shannon, Superior; assisted by Sister Rose Mary Berry and Sister Mary Remigius Reynolds. The name of the church and school was changed to "*The Annunciation*."

In 1891 two new rooms were opened with 300 children, and two more teachers were called for.

In October, 1893, a sixth room was added, and 1898 demands another, with over 400 pupils. There are also two music-teachers engaged in the school.

The Sisters have charge of the different Sodalties and also of the League of the Sacred Heart.

The League, since 1893, has increased from one promoter and one hundred members, to forty-five promoters, who have received diplomas and crosses, with eight or ten on probation, and a membership of fifteen hundred.

As the League grew the Sodalties increased—especially the Married Ladies' Sodality, which was reorganized and new rules and regulations were made. Twelve Consultors were appointed and given districts—each Consultor in her district was to visit the sick members and those absent from Communion. A Month's Mind Mass is celebrated for each dead member, and all the members attend the funeral, and they also have a memento every day in the Mass.

The school continues to flourish; every month increasing in numbers.

Some time before Bishop Machebeuf's death, an addition to St. Joseph's Hospital had been in contemplation. Denver is a progressive city, and from the first years of its existence St. Joseph's proved too small to accommodate all who wished to be received. So necessity compelled the erection of a building larger than the original one.

This addition was completed in the year 1892. It is built of red sandstone and is four stories high. It is connected with the old Hospital, which underwent some repairs and improvements the same year.

The location of St. Joseph's Hospital is one of the most desirable in the beautiful city of Denver. It is situated on the corner of Humboldt Street and Eighteenth Avenue. The building has two entrances; the ground floor is entered by a spacious stone stairway from both Humboldt Street and Eighteenth Avenue, but from Humboldt Street is the main entrance.

The interior of the house is very complete; everything that could be desired in a hospital is found at St. Joseph's. It is well lighted, heated, and ventilated; the halls are wide and ample in their extent, and separate staircases lead from the top to the bottom of the building. A large elevator, operated by an hydraulic engine, carries the patients from the basement to any floor.

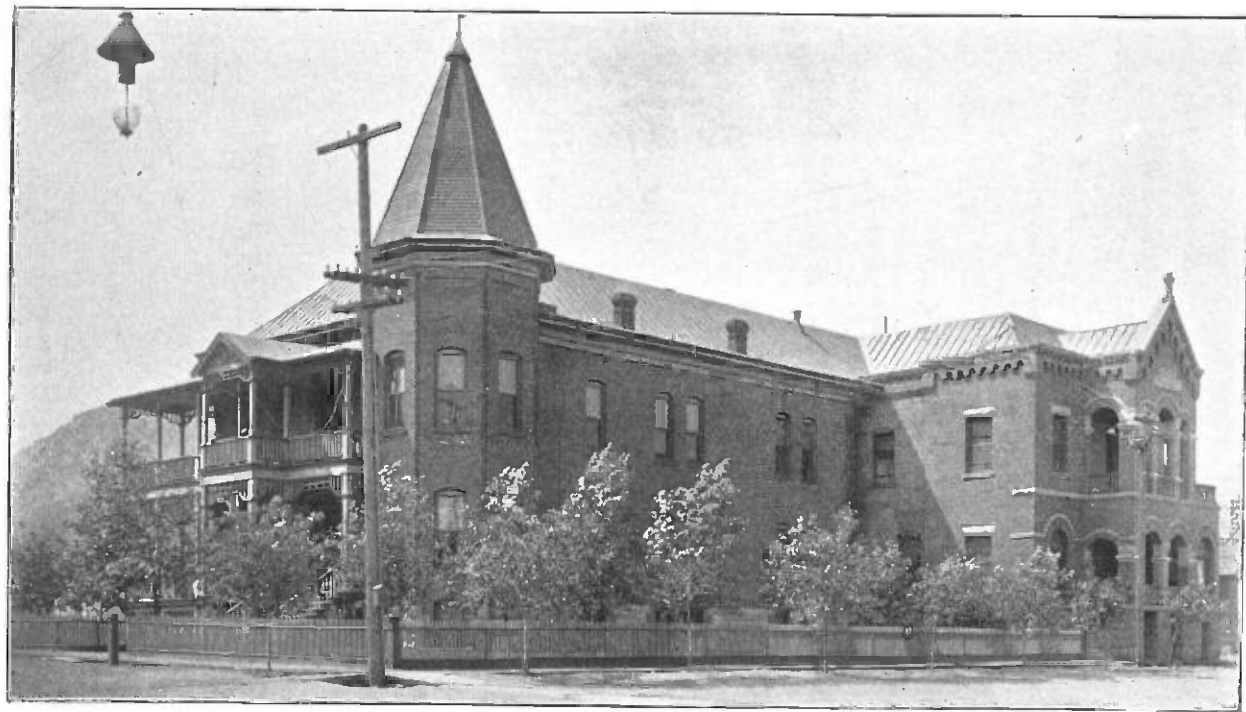
Several of the private rooms were furnished by individual benevolence. On the first floor, on a gilt plate on the door of room No. 1, is seen the following inscription:

"Furnished by Father Cumiskey,  
of Laramie, Wyoming."

On No. 2:

"In loving memory of Thomas Clifford.  
Sept. 13, 1891."

In the same hall is the room furnished by the *Knights of St. John*. On the ceiling is the emblem of the Order,



ST. ANN'S HOSPITAL, ANACONDA, MONTANA.

which appears also on the door. The parlor bears this inscription on its door:

"In memoriam Very Rev. J. B. Raverdy, V.G.  
Nov. 19, 1889."

Room No. 6:

"Furnished by St. Joseph's Temperance Union.  
March 19, 1896."

Room No. 9:

"Furnished by Father O'Ryan,  
in appreciation of the Sisters' kindness to the  
many poor sick that he sent them."

On the second floor rooms are furnished—

†  
"In memoriam William Perry.  
Oct. 3, 1861."

†  
"In loving memory of Anna Taylor.  
June 23, 1893."

†  
"In memoriam Edward P. McGovern.  
April 8, 1892."

†  
"In memoriam Willie Gilpin.  
July 16, 1892."

†  
"In loving memory of Dr. J. J. Clifford.  
Feb. 19, 1891."

†  
"In memoriam Elizabeth Frances, Countess Cassell.  
Sept. 6, 1892.  
Pray for Her."

On the third floor a room is furnished by Mrs. Ph. Zang  
and Mrs. P. Friederich—

"In loving memory of  
Anna Zang and Daughter Louise.  
March 4, 1888. July 23, 1888."

And one—

"In memory of  
Genevieve, Geneva, and Gertrude McPhee."

On the fourth floor there are two; one—

"In memoriam Julia Gould."

The other—

"In loving memory of Willie P. Hanson.  
July 20, 1885."

In the wards, beds were furnished by Mrs. Keating, Mrs. C. D. McPhee, James Fleming, Daniel Ryan, and Mrs. J. J. Clark. There were still a number of private rooms and wards to be furnished, and this had to be done by the efforts of the Sisters. In the addition, there are 159 beds.

The operating amphitheatre is on the third floor; it is lighted by a skylight and three large plate-glass windows. The amphitheatre portion has a seating capacity of eighty. In the center and below is the operating-pit, provided with a rolling table and other appliances. The pit is entered from the amphitheatre and from both side-rooms. One of these rooms is the dispensary, and the other is the instrument and surgical dressing room, where the patient is put under the influence of anesthetics before being taken into the operating-room.

The Hospital stands somewhat back from the street in a lawn that in the summer season is the admired of all beholders. Large shade-trees adorn these lovely grounds. Some of these trees are the reminders of the early struggles of the Sisters in Denver—Sister Francis Xavier having brought them as "slips" in a "gunny-sack" from the Mother House in Kansas, and planted them in the Hospital yard with her own industrious hands.

In October of the year 1892 the Hospital was ready to be used for the reception of patients. On the fifteenth of the month the formal opening took place. There was a number of persons present—so many, indeed, that Father O'Ryan,



who delivered the oration of the day, was obliged to address the crowd assembled on the lawn from the steps of the main entrance. The day was cold and lowering, but all stood entranced whilst he was speaking as follows:

"It is a familiar fact to most of you that care of the afflicted poor, the orphan, the weak-minded, and the sick was a boon of Christianity. Except among the Jewish people, God's people, before the Christian era, the poor and their needs never engrossed except the contemptuous attention of the wealthy. The charity hospital stands in the shadow of the cross. The slave was left in dreary loneliness to face every wretchedness with which Nature or his imaginary cruel gods might afflict him. Christianity, with its divine teaching of the equality of all men before God and their Savior, changed all that. The mark by which the early Christians, slaves and nobles, were known was their mutual love: 'See how these Christians love one another!' The sick slave of a haughty patrician in pagan Rome could eke his life out in desolate horror; his orphans and widow die of starvation. That same patrician, baptized in Christ, would lovingly tend the lowly slave and assume the care of his family.

"I say rightly, then, that every hospital and orphanage and insane asylum stands in the shadow of the cross. Our civilization is distinctively Christian. Our very Declaration of Independence is a grand Christian document; Christianity made it possible. The care of the sick poor is one of the grandest possessions of our Christian heritage. The hospital, as we know it, is one of the best blessings of Christ. It is Christ among men, giving health to the feeble, eyes to the blind, hearing to the deaf, snatching almost from the grave the body of man. It is, in the kindly physician, the tender nurse, the merciful supporter of the institution, the renewing of the spirit of Christ.

"But if all this can be said of any city hospital, what language can express the value of a Sisters' hospital? Here the attendant has more than the kindly spirit of the ordi-

nary nurse. At most the ordinary hospital nurse can relieve pain, or heal the curable. But the pain will sometimes endure. 'Bear it stoically; it may pass soon.' The physician or nurse can whisper only that cold comfort. Paganism could do as much. Outside the Catholic spirit and teaching we are here little better off than the pagan. In the most exquisite passage of all poetry, the twenty-fourth book of the 'Iliad,' we find two splendid lines giving the pagan understanding of pain: 'For so have the gods woven our fate to us miserable mortals that we should live in sorrow, but they themselves are untroubled!'

"But in the Catholic hospital the Sister lifts up the heart of the sufferer to the great knowledge that all pain, because Christ bore it, is an occasion of merit. Cross in hand or on girdle, she preaches resignation and teaches the sublime truth, that has created a new order in the world of suffering, that He garners every pain, that no tear falls unmarked by Him, that our crown of thorns, which with His permission Nature weaves for us, borne patiently, will be by Him changed into an immortal crown of gladness and glory. And the Sister is no hireling; her life she has consecrated to the work. She looks for no earthly reward. She may receive none; poverty is her portion. I can find no likeness to her except in that angel of Bethesda who mercifully moved the waters to healing.

"Awake, my heart, to give pulse and enthusiasm to every praise of the Sister of Charity. Awake, my memory, to recall her deeds of mercy, in battle-field, in noisome homes of the wretched. Awake, my imagination and intelligence, to fitly compass her work, to embody it and set it forth that the world may see and understand. Ah! heart and mind, ye supply indeed enough material to draw the grandest picture, after Golgotha, that the world has ever seen. But you, O laggard words, O stumbling, imperfect human speech, you that can do mighty things in the mouth of the orator, here can do little. And I am not an orator, and even if I were,

no musical cadences of oratorical speech could harmonize with the celestial symphony of the life and work of the Sister of Charity. 'Greater love than this no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friends.'

"No, I need no oratory, for the Sister of Charity asks no praise of man. She mirrors the Master to men to-day. On her patient face the light of Tabor breaks; seeing humanity in its highest in her, we can cry out that even this selfish world is good and it is good for us to be here.

"As of old in the days beautiful, when He walked on earth, the sick who touched even the hem of His garment were made whole, so it is to-day. We who in this jostling world are sick at heart of hardness and selfishness, coming in contact with a Sister of Charity, feel a virtue come out of her and are healed of that spirit. She has heard as we never have heard, and her life is the perfect understanding of Christ's prayer: 'Little children, love one another.'

"For her has the banner of the cross flamed in the sky; on her ears has the appeal of the Master, 'Follow Me,' fallen, and oh, with what perfect readiness, with what glorious patience, with what sublime unselfishness does she follow, follow to the end!

"What is the highest, noblest, best in man? His lordly intellect, that scales the skies and measures the suns? No. His vivid imagination and gift of poesy or eloquence that captivates men? Again, no. His dominant will, that sways empires? No. What then? His power of loving, His capacity for tenderness and affection. Oh, I had rather be loved in a lowly village than be a tyrant at whose frown the world should tremble. This is the highest and greatest lesson that men ever received, and divine the lips that spake it: 'Little children, love one another.'

"Oh, had the world learned the lesson of love, we Catholics should have no reproach to bear of Smithfield fires, of brutal inquisitions, of Bartholomew day. There should be no bloody Mary, nor bloody Elizabeth, nor bloody Cromwell,

no Geneva fire, no peasants' war, no Salem fire, nor Puritan intolerance. There should be no Ghetto, no story of persecuted Jew to the shame of all Christian people; no Irish question, no Russian question, no fear, nor need of labor organizations, no dread of monopolies; but, instead of that, God the Father of us all; to that Christ, His Son, our brother, Who loved us all, there should have arisen and arise from all the world the beautiful unison, the glorious diapason swelling through centuries of the music of love and charity that the heavenly chorus might equal, but could not surpass.

"This is the mission of the Sister of Charity, to teach to men by her lowly example that Christ-like love.

"This building that we dedicated to-day is a monument of that charity.

"It is a monument to the only true heroism there is in all the world. For who is your true hero? Alexander, that conquered the world and sighed for others to conquer? Cæsar, the great Roman, the conqueror of Gaul and Britain? Napoleon, who continued the greatness of both? No. In deathless song Tennyson wrote of the British Light Brigade at Balaklava. But the greatest and truest hero in all that dread Crimean war, to whom England gives the glory, to whom they who lie in Scutari, that slanting city of the dead by the sunlit Bosphorus, would give the palm was Florence Nightingale, and with her in the frightful hospitals was many a black-robed Sister of Charity.

"France glories in the name of Napoleon, that wonderful child of destiny, who flashed over the heavens of the world's story with the rare splendor of a comet; but rather than his fame and name written with blood on history's pages, I would have the name and the fame of the lowly Frenchman, who loved the orphan, the poor, the afflicted, who has given these Sisters their rule, whose prayers before God's throne, where now he is, strengthen their patience—St. Vincent of Paul. The heroism of charity is the true heroism. On that foundation we build eternal fame, for

God is charity, love. And here that radiant charity burns with purest flame.

"God bless the Sisters' hospital, every Sisters' hospital through the wide world. God bless and reward the faithful Sisters, the Marys that have chosen the better part, with that only reward they covet, the smile of the Master. May the blessing of God be upon this hospital dedicated to St. Joseph, which for eighteen years has been the refuge of many sick. God bless its benefactors. Like that St. Lawrence who presented to the Roman tyrant the maimed and the poor as the true treasures of the Church, may Sister Mary Lawrence, Superior of this hospital, and her assistant Sisters find that reward which God gave the faith of the Martyr Lawrence."

Three months after the propitious inauguration of the new building a sombre pall cast its shadow over everything that had before been bright and promising. On the morning of the 16th of January, 1893, Sister Joseph Marie, one of the nurses, in the bloom of youth, health, and happiness—in the evening lay cold in Death's embrace, her warm young heart stilled forever!

She had gone up in the elevator, showing a number of visitors through the building, and had reached the third floor. There, one of the ladies turned to her and said, "You look tired. Had you not better go down-stairs?" Sister Joseph Marie turned to reach for the elevator-rope, and in that short time the elevator had gone upward and she stepped into the shaft.

Her neck was broken by the fall and she probably died instantly. The following *obituary* and *resolutions* truly portray her as she was:

#### *Obituary.*

"A cloud of gloom overhangs the little community of the Sisters of Charity in St. Joseph's Hospital, for relentless Death has visited them and claimed the favorite. Sister

Joseph Marie, a young Sister about twenty-six years of age, who left her native land, Ireland, about ten years ago, and shortly after, following in the footsteps of four older Sisters, entered the Order of Sisters of Charity.

"In her death the hospital which her presence adorned has suffered an irreparable loss, and poor suffering humanity behind its walls now mourns its gentlest nurse. Could I so soon or so far forget the humility of the beloved dead as to write her panegyric, I would find in her a subject worthy of the highest eulogium. But her daily life has inspired such reverence for her memory that I dare not crown it with that fulsome vanity which she renounced at the foot of God's altar a few years ago. She was then but entering upon the stern realities of life, in the very ripeness of youthful energy, flushed with the anticipations of youthful hope, endowed with natural gifts which opened every bright prospect before her, with the good will and Godspeed of all who knew her, and, although thus forcibly attracted by the world, she heeded it not, for amidst its din and bustle she heard a voice speaking to her soul, '*Sequere me,*' 'Follow me,' and immediately casting aside all worldly emblems and donning the humble garb of God's chosen daughters, she entered the ranks of the obscure virgins who follow the lead of Heaven's immaculate Queen. On that day she became a Sister of Charity, on that day she chose her life-work; on that day she went forth by God's command to suffer and endure. She carried into the conflict only her weapons of defense and protection—her holy rosary and triple shield of poverty, chastity, and obedience. That life-work is now completed; she has fought and conquered, and, summoned once more to the altar where she first received her commission, she still bears in her hand the same holy rosary, the same copy of holy vows, at once the emblems of her trial and triumph, of her warfare and victory. Her summons, though sudden, did not surprise her, as she listened for it every day; she gave an account of a service which surely merited the Master's approbation, 'Well

done, good and faithful servant,' and she is now, we trust, wearing the victor's crown. But her gain must ever remain our loss, for she was one of the privileged few whose place will never be supplied.

"Endowed with the noblest gifts of heart and mind, she employed them solely in the service of the Giver, she beheld Him everywhere and always, and her ministrations to the sick were marked with such gentleness and patience that one could not believe but that she beheld in each poor sufferer the image of her Savior. 'What you do to the least of these you do to me.' Her whole character may be summed up in a single word which comprises all, for not only in matters of religion, but in the minutest details of daily life, she was thoroughly conscientious; and this thoroughgoing conscientiousness, this *perfect simplicity of intention*, was the charm of her character. It made her what she was—a cheerful, faithful servant of God; a standing exemplar even for her saintly companions; it made her what she was—one beloved and revered by all who knew her; it made her what she was—modest, unassuming, gentle, courteous, candid, sincere, and earnest. To be faultless is not human, but, as far as it is given to us to obey the divine injunction of perfection, it was her gift, and this charm of perfection was enhanced in her by the simple unconsciousness of her own worth. Have I said enough? No monument bears a more glorious epitaph. Have I said too much? Let others who have felt her influence answer the question; people of different creeds, conditions, and stations of life have stepped within the circle of her charm, and each will not only endorse these words, but will lament their weakness to portray her even as she appeared to man. Such is but a faint picture of the saintly and beloved Sister Joseph Marie, and whilst we cannot understand, we must bow with the submission of faith to the divine decree which has summoned her so early from our midst, yet not before her life-task was completed: like the simple flower which is born in the morning and dies in the

evening, yet before it withers has accomplished the end destined for it from all eternity, so this tender and chosen plant had fulfilled its end, was distinctive in the garden of the Church, and at an age when others needed support was able to stand alone; was already covered with bright flowers ready to be culled; already laden with ripe fruit ready to be gathered into the everlasting garner. She was young in years, but old in good works; young before man, but old in the sight of God, for 'being made perfect, in a short space she fulfilled a long time.'

*"Rev. John J. Denver."*

*Resolutions on the Death of Sister Joseph Marie.*

The members of the visiting staff of St. Joseph's Hospital met at the office of the president, Dr. W. B. Craig, on Tuesday night, to testify their respect to the memory of Sister Joseph Marie. Short addresses were made by Drs. Craig, Lemen, Martin, Burns, Walker, and Devlin. The following eulogy was delivered by Dr. C. P. Harrigan, vice-president of the staff:

"We have met to pay tribute and eulogy unto one who until to-day shared with us the victories of our profession and regretted our defeats. Sister Joseph Marie is no more. Pause a moment, O Time, that one who had learned to love her during a short period of professional intercourse may pluck a garland of praise to lay upon the bier of one so worthy. To all who had known her in life her beautiful character commended itself and won for her their highest esteem and love. In this sad bereavement a noble young life has gone out. All unheralded in the early hours of that fatal day, the dark-winged messenger hovered but a moment, touched and stilled forever the gentle heart whose every pulsation had breathed but love and sympathy for those around her. The choice of the profession which she made did her infinite honor. No other so noble, for its whole aim is the alleviation of human suffering; no other so heroic, for no



other involves dangers so great; no other so unsordid, for the motto of the life of a Sister of Charity, '*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam*,' is an expression of the highest sentiment possible to actuate the life-work of a human being. It is my earnest hope that she is now enjoying those higher rewards which flow from a life lived as the traditions of her profession demanded that her life be lived, in the service of others.

"At whatever post of duty she was assigned in her hospital work, she was the same intelligent, kind, and tender ministering angel.

"I have seen her flitting from bed to bed, ministering to the unfortunate with a consuming low fever, soothing the hopeless consumptive, giving forth gentle words of cheer, throwing around their ebbing spark of life by her presence the only ray of sunshine ever known to their lives. I have seen her at the bedside of the dying, gently wiping the moisture off the cold and clammy brow, bending her head until her ear would touch the blanched lips, to catch the last farewell to the loved ones left behind, perhaps oftentimes in a far and distant land. I have watched her, as the final spark quit its earthly bounds, softly close down the curtain of the eyes, gently folding the arms across the pulseless breast, and, with warm tears coursing down her cheeks, kneel beside the bed and pray the Great Omnipotent that He might receive the spirit which passed from its earthly temple of clay—by this act typifying herself an ideal Sister of Charity. Capable and energetic, she never faltered to accomplish whatever she sought to do; her purely unselfish purpose and compassionate nature found perhaps the happiest expression in gentle administration during the last hours of life of the homeless and friendless outcast.

"Truly may it be said that all who knew her were drawn to love her, and now, alas! that she has passed into the calm, white sleep of death, and her gentle ways and loving heart can cheer and comfort no more, they come, one and all, to heap blessings upon her name.

"Softly the dear form fades from sight into the shadowy realms of memory, and the hearts of her loved ones are stricken with sorrow, but the impress of a beautiful life, so unselfish in its devotion to suffering humanity, will linger with them still in the coming time and be a sweet solace to them in the time of woe.

"And now, Sister Joseph Marie, tender nurse and faithful friend, farewell. Sweet and peaceful be thy sleep, while bright flowers of earth smile in beauty and shed their fragrance around thy lowly resting-place."

Drs. Harrigan, Lemen, and Martin were appointed as a committee on resolutions, and reported the following:

*Resolutions.*

"Whereas, We learn with unfeigned sorrow of the tragic death of Sister Joseph Marie; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That by her death the staff of St. Joseph's Hospital has lost a faithful nurse of the purest intelligence, the embodiment of all those delicate graces of a ministering angel.

"The demise of one so young, so frank, so generous, so kind in acts and speech, so unselfish, and so careful of others, blending so completely in one character the most finished type of womanly virtue, an ideal Sister of Charity, is an irreparable loss to suffering humanity and her religious community.

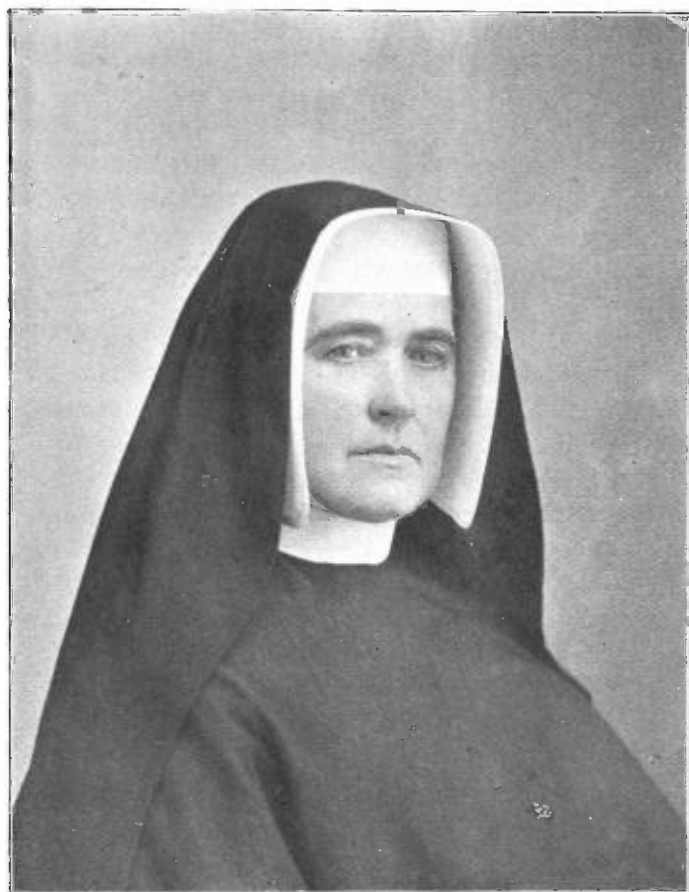
"Gentle nurse, humble Sister of Charity, friend, we bid thee peaceful rest.

"Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved relatives of our friend and published in the papers of our city.

"Dr. C. P. Harrigan.

"Dr. L. E. Lemen.

"Dr. H. H. Martin."



MOTHER JOSEPH A.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

At the election of officers of the community in 1886, Sister Josepha Sullivan was elected Mother Superior, with Sister Loretto Foley as Assistant Mother. At the time of her election Sister Josepha had charge of St. Vincent's Academy, Helena, Montana. When she assumed her position as head of the community she found it free of debt, and immediately proceeded to beautify the grounds around Mount St. Mary's.

When "*improvements*" was the order of the day, a Sister said to Mother Josepha, "O do not touch the *big ring*!" This is a circular walk in the front lawn, dear to every Sister in the community, for it is here in vacation-time, when the Sisters are "home" from the distant missions, they are wont to spend the time of pleasant evenings, walking and talking, recounting the varied events of the past year or years of separation. In former days the walk was sometimes continued as far as the *white gate*, but this entrance has been closed and the path is now overgrown with tall rank grass.

The *shape* of the *ring* was not destroyed, but it was divided into quarters with graveled walks, with which the Sisters, at first, were much delighted, until *weeds* in abundance began to grow and it was recommended, as a morning and evening exercise conducive to health, that the Sisters should exterminate them.

Whoever has undertaken to rid a graveled walk of the creeping *Euphorbia maculata* may well understand that the vacation months should have been given entirely to this undertaking if the Sisters wished to speak of *conquest*, for, as fast as one quarter-section of a walk had been cleared of intruders, another invited attack.

Mother Josepha was reelected in 1889, with Sister Joseph Dugan as Mother Assistant. In 1890 was begun the

addition to the Mother House. The addition is a handsome structure of the architectural style known as the Italian villa, floored, wainscoted, and paneled in white oak and yellow pine, finished in oil. It was near completion when, in the summer of 1891, a storm unroofed part of the building and demolished the porches on the south side. The iron railings of the porches were wrenched away and thrown like a feather over the roof of the building into the lawn in front of the house. However, within a month they were restored to their original position.

In 1892 Mother Josepha secured a second charter for the community, the first having expired. It is filed in the archives of the State in Topeka, and reads as follows:

"Be it known, that we, citizens of the State of Kansas, residing in the county of Leavenworth, in said State, desirous of incorporating ourselves under the laws of the State of Kansas as a corporation, for the purposes herein stated, have associated ourselves for such purpose, and prepared this our Charter, and do hereby incorporate as a corporation, under and by virtue of the laws of the State of Kansas.

"*First:* The name of this corporation is 'St. Mary's Academy.'

"*Second:* The purpose for which it is formed is the support of a benevolent, charitable, educational, and missionary undertaking.

"*Third:* The business of said corporation is to be transacted at such places in the States of Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, California, Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, and other States and Territories as said corporation may, from time to time, determine. Its offices and principal place of business shall be at the buildings on the grounds now owned by St. Mary's (female) Academy, located in the County of Leavenworth, in this State, near the city of Leavenworth.

"*Fourth:* The term for which it is to exist is ninety-nine (99) years.

"*Fifth:* The number of its trustees shall be five, and the

names and residences of those who are appointed for the first year are: Sister Josepha Sullivan, Sister Joseph Dugan, Sister Mary Olive Mead, Sister Ann Joseph Dwyer, Sister Stanislaus Bannon—all residing in Leavenworth County, Kansas.

*"Sixth:* Said corporation has no capital stock, and is not a corporation for pecuniary profit. The estimate of the value of the goods, chattels, lands, rights, and credits owned by the corporation is one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

"In witness whereof, we, the undersigned, have signed the foregoing articles of incorporation at Leavenworth County, Kansas, this seventh day of May, A. D. 1892.

*"Sister Josepha Sullivan.*

*"Sister Joseph Dugan.*

*"Sister Mary Olive Mead.*

*"Sister Ann Joseph Dwyer.*

*"Sister Stanislaus Bannon."*

"State of Kansas, }  
"County of Leavenworth. }

"Be it remembered that on this seventh day of May, A. D. 1892, before me, the undersigned, a notary public in and for the county and State aforesaid, came Sister Josepha Sullivan, Sister Joseph Dugan, Sister Mary Olive Mead, Sister Ann Joseph Dwyer, Sister Stanislaus Bannon, citizens and residents of the State of Kansas, who are personally known to me to be the same persons who executed the foregoing instrument of writing, and they severally and duly acknowledged the execution of the same for the uses and purposes therein mentioned.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal the day and year aforesaid.

*"N. E. Van Tuyl,*

*"Notary Public.*

"My commission expires the 27th day of November, A. D. 1893.

"State of Kansas,  
 "Office of Secretary of State. }

"I, William Higgins, Secretary of the State of Kansas, do hereby certify that the following and annexed is a true and correct copy of the original instrument in writing in my office. May 11, 1892.

"In testimony whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my official seal.

"Done at Topeka, Kansas, this eleventh day of May, 1892.

*William Higgins,*

"Secretary of State.

"By *Thos. F. Orner*, Assistant Secretary of State."

Two important missions in Montana were opened during Mother Josepha's term of office. One was *St. Ann's* in Anaconda, which was erected for a private hospital. When it was advertised for sale, the Sisters were advised by friends to purchase it, as it was in a mining district and located in one of the most beautiful and healthy sites of a young and growing city. The proposed purchase was a modest brick edifice.

Mother Josepha wrote to Mother Josephine, then in charge at St. John' Hospital, Helena, Montana, to conduct the business of securing the property. Mother Josephine called on Mr. Hershfield, a prominent banker of Helena, and said to him, "I am authorized by my Superior to secure immediately some property in Anaconda. I have no money at present, but if you will kindly assist me by a loan to make the first payment, I can get through."

The sum Mother Josephine needed was \$12,000 (twelve thousand dollars). Mr. Hershfield at once wrote to the foreman of their branch house in Anaconda to let Mother Josephine have the amount she required without any other security than her own name. But for this prompt assistance the property would have gone into other hands.

The purchase was concluded, and Sisters were selected for the new mission. A Sister speaks thus of the early days of St. Ann's:

"I had not long finished my noviceship when Mother Josepha called me and told me to get ready, she thought she would have to send me on a little mission. I came to the conclusion at once that I was going to Salina. A few days after, Mother asked me if I were ready. She said, 'You are going to Helena. Tell Sister Mary Gabriel that the souls in Purgatory brought you.' Sister Mary Gabriel had been praying to the Holy Souls for help. How I cried! I asked Mother who was to be my companion. 'Your Guardian Angel,' she answered.

"So with my Angel I started on my long journey westward. I arrived in Helena on the 19th of July, 1889. The Sisters made me at once feel at home, so warm was the welcome they gave the poor traveler. It was just at this time the property in Anaconda was purchased, and Sisters who could be spared were taken from the different houses in the vicinity, to go and assist until the colony would arrive from the Mother House. These were: Sister Mary Sebastian, Sister Cleophas, Sister Winifred, and Sister Mary Pins. We arrived in Anaconda on the 26th day of July, the Feast of St. Ann—hence the name of the Hospital."

The house had been bought just as it stood, already furnished. There were five patients in the Hospital, who, on hearing that the Sisters were the purchasers, desired to remain where they were, so as to be under their care.

The expected colony soon arrived. They were: Sister Irene McGrath, Sister Cornelia O'Hara, Sister Mary Thomas Dowling, and Sister Generosa Jordau. The "borrowed" Sisters returned to their respective posts and the St. Ann's little community found "work enough and more" to be done. Shortly after their arrival the plastering of the house began to fall, and never ceased until by degrees it all came from the walls and the entire Hospital had to be replas-



tered, which was a tedious, trying time, both for the patients and the Sisters.

As usual, the cry was soon heard, "More room needed." The private rooms and the wards were filled. In one of the private rooms was a young man, a timekeeper at one of the mines. He had consumption, and the Sisters saw immediately that there was no hope of his recovery. The young man, however, fancied that if he could only regain strength enough to go to the Pacific Coast, he would regain his wasted energies. He was a Catholic, but had not practiced his religion for some time.

When it was suggested to him that he had best attend to the health of his soul, he would say, "There is plenty of time for that." The priest spoke to him, but without avail. The Sisters felt grieved to see him losing the merit of his sufferings by his utter indifference to all appeals.

He had been at the Hospital three months when he began having copious hemorrhages from the lungs; the first frightened him, but he tried to reassure himself by saying that when he reached the coast, these would stop; but, the hemorrhages continuing, he was compelled to acknowledge that death was near at hand. One afternoon, after a frightful loss of blood, he suddenly exclaimed, "Call the priest!"

The priest was absent on a distant sick-call and was not expected home until late next day. Sister Irene told the sick man so. He started up in bed, weak as he was, exclaiming, "O my God! am I to die without the priest? O Sister, do not let me die without the priest!"

The nearest priest was at Butte. It was November, the weather was bitterly cold. The poor man might die at any moment. Sister Irene considered a while, and then resolved to telegraph to Butte. As soon as the message was received, the priest hired a buggy, and set out in the snow and sleet that blew fast in his face, and in the coming darkness lost his way.

In the meantime, two Sisters sat up with the sick man,



MOTHER MARY PETER.

who scarcely ceased to say, "O Sister, is the priest coming? O my God, why did I not make my peace with you while I had the opportunity? O my God, do not let me die without being reconciled to You. O my God, forgive me! O Sisters, pray for me, that I may not die without the priest."

At midnight, the Sisters thought that the poor man's last hour had surely come, and they renewed their prayers to the Sacred Heart of our Lord, that He would grant the ardent wish of the poor suppliant. Again and again did they peer into the darkness, but no priest was to be seen or heard. Three o'clock came, five o'clock—breath was scarce in the wasted body of the sufferer, but he would open his glazing eyes when he would hear the Sisters move, and say, "Is the priest here?" Then would begin the piteous cry, "O my God, send me the priest."

At six the sufferer was still alive, much to the astonishment of those who had seen him the previous evening, and just about this time the priest arrived, nearly perished with cold, but, without stopping a moment, he proceeded to the sick man's room. When the priest entered the room, the dying man said in a loud, clear voice, "Thanks be to God, Who has heard my prayer!" The Sisters left them alone. After awhile the priest recalled the Sisters and preparations were made to administer the last Sacraments to the now happy-looking man. As the Sisters knelt around, and just as the last prayers were being said, with a gentle sigh, the poor young man rendered his soul to God, giving a parting glance of thankfulness to the priest of God, who on such a winter's night, had come to the rescue of his poor soul. In the whole world, what is more worthy of veneration than the Catholic priest?

Such a scene as the one recounted above is not of uncommon occurrence, and it is such scenes that are harder upon the nerves of the hospital Sister than the heavy labor of different kinds that daily falls to her lot. But such events have not always so happy an ending. When she sees a soul reconciled to its Maker, she feels repaid for all her anxieties and is ready to take up the burden anew.

The two Sisters who had sat up all night had no sooner witnessed the happy death of their charge, than they were called upon to witness a distressing sight that drove all sleepiness from their tired eyes. There was a young man, a wood-sawyer who went around town with his steam-saw, getting employment daily at different houses. This morning he was working as usual, when his saw snapped asunder and a piece, striking him on the face, tore away half and left it hanging. He was brought immediately to St. Ann's, and the priest and the doctor were soon at his side. It was a terrible sight. The man was able to make his confession, and in the course of one hour another soul had left the walls of St. Ann's Hospital, prepared for the journey to the other and the better world.

The contemplated and desired addition to the Hospital at last had to be made. The addition was larger than the original structure. When all was finished, it proved to be one of the best and most satisfactory hospitals to be found in the West.

In the spring of 1893 small-pox broke out in the Hospital. It was very slight in the beginning, only one case, and this one soon recovered. But after this it began to show itself again and kept spreading until there were eight or nine cases. Several doctors attended the stricken ones, but they did not seem to agree as to the nature of the disease. Some said it was chicken-pox. After some slight disagreement on the matter, one or two of the physicians, who were more conscientious, thought it just not to deceive the Sisters, even if they did incur the displeasure of their fellow-physicians. So it was pronounced to be the dread plague, small-pox, and such it soon proved itself, without information from any doctor.

The Sisters held a consultation, and resolved to remove the infected to other quarters by themselves; otherwise the Hospital would have to be quarantined. The other patients were in a state of great excitement and alarm, and no one

save the Sisters could be found to venture near the small-pox cases.

Among the Sisters in the Hospital were two who fortunately had had the dreaded disease—Sister Generosa and Sister Mary Veronica. They carried the patients who were not able to walk, in a cot or chair, to the conveyances destined to take them to their new quarters, and they would not let the other Sisters come near for fear of contagion. The patients arrived safe at the pest-house. None of them died, but several of their relatives who visited them caught the disease and lost their lives.

The physicians thought if the Hospital were all disinfected, there would be no further spread of the plague. But, notwithstanding all the care that was taken, in about ten days after the removal of the affected to the pest-house, Sister Ivo was taken ill and it was pronounced small-pox. She must also go to the pest-house or the Hospital be closed. The Sisters would not allow that she should be taken to the pest-house—so the Hospital was quarantined for three weeks. No one was allowed entrance, not even the priest. Father Allaey, however, came every day to inquire after the sick and to know if there was any service needed that he could render. There were many other kind friends who acted in like manner. The means of communication with the Hospital was a rope attached to the door-bell and brought out to the gate.

Owing to the goodness of God and the many fervent prayers that were offered by all the members of the community, Sister Ivo recovered, and on the Feast of St. Vincent of Paul the sign of quarantine was taken down; the sanitary officers went through the house, disinfected it, and thence forward small-pox was a disease of the past. There was great rejoicing, and the many friends of the Sisters came to congratulate them.

The first and only death up to this date, among the Sisters in Anaconda, is that of Sister Mary Veronica, who died October 13, 1896. The *Anaconda Daily* thus speaks of her:

"Sister Mary Veronica died yesterday afternoon suddenly, though not altogether unexpectedly. She had been a constant sufferer from catarrh for years and wasted away until death finally claimed her. But, though she lies there to-day, silent and still, Sister Veronica is not gone; her memory will live long to make the world brighter and better to those who have been witnesses of a life devoted to others; a life filled with denial of self; a life full of sweetness and tenderness to those who suffered, while pain racked her own body in exquisite, tedious torture. She looked day by day upon the bright sunshine and the faces that she loved, and knew in her heart that it was not for long, and without a word of complaint or regret renounced the pleasure of living as calmly and unregretfully as she years ago renounced the vanities of the world and gave her life to the service of God in the persons of the poor and afflicted.

"Her greatest cross was the weakness that bound her willing hands and held them fast from doing the tasks her heart longed for. Up to the last moment of her life she looked after the wants of those about her.

"Loving ones folded the white hands across her breast. Hands that have so often performed this duty for others, hands that have so often smoothed the sufferer's pillow, so often fanned the fevered brow, so often closed the eyes of the dying, are now at rest.

"There is a smile upon the wan face, and as one gently sleeping, the Sister of Charity, clad in the robes of her Order, reposes in state, in the quiet sitting-room of St. Ann's. Many there will be to mourn for her, many a tear unbidden and unchecked will fall upon her bier.

"All day long there was a constant stream of sorrowing visitors at the Hospital to look upon the face of the dead Sister. The smelter men and the workmen from the shops came, the fine ladies in silks and rich apparel came, and paid their tribute to her worth.

"The body was laid to rest on the hillside, in a grave lined with white and decorated with smilax and flowers. May she rest in peace!"

St. Patrick's School in Butte, Montana, was also opened during Mother Josepha's administration. In 1887 three Sisters (Sister Constantia Atwood, Sister Mary Cecilia Lawless, and Sister Cornelia O'Hara), at the solicitation of the pastor at Butte, had been sent there to open a school for the Catholic children. They taught in the old church and made their home at St. James' Hospital.

A larger school-house was soon needed, and St. Patrick's was built. This serves both as school and residence for the Sisters. On the completion of this building, other Sisters arrived from Leavenworth to join those already engaged in school-work. The new-comers were Sister Loretto Foley, who was to have charge of the colony, and her assistants, Sister Anacleta Flynn, Sister Mary Pius Martin, Sister Ursula Cody, Sister Henrietta Cloony, and Sister Francis de Sales Mulconery, the music-teacher, who says:

"We opened school with about 350 or 400 children. The desks had not arrived and did not come for three weeks, so there was not a place for the children to sit. I enjoyed the teachers' faces as the children kept pouring in! Finally, the janitor, with the assistance of fifteen or twenty boys, brought all the benches and desks from the old school, and the work of class-arranging began. I took my pencil and paper and went around to see how many music pupils I would have. There were soon thirty-five names on the list. The number was rather large for one poor Sister. For some months I taught without intermission, save a half-hour for dinner, from eight in the morning until five in the evening, when aid was given me from the Mother House.

"After three weeks' tedious waiting, the desks arrived and school-work began in a satisfactory manner. An entertainment was given every month, consisting of music, vocal

and instrumental, recitations, and drills, to which the parents were invited."

Unfortunately, a heavy debt rested on St. Patrick's for several years. During that time a school was opened in Walkerville and Centerville. We quote from the same pen that has written of the Butte Hospital:

"The pride of our Butte Catholics seems to be the parochial schools. The moment the debt on St. Patrick's School was wiped out, a new life came to this institution. The attendance steadily increased. A building was secured for Walkerville and Centerville, and to-day both institutions combined have an attendance of over 900 pupils.

"The schools are under the direction of the Sisters of Charity. Seventeen Sisters are devoting their lives to the education of our children. The greatest satisfaction is given to both parents and pupils, and the large St. Patrick's School is getting too small. Our people seem to more than ever realize the supreme importance of a Catholic education, and the clergy consider it as one of the most important of their functions to assist and encourage the work. The progress in learning is very satisfactory; the discipline is admirable and the schools are a credit to our community and a blessing for Christian homes."

Another memorable event of Mother Josepha's term of office was the celebration of Venerable Mother Vincent's golden jubilee, which at the time was thus recorded:

"The history of the Church east of the Mississippi is already chronicled. Her great names, like jasper stones, glitter in the walls of the New Jerusalem, and legend and poetry alike enshrined their memory in the hearts of the people. The pioneer workers are gone, and their work is done in those fair eastern lands, but their spirit is ours by inheritance; their romantic self-sacrifice, their love of souls, and their superhuman efforts for the glory of God are or should be ours to-day, in the struggle that is still upon us. We are but beginning. The heroism which one day will be the soul



of history in these parts, is still embodied in human form, and even now walks upon the earth. In every place, round about us, there stand men and women whose greatness we know not, but posterity will know it, and the gratitude of generations yet unborn will bring them from their hiding-places, and memory will clothe them in the robes of splendor and they shall be made to live again in history, fit companions of the saints and sages of long ago.

"Of this class, beyond a doubt, is the venerable woman who one week ago completed the first half of a century guarding the battlements of religion and civilization. A half-century—no subtraction, mark you; not a day nor an hour deducted. The days, all told, are known to angels and to men, and the world, the flesh, or the devil claims none of them. Well-nigh twenty thousand times the stars have come to watch her vigils, and the sun has peered above the hills in all these years as many times to find the cross still in her grasp—the battle still unended. Within that space of weary years, how much has been and ceased to be! How much of greatness that was not truly great—of good and ill alike! Yet, she of whom we write remained the same true heroine. The world's sorrows were not unknown to her; from childhood on, she knew what sorrow meant.

"Born in Ireland in 1819, Mother Vincent Kearney, still an infant, was brought to this country by her parents. In those years hardship was the order of the day, and pioneer life was quite another thing from what it is in this age of railroad luxury.

"Settling in Kentucky, the parents of Mother Vincent, true to the instinct of their race, left no stone unturned to confer the blessing of a thorough Christian education on a child that had already displayed many pleasing and promising traits of character.

"In those days Kentucky was still the veritable 'Dark and Bloody Ground; nevertheless, as is usual, 'there, too, grace abounded.' The Flagets, the Badens, the Nerincks,

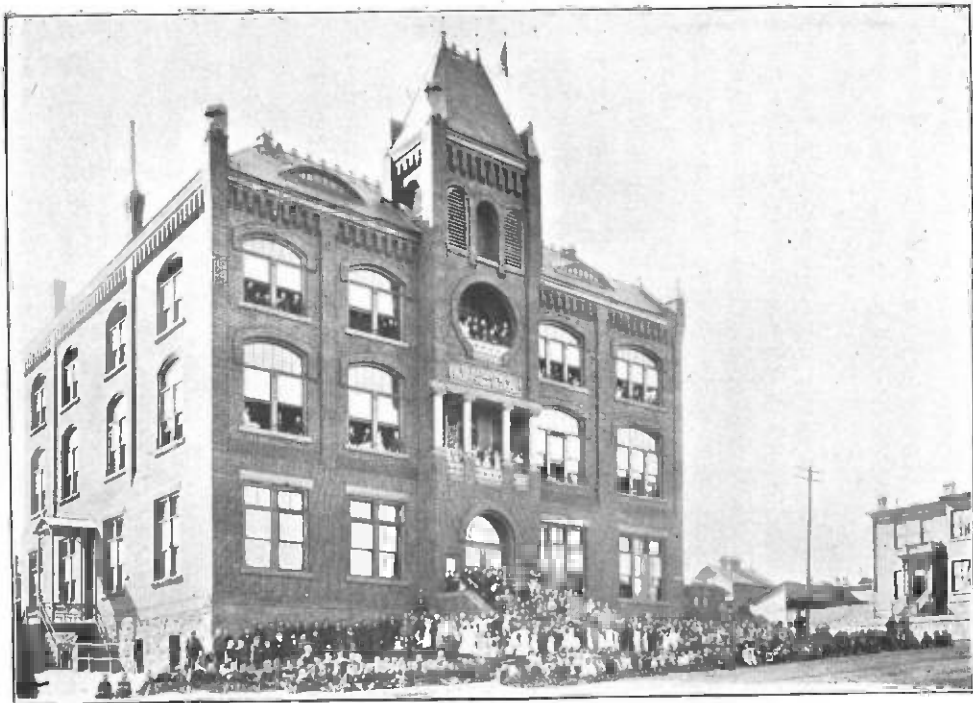
the Abels, the Elders, the Combes, and a host of others equally remarkable for sanctity and learning, had wrought out in the heart of the New World a Christian spirit that would have compared favorably with that of the first ages of the Church.

"In this sacred atmosphere the early years of Miss Kearney's life were well and profitably spent. At twenty she retired from the world and entered a community of Sisters founded about this time by the saintly Bishop David, and now known as the Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. Much privation was the lot of that noble band of Christian women, of which our bright young Novice of twenty summers formed a part. Mother Catharine Spalding, sister of the illustrious Archbishop, was then the ruling spirit, if not the source, after God, of all Nazareth's greatness.

"The Nazareth community having become favorably known throughout the South and West, the demand for their services became frequent and pressing.

"In 1849 Rt. Rev. Bishop Miles, of Nashville, Tenn., obtained from the Mother House a corps of teachers; foremost amongst them was Sister Mary Vincent. The mission was a most difficult and sterile one. The cradle of Knownothingism proved itself at last unworthy of its treasure, and, retiring from that scene of so many temporal, and, let it be added, spiritual trials also, the little band of Sisters turned their faces to the then Wild West. The Vicar Apostolic of Kansas, Rt. Rev. John B. Miede, S.J., welcomed them as a father, and offered them the air of Kansas as the only treasure he possessed that was worth the having; fortunately for the Sisters, however, on the wings of that same air came the blessings and counsels of that great and good man, and with all, the benison of Heaven upon their labors, so that to-day Mount St. Mary's is to the West what Nazareth has been to the 'Sunny South.'

"The little band of pilgrims has grown from twelve in 1858 to two hundred and eighty in 1888. The small rented



ST. PATRICK'S SCHOOL, BUTTE, MONTANA.

cottage of Leavenworth has branched out into numerous institutions, studding the country from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Arkansas to the British possessions—the Arapahoe Indians in the far-off Territory of Wyoming being the latest of their fields of labor. (The venerable Sister Joanna, a member of the Elder family, and a Novice of the Nazareth of fifty years ago, is the Superior of the colony.)

“Great, almost beyond the writer’s ability to express in words, have been the achievements of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth—space here forbids the record; suffice it to say that when the history of these times shall have been written, the names of Mother Vincent and her companions will be held in benediction, and their memory shall not die from among the people. To teach—to teach the poor children of Irish parentage—was the life-work of her whose golden crown of precious years glitters to-day with deeds untold and known to God alone. Her grand and cultured mind is still aglow with love for the old land. Her knowledge of history, especially Irish history, is complete. Her conversational powers are good, her voice sweet, and her venerable face a kindly one indeed.

“Amongst the tokens of affection offered her on the occasion, two at least deserve notice, as having won from the aged Sister the tribute of her tears. One was a beautifully wrought gold medal from ‘one of her boys.’ On one side it bore the inscription, ‘Presented by Rev. J. J. Kennedy to Mother Vincent Kearney, at her Golden Jubilee, Jan. 16th, 1898.’ The reverse of the medal bore a cross surrounded by the mottoes, ‘*Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam, 1839—1889,*’ ‘*Ad multos annos.*’

“The second was a peculiar one. It was presented by the whole community through Mother Xavier, and consisted of no less than nine thousand and two hundred and seven various spiritual acts—Masses, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, rosaries, prayers, and aspirations. In presenting the

finely illuminated card on which these spiritual gifts were inscribed, Mother Xavier spoke as follows:

*"My Sister:*

*"To-day the precious web is finished,  
Its warp the seconds in the span  
Of five times ten, the golden number  
All fraught with blessings as they ran.*

*"To-day the sparkling links, full fifty,  
Are numbered in the priceless chain,  
Each marks a year in God's sweet service;  
May Angels count, with joy, thy gain.*

*"And may new decades still be added  
To lengthen more the golden band,  
Each year a gem of richest merit,  
Placed in thy crown by Angel hand!*

*"In life's bright morn the call was given  
That bound thee to the Sacred Heart,  
And Charity's safe bark thou entered  
In earnest zeal to act thy part.*

*"Saint Vincent, from his throne in Heaven,  
Ever guards his children dear;  
And his holy rules to guide us,  
His daughters faithful know no fear.*

*"Dear Mother, please accept our tribute  
Of prayers, most fervent may they be!  
And may God's holy Angels guide thee  
To Heaven's bright bliss eternally!"*

"The Jubilee Mass of Thanksgiving was sung by Very Rev. J. Cunningham, Vicar General of the diocese, assisted by Rev. James J. Kennedy as deacon, and Rev. M. Finn as sub-deacon, Rev. Columban Meany, O.S.B., Chaplain of the Convent, being master of ceremonies. Rev. Thomas Downey, of Leavenworth, delivered a short but forcible sermon on the occasion. The parable of the mustard-seed could not have been more properly applied, nor more forcibly illustrated.

"The other clergymen present were: Rev. Bernard Hayden, Rev. Elias Mayer, O.C.C., of Leavenworth; Rev. F. Herberichs, of Ottawa; and Rev. Thomas F. Kinsella, of Fort Leavenworth. The banquet prepared for the occasion was in accord with the event celebrated, and all were profuse in

their thanks for the pleasure afforded them. On retiring all wished Mother Vincent many happy years of usefulness in the vineyard of the Lord in preparation for her eternal crown in Heaven."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Miss Katharine Drexel in 1887 had appropriated funds to build a school for the children of the Arapahoe Indians at St. Stephen's Mission, Wind River, Wyoming Territory.

In September, 1888, this building was nearly completed, and Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke, of Cheyenne, at the urgent request of Rev. F. X. Kuppens, S.J., in charge of the mission, went East to secure the services of Sisters for the school. Father Kuppens suggested to the Bishop that the Sisters of Leavenworth might be the first to be asked.

Mother Josepha, who was *then* the Superior of the community, was averse to sending the Sisters on this far-away foundation, but Sister Columba, who was Treasurer, prevailed upon her to accept it. The Sisters of Leavenworth had not yet labored among the Indians, but they had long been anxious to do so.

The colony for the mission was therefore selected. Sister Joanna was appointed to conduct it. She protested much against being sent—stated for the hundredth time her physical incapacity of always being to the front. She weighed three hundred pounds, and was sixty-eight years of age. Her companions were: Sister Ann Davis, Sister Clara Kammer, Sister Mary Jerome Martin, Sister Jovita Jennings, and Sister Mary Claudia Finnigan.

Notwithstanding Sister Joanna's protestations and lamentations, she, with her little colony, started forth in good spirits. Their first stopping-place was Laramie, where they were met by his Lordship, Bishop Burke, who had intended to accompany them thence to St. Stephen's. He expressed his regret that he was unable to do so, as he was just in receipt of an invitation to be present at the reception of the pallium by Bishop Ireland, and he felt it imperative to attend the

call. He told the Sisters, however, that he had notified Rev. Father Ryan, of Rawlins, that he should attend them on the rest of their journey.

Father Kuppens had written to Bishop Burke to have the Sisters remain awhile in Laramie, as the house was not yet in readiness for them, but Sister Joanna would not consent to tarry. She said, "We will go on and help prepare it."

At Rawlins their car-journey was ended. A covered wagon was their next conveyance, and it was found necessary, when they went to take their places, to leave two Sisters behind until the next trip, as there was no room for them.

Sister Joanna looked in dismay at the vehicle, which was "high and dry," wondering how she would ever manage to enter it. The driver, seeing her perplexity, turned a trunk into a step-ladder, and telling her to mount, which was easier for him to say than for her to do, had her soon safely inside. Immediately she began wondering how she would ever get out of it.

They left Rawlins at about ten o'clock, traveled day and night, and in the early morning came to Beaver Hill, a precipitous mountain, down which the Sisters surely thought they would never pass alive. On one side of this rocky path they saw two coaches lying in a deep, dark ravine; here they had been thrown from the hill by the force of the wind that blows constantly at this point. The steps for the horses have been cut in the solid rock, and the Sisters noticed with what exactitude the team walked in the path marked out for them. They made the descent slowly, but in safety, and at the bottom the coach stopped at a small station-house, where breakfast was served them.

It was at this place the driver was overhead saying to a "*crony*" while watching his team, drawing a long breath and wiping the sweat from his brow, "I tell you, man, I hauled on this trip the biggest woman ever seen in these parts—oh, but she 's heavy!"

After breakfast, with a new driver, they resumed their



journey, and at five o'clock arrived at the little town of Lander, where they were met by Father Kuppens with vehicles to convey them to the mission. As it was late, the Sisters accepted the hospitality of Mrs. Crowley and remained over night. In Lander there is a Catholic Church and a pastor's residence, but no resident priest.

Next morning the Sisters attended two Masses, said by Father Kuppens and Father Ryan, who, according to the appointment of his Bishop, had joined the colony at Rawlins.

After an early breakfast, they were ready for the last stage of their journey. Father Kuppens had come accompanied by two Indians, the chief, Black Coal, and his brother-in-law, Yellow Owl. The chief, Black Coal, drove the wagon in which Sister Joanna was, and she must have impressed him very favorably, for he said at the end of the drive, placing one hand on his heart, and pointing with the other towards her, "She all good," and he possibly thought she was *better* after she had given Yellow Owl and himself each a bright silver dollar.

It is a distance of twenty-five miles from Lander to St. Stephen's. The party arrived there at about five o'clock in the afternoon, where they found a plentiful supper, which had been prepared for the occasion by Father Kuppens' housekeeper, Mr. Jones, and it was a credit to his culinary skill.

As their residence was not yet habitable, the Sisters took up their abode at the old mission house, where they remained a month.

The morning after their arrival, they paid a visit to the new building, which was at a distance of half a mile from where they were staying. Their walk led them along the bank of the Little Wind River. St. Stephen's Mission is in Wind River Valley, a very beautiful spot, hedged in on all sides by mountains and traversed by two rivers, known as the Little Wind and the Big Wind rivers, two crystal streams, alive with fish of many kinds and covered with wild-geese, ducks, and brants.



MOTHER MARY REGIS

Big Wind River, limpid and inoffensive as it is in appearance, is a most treacherous stream—it is full of rapids and deep, treacherous whirlpools, into which one would be drawn without suspecting their existence. There are places inviting one to ford it, but perhaps the first step would carry one many feet below the level bed.

The geese hatch their young beside these streams, and it was not uncommon to see the mother goose with her goslings on the flowery banks of the flowing rivers. The Indians were wont to capture them and bring them to the mission to sell.

This morning's walk was one not soon to be forgotten. The air was balmy with the breath of the wild flowers that here grow in profusion, particularly the wild mignonette, which the Sisters plucked as they wandered slowly along; also other flowers of tender, delicate hue, and others of decided tints. Afterwards, in the absence of house-plants, these flowers were used in decorating the altar.

It was on this morning the Sisters made the acquaintance of the magpie, which in flocks infests this valley. They are very bold and destructive and can easily be taught to talk—they are often amusing with their chatter. They are so vicious that they will bite severely if caught, their bill being lined with protuberances like the teeth of a saw, being an effective weapon of defense. This the Sisters learned by experience after they had been some time in the valley. These birds stayed in the trees by the river and watched until the food would be carried to the pigs, when they would swoop down, and, unless driven off, would carry it all away.

Besides the magpie, there were some beautiful birds; one kind especially attracted the attention of the Sisters—it was as green as a leek, with one white stripe down the back of the head, and the tips of the wings were also white. There were no species familiar to the Central States—no woodpeckers, jays, or similar birds; but the birds of this section seemed to be peculiar to this special locality.

It was near noon-time when the Sisters arrived at their destination, so long had they loitered by the banks of the river, attracted by the sight of flowers, birds, and trees.

They found the building filled with mechanics, all busily employed, each in his special vocation, hastening to complete their work before the winter set in.

It was a large three-story brick building with a basement. The rooms were spacious, ceilings high, windows large with inside shutters, halls broad with wide staircases. All the house was conveniently arranged.

At the end of the kitchen porch was a well with water as cold as ice and as soft as rain-water, and at a short distance in the yard was another similar one. They were both dug out of nearly solid rock, and were broad and deep. The Sisters were well pleased with all they saw.

During their sojourn at the old mission-house, the Sisters were making preparations to celebrate the golden jubilee of Sister Joanna, on the first day of the coming year. It was difficult to keep their intentions secret from the subject of their work. They well knew that she would strenuously object to any display being made on the occasion. When Father Kuppens learned the desire of the Sisters, he entered heartily into their plans, and it was thought to be a very fortunate occurrence, as in this manner the Indians could all be brought together, and then the true object of the Sisters' residence among them could be explained, and the benefits that would result from it.

In the first part of November the Sisters took possession of St. Stephen's—all bright, new, and shining, and completely furnished by the generosity of Miss Drexel, with everything necessary for school and housekeeping duties.

Some time before the Sisters took possession of their new house, the Indians had begun calling on them to make their acquaintance. This had to be done by signs, as but one or two of them spoke a word of English. The first to come were the wives of Chief Black Coal and Yellow Owl;

these were followed in a short time by Mrs. Rage Bear, Mrs. White Antelope, Mrs. Elk, Mrs. Sleepy Wolf, Mrs. Spotted Crow, Mrs. Crazy Man, Mrs. Scar Face, Mrs. Shakespeare, wife of the sheriff, who was an educated Indian, Mrs. Broken Horn, a white woman captured when she was a child, who had grown up with the Indians, married into the tribe and could not speak a word of English, but was always pleased to see a white face—these, and others too numerous to mention, came to bring their children to see “the White Caps” and to speak to “the big chief squaw,” as they styled Sister Joanna, about sending them to school. They appeared quite friendly. Father Kuppens said when he was first stationed at this mission, a few years previous to this date, they were so hostile that they would go to the grindstone to sharpen their knives, and assume a menacing attitude in marching around the premises, but that he pretended not to notice their proceedings, and would coolly order what he wanted them to do, and in a short time they became as peaceable as the Sisters found them.

They already had their favorites among the Sisters. Annie, the daughter of Shakespeare, a girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, had taken quite a fancy to Sister Mary Jerome. On one occasion Mrs. Shakespeare came to the house bringing Annie with her as usual. Sister Mary Claudia, taking her by the hand said by signs, “This is *my* little girl,” but her mother, with a frown, drew Annie away from her, and went across the room to place her hand in that of Sister Mary Jerome.

Only a few of the Indians could speak English. Most of the Sisters’ callers would stalk into the house without knocking or uttering a word, sit down without an invitation, look at the Sisters for some time, then gaze around the room until their curiosity was satisfied for that time, then leave as they came; but perhaps the next day the same persons would come again, apparently having to refresh their memory by another view of the Sisters and the surroundings, for

what one saw was told to another until all the tribe were conversant with the dress, manner, and appearance of each Sister, and the number of pieces of furniture in the house.

All the Indians were bid come to Sister Joanna's jubilee, an account of which appeared in a Kansas paper:

"In far-away Wyoming, in the picturesque Wind River Valley, amidst the dusky children of the forest, was celebrated the golden jubilee of Sister Joanna Bruner.

"A party of friends met at St. Stephen's Mission on the first of the new year to join Father F. X. Kuppens, S.J., in doing honor to one whom to know was to admire and revere.

"Everything was admirably arranged for the occasion by the delicate tact of Father Kuppens and the exquisite taste of the Sisters, and all had to be done with the greatest care not to let Sister Joanna into the secret, as they wished to surprise her; but the evening previous to the anticipated occasion, when guests began to arrive, evidently to remain over night, as the nearest human white habitation was thirty miles distant, she began to suspect, and soon was convinced that it was to celebrate her *festa* they were coming. Among those present were the agent and his wife and three children, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan, James H. Tappan, and George Brent, all from the Agency; also Mr. and Mrs. Crowley and their two children, Mr. Lamoreau and his daughter, Mrs. Poise, Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson and daughter, and last, but not least, Father Venneman, of Lander.

"The first of January, 1889, was a most lovely day, the sun seeming to give increased warmth and a brighter light as his blessing on the celebration of the well-spent fifty years of Sister Joanna.

"The mission building, with its substantial comforts of good fires, bright faces, and general cheer, seemed to increase every hour until the time for the celebration of Mass arrived.

"All the guests and a large number of Indians, headed by their chief, Black Coal, repaired to the Chapel, a spacious room, where the solemn rites of Mass were conducted by Rev.

Father Venneman. At the conclusion of the service, Father Kuppens, through an interpreter, made a speech in plain language to the Indians. He explained to them the character of the celebration and the full account of Sister Joanna's good works, and the Scriptural meaning of a golden jubilee, which they fully understood and appreciated. Then turning to the white congregation, consisting of the Sisters and the guests, he delivered a most telling and impressive address, which was intensely enjoyed by all present.

"After Mass, the remainder of the forenoon was passed most pleasantly in social intercourse of the elders, and fun by the young people, who seemed to find endless pleasure in playing through the broad halls and wide and spacious stairways, making the house resound with the patter of little feet and the joyous, unrestrained laughter of perfect innocence.

"At 2 p. m. all were called to the large and handsome dining-room, where 200 Arapahoe Indians were assembled to partake of a feast prepared by the untiring and devoted Sisters and presented to them by Father Kuppens, as a gift from Sister Joanna.

"The Indians requested to be allowed to show their appreciation and respect for the occasion by having one of their exceedingly picturesque dances in costumes worthy of the stage of an Eastern opera house.

"Whilst the Indians were eating, the guests of the house were invited to a plentiful repast, where, in social converse amid the dispensing of the viands, another pleasant hour was passed. The Indian dance lasted for about two hours in the afternoon, to the delight of the Sisters, who had never before witnessed such a scene.

"When the Indians left, Father Kuppens sent after them a bountiful supper, all prepared, to finish the day at Chief Black Coal's house.

"During the afternoon, while there was a pause in the dance, Black Coal requested the agent, Col. Jones, to make

a speech to them, explaining why this large building had been erected and telling them his wishes and the agent's regarding the sending of pupils and filling it to its utmost capacity.

"The agent made a short and forcible speech, telling the Indians in plain and unvarnished language the intention of the Government to have them educated, and advising them to take advantage of the facilities furnished here at home in preference to having their children taken from them, to be sent to the large industrial schools in the East, which heretofore had proved so fatal to health."

The Indians appeared much impressed with the remarks of the agent, and, through Chief Black Coal, wished to assure him that they should send their children "to the fine big house where lived the White Caps."

Thus ended a happy day, and one that will be long remembered by all who participated in its enjoyment.

After the jubilee, the school was opened. There were eighty-five boarders, boys and girls. It was quite a task to fit these children to be proper inhabitants of a new, clean house.

In the first place, every one of the eighty-five had to be bathed, combed, and cleanly clad. Sister Joanna had requested that only about eighteen of the children should be brought on one day, that each child might receive the requisite care. She had spoken to Shakespeare on the subject, but he proved powerless to prevent all from making their appearance on the opening day. And such a busy day as the seven Sisters had!

Sister Joanna had the combing of the eighty-five heads, and this was a most difficult piece of work, for sometimes she found it absolutely necessary to cut off a child's raven locks, and to this it would object most vigorously. Some screamed aloud when they saw the scissors in Sister Joanna's hand, and Shakespeare, who interpreted all day for the Sisters, had to assure them that their *heads* were not to be cut off.



but only their hair. To these children even this was serious enough.

Later on in the session, a half-breed girl, eighteen years of age, was received into the school, and she nearly raised a sedition by reporting that at a certain time the Sisters were going to cut off the hair of every child in the school. She was continually giving trouble. Eventually she ran away, and the Sisters made no endeavor to have her return, being too glad that the children were no longer to be contaminated by her evil example.

The clothing for the children was ready for them, having been provided by Miss Drexel with the other necessities of the house.

In a few days they were ready for school-work. They were taken to the different rooms to form them into classes, not, however, according to their knowledge, but according to their size, for one of them knew as much as the other. Not one of them could speak a word of English.

The Sisters began teaching them the numbers, 1, 2, 3, until they had learned to one hundred; then the letters of the alphabet, afterwards how to put two letters together, then three, and so on until they could spell. They were taken to the blackboard and taught the Arabic notation. In teaching them this there was no trouble, so great is their power for imitating anything in the line of drawing.

Only a short time after school opened and they had assisted at Mass once or twice, they were seen in the yard kneeling in a circle and one boy going around saying something, and this was in imitation of the priest giving holy communion at the railing. When the Stations of the Cross were brought and hung in the Church. Father Kuppens, through Shakespeare, gave an explanation of them to the children. They were all attention, and as soon as it was over and they left the Chapel they hastened away to the river-bank, where stood the old camp which the workmen had used while building the mission-house, and tore off some

planks, with which they made a cross. Then some of the larger boys took off their shirts, tore them into strips, and tied one of the small boys to it, and started in procession to the house, shouting and yelling. The Sisters at first, on hearing the noise and seeing the disorderly rabble, were terrified, thinking perhaps they had really nailed the child to the cross, but upon instant examination it was found that he was only tied upon it, but that so securely that by himself he could never have broken his bonds.

One of the duties of the Sisters was to teach the children how to work. They began by teaching them to wash the dishes. One day in the early spring the girls were very busy in their refectory and the boys in theirs, when the two presiding Sisters were called from the room for a few moments to speak to Sister Joanna in the community-room, which faced in the direction of the river, when, to their utter amazement, they saw their *corps* of *dishwashers*, both boys and girls, gaily disporting themselves in the water. Their garments, hastily cast aside, were strewn along the river's bank. Occasionally one of the bathers would leave the water and run up the bank, pursued by another, and great seemed to be the enjoyment of the entire crowd, and dark and forbidding were their glances when they saw a Sister approaching them to put an end to the sport.

It was found expedient, after some months' trial, that a separate portion of the house should be appropriated to the sole use of the boys. This proceeding was found impracticable on account of the construction of the building, and the only remedy was that an addition should be made to the house.

Miss Drexel was notified of this pressing need, and, in answer to the appeal, started in person for St. Stephen's Mission. When she reached Omaha, Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor dissuaded her from proceeding farther on the journey, representing to her in the darkest shades the difficulties of the route. She did not go to St. Stephen's.

Towards the close of the first vacation, Sister Joanna wrote an account of the manner in which they were spending their time, with some little items of interest, which we quote:

"The soil of this place is most productive; splendid vegetables are raised. Of cabbages raised here this season, not a head weighed less than twelve or fourteen pounds, and one weighed fifty-two pounds. It was taken to Lander for exhibition. All other vegetables are equally fine, especially potatoes, onions, carrots, beets, etc. Every kind of vegetable, even peas, beans, and lettuce, grows wonderfully here. Melons cannot be surpassed in quality, quantity, or size.

"We have a number of cats, and a remarkable fact is that they are more afraid of the Indians than of dogs. During the day and until the Indians gather into their *tepees* for the night not a cat is to be seen, but as soon as evening falls they emerge from their hiding-places. One we have noticed as very remarkable—it is so large, and is as white as snow. We often wondered how the cats kept in such good condition, as we never fed them and they could get nothing to eat when they came to the house at night. Finally, the mystery was solved through the means of this white cat.

"One evening the Sisters were walking along the river-bank when they came upon the white cat *fishing*. It was sitting on the bank and as the fish came near enough it would jump into the water and catch them.

"The wild animals—that is, the *small* wild animals of this region are the pole-cat, the badger, and the fox. These prove very destructive to our chickens, rendering it difficult to raise any.

"The whole prairie is covered with a thick, scrubby growth, which is called sage-brush. In these bushes the sage-hens, or prairie hens, build their nests and hatch their young, if they can succeed in concealing them from the sharp sight of the Indians. When the young are hatched, the old

bird frequently brings them to the doors of the houses in search of food, and they are often fed from the very hands of the Sisters. They are very cunning, pretty little things. They seem to know the hours when it is safe to leave the brush, then they come up to roost near the house.

"The prairies are full of a very peculiar kind of berry, called the *bullberry*. It grows on little bushes, fuller of thorns than it is of berries. Those who gather most must suffer most from the thorns. The Sisters picked a quantity and made jelly of them.

"I shall never forget how disgusted we were at the first attempt to make this jelly. We put the berries on the stove, and as soon as they came to a boil, they looked exactly like common soft-soap, both in consistency and color. We determined not to waste sugar on the experiment, but finally, as we had so much trouble in securing the berries, we decided to try. We strained the liquid from the seeds—there was no pulp—and put it into a vessel, where it had the appearance of dirty soap-suds. We added sugar, and when it began to boil we found the sugar clarified as well as sweetened it. It began to come to the surface a thick-looking substance, and as that boiled up and was skimmed off it left a liquid of a most charming amber color. We still added more sugar, as it was very acid, but when we at last succeeded in getting it to 'jell' it made the loveliest jelly you would wish to see. We put up eighteen gallons, but will not attempt to make any more, as it takes so much sugar. If it were not for that, we would make up all the berries we could gather.

"There is another berry here which is most abundant. It looks much like a black currant. The Indians gather and bring them to us for sale; they do not care to be paid in money—they prefer to get in exchange tea, coffee, or sugar.

"We have our own milch-cows, and you would wonder, looking at the absence of pasture, how any animal could live here, but there is a weed called *grease-wood* on which they thrive, and also a tall, strong, coarse grass, with strength-

ening properties equal to that of corn. These substances make them milk as copiously as do the richest hay or corn.

"In early spring, from the first of March until the middle of May, there is an onion which the cows eat greedily, and which flavors the milk and butter so much that they can scarcely be used during that period."

Sister Joanna had resolved not to open school again until her requests for an addition to the house, etc., were attended to. She had written on the subject to Miss Drexel and also to the President of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, but until the 11th of December she received no response.

September arrived. There was need of provisions, clothing, accommodations, and means to pay for hired help.

The Bishop, Rt. Rev. M. Burke, who paid the mission a visit at the close of the first school year; Col. Thomas Jones, who had watched with great interest over the mission for three years, and had witnessed its struggles and successes; General Armstrong and Judge Carey, who had resided in the Territory for a number of years—paid the mission a visit of a few days, examined carefully into the details of the school, and all agreed unanimously that another building was absolutely necessary; also cattle (two thousand four hundred pounds of beef had to be brought weekly from Lander, a distance of twenty-five miles), stables, out-houses, and general improvements. They, by careful estimate, decided that ten thousand dollars would be required, and then the school would have a fair chance of continued success—to begin with less would be hazardous.

In December, Rev. Geo. Willard, of the Catholic Indian Bureau, paid St. Stephen's an inspecting visit and was much concerned not to find the school in operation.

Sister Joanna still persisted in not opening school until her requests were complied with, and this not being done, the Wind River Mission was dissolved, and the Sisters there employed were transferred to other mission houses, where their services were gratefully accepted.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

Mother Josepha was succeeded in office by Sister Mary Peter Dwyer, who, at the time of her election, July 20, 1892, held the position of Mistress of Novices. Sister Stanislaus Bannon was elected Assistant Mother.

The new Mother continued the works which had been begun by her predecessor in office, and also began and completed others that necessity, from time to time, called for.

The addition, the corner-stone of which was laid in 1890, was ready for dedication by the Feast of St. Nicholas, the 6th of December, 1894.

The friends of the institution were invited to honor the occasion by their presence. A goodly number accepted the invitation. Those who could not come sent good wishes and sincere regrets. Father Louis Guenther, O.C.C., wrote thus:

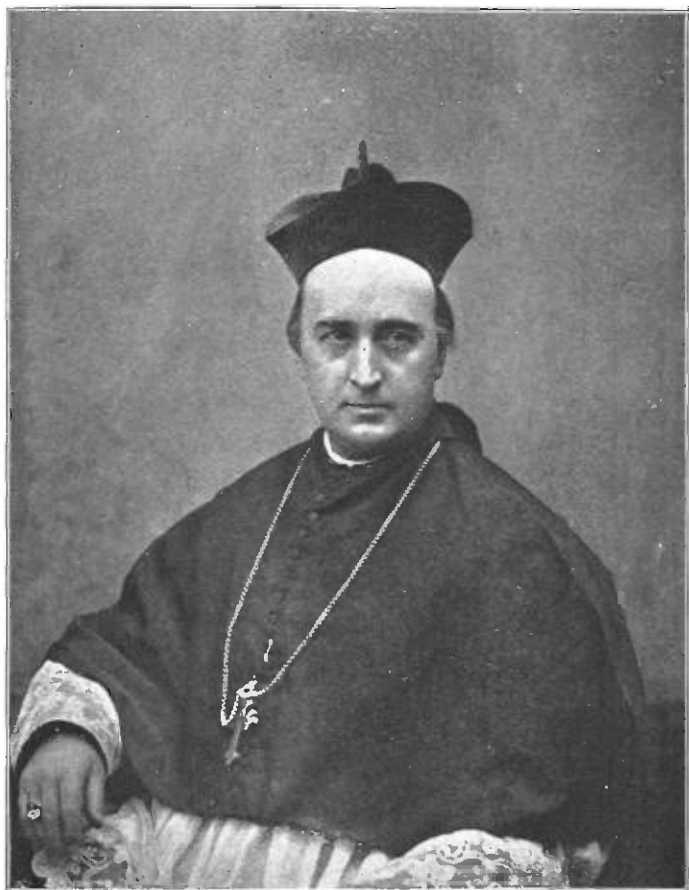
"Carmelite Monastery,  
"Corner Fulton Street and Center Avenue,  
"Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 1, 1894.

*"Dear Sisters of Charity, Leavenworth, Kas.:*

"Whilst I thank you very much for your kind invitation to the opening of your enlarged Academy, I beg to be excused, if I cannot comply with it, much as I regret it.

"God has visibly blessed you. If I look back to the year 1858, when I saw the band of heroic Sisters for the first time in that primitive Cathedral of Leavenworth, the entire history of Catholicity in Kansas passes before my mind, and the Sisters of Charity play a considerable part in that history.

"Good old Father Heiman, an ever-faithful friend of the Sisters, is no more; Rt. Rev. Bishop Miege, who had called them, is gathered to his fathers; Father Casimir Leitz, O.S.B., the first confessor to the Sisters, has long ago entered



RT. REV. L. M. FINK, O.S.B.

his reward. Not to speak of the many Fathers S.J., among the most prominent, that saintly Father De Coen, S.J.

"I was in those days a young man, now I have reached the mark of 58, with a gray beard and gray head—far away from the scene of my first labors. How happy I would be if I could join you on that auspicious day, the opening of an enlarged Academy—the home of about 300 Sisters—what a prolific family!

"Now let us come back to the old Sisters: Sisters Xavier, Joanna, Josephine, Ann, Mary Vincent, Vincentia, (a Sister Regina dead), and others. Your first Novices were (Sister ? ?—she taught so long at the fort), Sister Stanislaus, Sister Regina (Dempsey) dead, etc.

"Kindest regards to you all, recommending myself to your good prayers,

"I am, as ever, yours,

*"P. Louis Guenther, O.C.C.*

"Please let me hear of you sometimes; it does my old heart good."

The Chapel of the Annunciation is in the addition, the old Chapel having proved too small to accommodate the pupils and the growing community. It was in this beautiful new house of God that, on the 6th of December, Pontifical High Mass was celebrated by Rt. Rev. Louis M. Fink, O.S.B., with Very Rev. John F. Cunningham as archdeacon, Rev. M. Harrigan as deacon, Rev. M. Finn as subdeacon, and Rev. T. J. Downey and Rev. Father Leo, O.C.C., as deacons of honor.

The sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached by Very Rev. Antony Kuhls, of Kansas City, Kansas, from the text, "Blessed is he that lives in the house of the Lord."

After the religious ceremonies, the guests made an inspecting tour of the handsome new building. St. Mary's Academy now contains over 110 rooms, not including bath or toilet rooms, wardrobes, closets, halls, or vestibules. It is heated by steam in the original building, and hot water in the addition. In case of fire, besides the three fire-escapes,



there is a coil of hose connected with the water-works on each floor. The guests were much delighted with the entire building, pronouncing it very complete in every part.

In 1894 was built, about fifty feet west of the addition, the bakery, with a rotary oven and other complete fixtures, together with a flour store-room. Back of this is a steam laundry, perfect in every detail of tubs, wringer, mangle-iron, and ironing-boards. The partitions are corrugated iron, painted white. On the ground-floor is the boiler-house, pronounced the finest in the State, and also a complete carpenter-shop.

After the erection of this building came that of two substantial brick edifices, the first for the horses, the second for the cows. In the meantime a conservatory had been built, wherein flowers could be kept for the adornment of the altar—this was a primitive affair, but served its purpose well, and is soon to be replaced by one of modern style with all appliances necessary to the health and well-being of that most charming part of the vegetable creation—the tender flowers.

Then the graveled walks were replaced by those of *asphalt*. These walks do not prove to be very finished pieces of handicraft, but the contractor assured some of the Sisters much interested in their success, "that *one thing* was certain, they would have to pull no more weeds." The truth of that statement remains to be proven—the walks are yet in their early infancy, and already many fissures are to be seen, and it would not surprise one to see the old intruders make their unwelcome appearance some summer's day ere long.

After the completion of the asphalt walks, came the macadmized road, leading from the statue of the Guardian Angel north of the building to the marble gateway east of the cemetery.

1895 was ushered in by a change in the head-dress of the Sisters; this was the assumption of the coif and head-band, and the veil over the white cap.

In July of this year Mother Mary Peter was reelected, with Sister Anacleta Flynn as Mother Assistant.

A colony of Sisters was asked for during this summer to open a hospital in Grand Junction, Colorado. This little town is in Mesa County, and has about 4,000 inhabitants. It is on the Rio Grande River, in the midst of a table-land, from all parts of which there is a charming view of the Grand Mesa, and on the east is the vast range of peaks of the Rocky Mountains, covered with snow the entire year, while in the valley below it is moderately warm.

It was to this lovely little mountain town that Rev. Father Carr invited the Leavenworth Sisters to come in order to open a hospital for the sick and disabled. On September 14th, Sister Mary Balbina Farrell and Sister Mary Louise Madden were sent there to collect means to erect the desired building.

A location in the east side of the city was selected as the most desirable site. The mayor, Mr. Alison, gave three lots and three more were purchased by the Sisters. Cold weather was approaching and little was done to the building until the following spring, when the contract was let. The cellar had already been dug and stones hauled for the foundation. This was the contribution of the kind people of the valley, at the suggestion of Father Carr.

The Hospital, under the title of *St. Mary's*, was opened for the reception of patients May 22, 1896. Until this date, from the time of their arrival, the Sisters had been the recipients of the generous hospitality of Mrs. James Cosgrove, a very noble-hearted, kind lady. While thus situated, the Sisters collected through the principal parts of the town, receiving large donations from some of the business men, and nothing from others.

So numerous were the demands for the services of the Sisters, that it was decided in the fall of 1895 to send Sister Anacleta and Sister Mary Bridget to Ireland with a view to

secure recruits for the missionary work confided to their community in the Western States.

The two Sisters went to the Convents in different places and made known to the Superiors the purpose of their coming. Generous souls were found ready to bid farewell to home and those whom the heart holds dearest on earth, to give their youth, their health, their lives, and labor in a distant land for the sole love of God and the salvation of souls. May He who holds all treasures in His hands reward their generous sacrifice. On the 10th of December, 1895, the voyagers with the young recruits arrived, and need it be written that they received a warm welcome to the land of their choice?

Shortly after their landing, Very Rev. Father Kuhls wrote as follows:

"St. Mary's Church, Cor. 5th Street and Ann Avenue.

*"A. Kuhls, Rector.*

*"Kansas City, Kan., Dec. 23, 1895.*

*"Dear Mother Mary Peter:*

"Allow me to wish you a merry Christmas and the special blessings of the Divine Infant. May He grant you and your children His divine love—a treasure worth more than all the worlds, visible and invisible.

"As you live with the Divine Infant under the same roof, visit Him often and be generous in asking the above favor of Him who has never been known to refuse.

"Be sure to introduce the *Holy Hour* on Thursday evening. You might bring this to Him as His Christmas gift—at least for the next twelve months. It is done now in many religious communities and even in many parishes. Let us come nearer to the Tabernacle and you will again see the Ages of Faith.

"I rejoice at the fine colony you brought from Ireland. As an appreciation of this, I send you a turkey and some candy for Christmas enclosed in this letter for all the Sisters.

Wish all of them a merry Christmas for me, and ask their prayers for a special intention of mine.

"Again wishing you God's blessing,

"I am yours truly in Christ,

"A. Kuhls."

The *turkey* and *candy* mentioned in the text was a check for a generous amount—sufficient to purchase several large turkeys and many pounds of candy. At the Very Rev. Father's suggestion, the *Holy Hour* was immediately inaugurated and it will be continued, as no one doubts, so acceptable is the devotion to the entire community.

Early in 1896 a petition was received asking Sisters to open a sanitarium in Las Vegas, New Mexico. Before taking any decided steps in the matter, Mother Mary Peter wrote to the Archbishop of Santa Fé, and received the subjoined reply:

"Archbishop's House,

"Santa Fé, N. M., March 11, 1896.

"Mother Mary Peter, St. Joseph's Hospital, Denver, Colo.:

"Dear Sister,—I am directed by his Grace Archbishop Chapelle to tell you that after reflecting on the matter and conferring with the Sisters of Charity of Santa Fé, neither he nor the Sisters have the slightest objection to your establishing an institution of your community in Las Vegas. Nay, more, the Archbishop as well as the Sisters will do all in their power to render you needed assistance.

"The Archbishop earnestly prays that God may bless your undertaking.

"Respectfully and sincerely yours,

"Henry C. Pougel,

"Chancellor."

Rev. T. O'Keefe, pastor of East Las Vegas, who had asked for the Sisters, is a native of Leavenworth, and from his childhood had known the Sisters of Charity.

The Sisters had also another old friend in West Las Vegas in the person of Rev. J. H. Defouri, who, too, was anxious that the Sisters of Leavenworth should come to New Mexico. He wrote:

"Las Vegas, March 20, 1896.

"Rev. Mother Mary Peter, Leavenworth, Kas.:

"Dearest Mother,—I am somewhat sick to-day—tired after the busy days of last week, and with a severe cold; but I cannot help writing to you on this day, particularly I do it to follow my heart, but also to obey my Bishop, who tells me to write to you to come as soon as you can. Oh, what a joy when you come! do not delay. God bless you, and when you do come, I will go and meet you on the very limits of New Mexico. We will do all we can to render your life agreeable amongst us; we will help the Sisters—*we will get sick that they may come to us.* Ah! you laugh—well, laugh heartily, but come soon to Las Vegas.

"My respects to all the Sisters. I was thinking yesterday of Sister Gertrude. Every tramp coming around she said was *St. Joseph!* until several *St. Josephs* stole the very spoons, knives, and forks, even plates with which they had eaten their meal. And I laughed at dear crest-fallen Sister Gertrude.

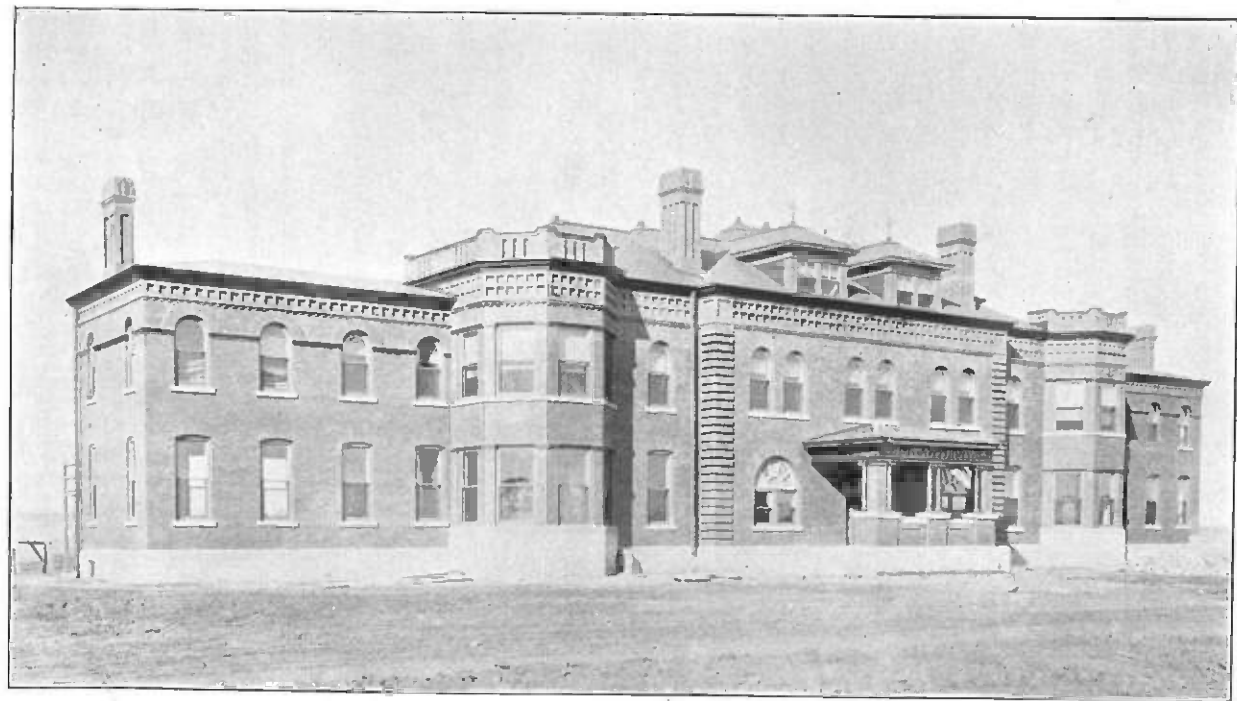
"Well, God bless you all.

"Your obedient servant,

"James H. Defouri."

Sister Anacleta and Sister Felicitas were sent to Las Vegas to confer with Rev. Father O'Keefe and to see the country. They returned to the Mother House bringing favorable reports.

Shortly after the return of Sister Anacleta from this her first trip to Las Vegas, she was agreeably surprised by the present of a little *burro* from that place. Its first home was on the back lawn, and in the evenings it would accompany the Sisters in their walks—sometimes gambolling off



ST. ANTHONY'S SANITARIUM, LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO.

to a distance—then running rapidly back and rubbing against the habits of the Sisters to assure them of its devotion. It is called "*Vaggy*" and is a great pet both with the Sisters and the pupils.

Sister Anacleta again went to Las Vegas when the contract was to be let for the Sanitarium. The *Daily Optic* of Las Vegas said:

"The corner-stone of the new building was laid on the 15th of August. In the line of march on the occasion were the various orders of the Catholic churches, city officials of East Las Vegas, and representatives of several of the fraternal orders. His Grace, Archbishop Chapelle, accompanied by several other gentlemen, was in the rear of the procession, followed by many citizens in carriages and on horseback.

"Father Grom addressed the audience in Spanish, then the Jewish rabbi delivered an address on the beauties of Christian charity, and the love that makes the whole world akin. Archbishop Chapelle made a powerful address.

"The following is a list of the articles placed within the stone: Copy of the *New York Catholic News*, the *Kansas Catholic*, *Leavenworth Standard*, photograph of Mother Xavier Ross and of Sister Adelaide Callahan, copies of *Church Progress* and *Catholic World*, photograph of Mount St. Mary's Academy and a catalogue prospectus of the same, copy of *Daily Optic* and *Leavenworth Times*, a souvenir of Bishop Fink's silver jubilee of Kansas City, Kas., by-laws of the Montezuma Club and a roster of the Las Vegas Fire Department, sacred relics, and coins of this date."

By contract the building should have been completed December 10, 1896, but the heavy rains in the fall retarded the work, and extended time was given.

The opening and dedicatory exercises took place Tuesday, January 26, 1897. The new St. Anthony's Sanitarium is of a semi-Colonial style of architecture, especially adapted to the climate. It is said to be "the pride of the city and the

future Mecca of the invalid and health-seeker." As it stands to-day, the Sanitarium is the most perfect of its kind west of the Mississippi.

Whilst these events were transpiring in New Mexico, the Mother House was a scene of continued activity. It was honored by the presence of two distinguished guests, Monsignor Satolli and his Grace Archbishop Chapelle.

It was on the 11th of February, 1896, that information came that perhaps on the next morning Monsignor Satolli would pay a flying visit to Mount St. Mary's. The pupils of the Academy prepared an entertainment, and when his Grace came the next day, he was conducted to the study-hall, where he listened to the following address, written by Miss Stella Flynn, and delivered by Miss Maggie Mulconery:

"Though from the fullness of the heart  
In rushing words the lips do speak,  
They fail our greeting to express;  
The reverence, love, affection deep  
That fill our hearts; our joy sincere  
Beams forth in these bright faces here.

"This moment—how its birth we prayed,  
That we your loved face might see;  
And how each hour was filled with dread  
Of untold happenings that might be  
The death-blow to our fond desire—  
Your honored presence, noble Sire!

"You long have had our deep regard,  
Our youthful hearts were touched and stirred,  
And from our hearts deep gratitude  
Ascended swift like winged bird,  
When to our eager minds was told  
Your zeal in working for Christ's fold.

"And then was born the hidden wish—  
We dared not hope it e'er would be—  
That we might see you face to face,  
And for your blessing bend the knee.  
Behold! your Eminence is here—  
With honor crowned is this school year.

"That in our midst now stands a son  
On whom our Mother Church has placed  
The scarlet robe of heavenly trust,  
Yes, with her choicest favors graced!  
Ah! would my heart could speak its glow,  
But words are weak and will not flow



"For me like others you have heard,  
Whose glorious tones have fitly sung  
Your eulogy in glowing terms:  
Now to your mind those thoughts which rung  
Recall, and know what I would say  
Had I the power to speak as they.

"But one sweet word in glad tone springs  
From heart to lip and thence to you;  
The word we're glad and proud to speak,  
And tells our greeting warm and true—  
You're welcome thrice! our hearts acclaim;  
I greet you in St. Mary's name!"

Although his Eminence was pressed for time, he remained an attentive listener to the entertainment which followed the address; then, after dinner and a few words of congratulation and encouragement, he left Mount St. Mary's, apparently much gratified at what he had heard and seen.

His Grace Archbishop Chapelle was called to St. Louis on business in May of this year. By invitation, he paid Mount St. Mary's a visit on his return trip—much to the pleasure of the Sisters and the delight of the pupils of the Academy.

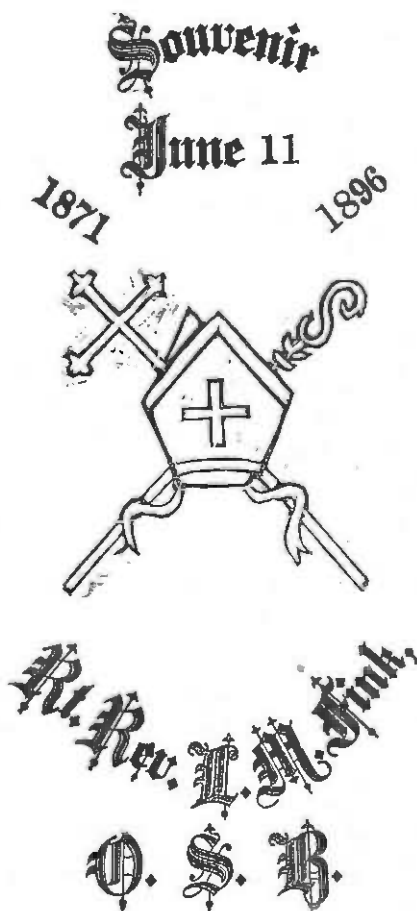
For several days before the *11th of June, 1896*, Mount St. Mary's was a scene of unusual activity—both indoors and outdoors; the beautiful lawn surrounding the house was rid of all fallen leaves, twigs, branches, or any object that would mar the loveliness of its greenness, the shrubs were trimmed, flower-bushes divested of all unsightly, faded glories, and even "down the lane" to the Kansas City road, men were at work with spade and shovel, filling up hollows and carrying off the accumulated heaps of dried leaves and stray papers carried thence by the sportive Kansas zephyrs.

Indoors every room was put in holiday apparel; floors were polished, furniture was polished; when all was finished, the community-room was vacated, and left to the deft fingers of a corps of artistic Sisters to be decorated as the *banquet-hall* in which was to be celebrated the jubilee dinner in honor of the venerated Bishop of the diocese, who is at the same time the honored Ecclesiastical Superior of the Sisters of Leavenworth.

The 11th dawned fair and pleasant.

At noon-time the pupils of the Academy were ranged in the entrance hall, where they greeted the Bishop on his arrival with a "Song of Welcome," composed especially for the festivity. Then an address was read by Miss Rosemary Madden, after which followed song and music until dinner was announced.

Each guest, and there were seventy-two, found at his plate a souvenir of the celebration—a satin ribbon, purple on one side, white on the other, bearing the legend:



After dinner, the very reverend Bishop and his priests were photographed in a group, and shortly after they began to disperse.

"But summer days are brief,  
Though summer days are kind,"

and soon this delightful day was no more; like "a breeze in the leaves, a wind in the reeds," all had vanished!

Another memorable event of this year was the presentation of the National Banner that now on all festive occasions floats from the belfry tower of Mount St. Mary's.

"The members of the Veteran Keeley League at the Home, with Col. Andrew J. Smith, were anxious to give expression to the cordial relations existing between the two institutions," said the *Evening Standard* of July 19th, "and it took the form of a flag-presentation, one for the Academy and one for St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum. The ceremonies took place on Thursday, June the 18th.

"Shortly before three o'clock, fifty Veterans, with the Home band at the head of the column, marched to the Academy. On reaching the grounds, the Veterans were escorted to the oak grove just northeast of the building. There the Sisters, the pupils, and the orphans of the Asylum were already assembled. In the center of the grove stood the standard-bearers, supporting the two beautiful flags that were destined to be presented to the Sisters.

"The pupils of the Academy sang the 'Star-Spangled Banner'; then Secretary Trader, of the Keeley League, stepped to the front and made the following address:

"Ladies and gentlemen, kind Sisters, young ladies of the Academy, we have come among you in martial array, with flying flags and beating drums, but let me assure you our mission is one of peace and good will. How strange this scene, yet how beautiful and suggestive! Spring and winter are met beneath the rich foliage of summer. How widely separated are our conditions! Your lives are bathed in the bright light of the morning sun. We are dwelling in the

evening twilight. You look forward. All your hopes and aspirations are for the joyous future.

“From our standpoint in life we look backward, and through the vista of years which number the life of a generation of humankind we gaze upon those scenes when we wrought the best work of our lives—for ourselves, for our country, and for posterity. We see the clash of contending armies and the fields covered with the dead and the dying, and all the power of desolating war. But in the midst of this we see devoted women, clad in sable garments, amidst which the pendant crosses denote their religious order, as, with the glow of a heavenly charity upon their countenances, they move to and fro amidst the wounded and the dying, who receive with blessing their merciful ministrations.

“But you, young ladies, do not need to be taught the lesson of patriotism. Patriotism and home love are twin virtues that flourish instinctively in the heart of every true woman.

“Therefore we bring our gift, not as an object lesson, but as a tribute to your graces. I now take pleasure in presenting to you in behalf of the Veteran Keeley League, and in the name of our noble leader, Colonel Andrew J. Smith, this beautiful emblem of freedom.’

“Turning to the children of the Orphan Asylum, the Secretary then said:

“‘And what shall I say to you, dear children? The hearts of the veterans yearn towards you with a peculiar tenderness. Fatherless, motherless, we thank God your destiny is cast in the Christian land of liberty. Here you are cared for and nourished by the devoted Sisters, educated by your religious teachers, with the prospect of developing into prosperous, useful citizens of the Republic, while over you and over them float the protecting folds of the Stars and Stripes.

“‘And do you know the possibilities that flag represents? I will tell you. Perhaps some little boy now listening to my

voice will some day be President of the United States, or some little girl now standing before me may, in the lapse of years, preside as mistress of the White House. See to it then that every year as you grow in knowledge your affection for the flag and the principles it represents burn stronger and stronger; that next to love for God shall be your love for this glorious land of freedom. With the hope that you will thus develop, I now present to you in behalf of the Veteran Keeley League and our good Governor, who loves children and whom the children love, this beautiful Flag of the Free.'"

Rev. Father Feehan, Chaplain of the Academy, accepted the flag in behalf of the Sisters, and Rev. Father Kinsella performed the same office in behalf of the orphans of the Asylum.

An ode written for the occasion, "Of Thine Own Country Sing," was read by Miss Helen Higgins. This was followed by the song "America," and thus ended another beautiful day in the delightful month of June, 1896.

The year 1898 is memorable for the celebration of Mother Mary Peter's silver jubilee on February 14th. In testimony of the esteem in which she was held, the right reverend Bishop, with others of the time-tested friends among the clergy, honored the community with their presence.

The exercises began with Pontifical High Mass, celebrated by the right reverend Bishop, with Very Rev. Anthony Kuhls and Rev. Louis Guenther, O.C.C., deacons of honor; Rev. T. J. Downey, deacon of the Mass, and Rev. T. J. McCaul, subdeacon; Very Rev. J. F. Cunningham, assistant priest; Rev. J. Smits, O.C.C., as master of ceremonies.

There were present in the Sanctuary: Rev. Father Francis Hayden, of Topeka; Rev. Bernard Hayden, of Solomon City; Very Rev. E. Bononcini, of Abilene; Rev. E. Scheerer, of Leavenworth; Very Rev. Joseph Perrier, of Concordia; Rev. Angelus Lager, O.C.C., of Scipio; Rev. Albert Phelan, C.P., of Cincinnati, O.; and Rev. J. C. Feehan, O.C.C., of Niagara Falls. The eloquent jubilee address was made by Rev. Father Kinsella.

In the afternoon the pupils of the Academy claimed the guests and the community in the study-hall, where they presented a program prepared especially for the occasion.

In this same year, on the 20th of July, at the election for new officers for the community, Sister Mary Regis Speak was chosen Mother Superior, with Sister Raphaella Shannon as Assistant Mother.

On August 7th, the corner-stone of a new hospital was laid in Billings, Yellowstone County, Montana, which is to be conducted by the Sisters of Leavenworth. The Sisters were invited to this place by the pastor, Rev. Francis Van Clarenbeek, at the suggestion of the citizens.



ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY, HELENA, MONTANA.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

The foundations in Montana have continued to prosper—houses have been enlarged and more Sisters demanded.

The newly elected Bishop of Victoria, Vancouver Island, Rt. Rev. John B. Brondel, who received his consecration at the hands of the Most Rev. Archbishop Seghers, December 14, 1879, was, on the 7th of April, 1883, appointed administrator of Montana, where he was also to reside. His Lordship chose the city of Helena for the place of his permanent residence.

On the 7th of March, 1884, a new Bishopric was erected, with Helena as the Episcopal See. Rt. Rev. John B. Brondel was appointed as its first Bishop.

The first Diocesan Synod was convened at Helena, June 24, 1884, at which were present four of the secular clergy and nine Jesuit Fathers.

"The opening day," says Very Rev. L. B. Palladino, S.J., in "Indian and White in the Northwest," "being the feast of St. John the Baptist, the name saint of the Bishop, and patron saint as well of the Helena diocese, was made the occasion for the laying of the corner-stone of the new St. John's Hospital. The ceremony was conducted with unusual circumstance and solemnity, and at the dinner given on that day by the Hospital Sisters in honor of the Bishop and clergy, the latter indulged in the pleasantry of addressing his Lordship toasts of welcome in twelve different languages, Greek, Latin, English, Flemish, Italian, German, French, Blackfoot, Crow, Flathead, and Nez Perces, to which his Lordship replied in Chinook."

The clergy were: Rev. Jos. M. Cataldo, S.J., Superior General of the Jesuit Missions in the Rocky Mountains; Rev. Laurence B. Palladino, S.J., from St. Ignatius' Mission; Rev.



Jos. Menetrey, S.J., of St. Francis' Church, Missoula; Rev. C. Imoda, S.J., attached to the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart, Helena; Rev. Jerome D'Aste, S.J., in charge of St. Mary's Mission; Rev. Remigius De Ryckere, rector of the Deer Lodge Mission; Rev. Jos. Guidi, S.J., assistant at the Cathedral, Helena; Rev. P. Barcelo, S.J., missionary among the Crow Indians; Rev. E. W. J. Lindesmith, U. S. A., Chaplain at Fort Keogh; Rev. J. Damiani, S.J., from Fort Benton; Rev. J. J. Dols, rector of St. Patrick's Church, Butte; Rev. L. S. Tremblay, S.T.L., rector of Frenchtown.

The second Synod took place in June, 1887. Like the first, it was made the occasion for the blessing of the cornerstone—a block of Montana granite, five feet long with appropriate breadth and width, on which was chiseled the inscription, "A. D. 1887"—of a new edifice, the new St. Vincent's Academy. During the ceremony, his Lordship Rt. Rev. J. B. Brondel made the following address:

"The Creator of the universe, whilst making man in His own image and likeness, imparted to that intelligent being the power of producing, but only with the help of preëxisting materials. Man, therefore, stands in this world as master to shape things according to his fancy, and in the measure of the power of his invention. We admire the mechanic, who combines metal, fire, and water, making of these materials motive powers to carry heavy loads across mountain and valley, day and night, and flying off with thousands of tons of freight, deposit the same to within an inch of the appointed place and at the appointed time. We wonder at the artist's skill, who plans the majestic dome of some celebrated cathedral, who with paint and brush presents to our vision on a piece of canvas the work of Nature around us, who with the chisel and a block of marble makes various impressions on man's heart, who with a musical composition touches the chords of the human soul so as to produce joy or sadness, religious or patriotic thrills, or the feelings of sweet home.

"We love the laboring man, who by the sweat of his brow brings out of the mountain-side the precious metal, or works the field to reproduce the grain necessary for life's support. All these we admire because of their excellence, all these we love because of their usefulness, and in the power of production we contemplate the image of the productive powers of God. Yet, above all others, we must admire most and esteem in greater measure those who are engaged in education, for their work is the most noble, the most useful, and the most lasting, and it is through education that we share the benefit of possessing such as excel in mechanical and in the fine arts, as also excellent workmen amongst the laboring classes. No wonder, then, that the Christian Church, which received from Christ the Lord power to teach all nations, has ever had schools, and will ever have them. The canons of provincial councils and of diocesan synods, held in Europe and in America at different epochs of the Christian era, prove that next to the church there ever was to be a school; so much so that in ages when war was frequent and people had no taste for studies, the word *clergyman* or *cleric*, meaning an *attaché* of the Church, was changed into *clerk*, with the meaning of *writer* given by the popular voice. Hence it is that we rejoice to-day, seeing the erection of a new structure intended to be a house of learning, a school, to be called St. Vincent's Academy.

"The subject matter of formation here will not be steel or iron, metal or land; it will not be the canvas of the painter, the stone of the architect, the marble of the sculptor. No. This institution is for the formation of the human character, for the refining of human tastes, for ennobling and endowing human minds, for the perfection of the human soul. The material for formation in this institution will consist of intellectual elements, and woman here will receive knowledge and increase of virtue, so that the future mothers and sisters of the land, the beloved portion of the population, may be more worthy of that love, and by their purity and

knowledge permeate with virtue and intelligence all who may come into contact with them.

"Standing here to-day before St. Vincent's Academy, it seems to me as if I heard the voice of the people at large crying out with an ardent desire for virtuous women. 'Let there be in the land good women, and state and family will be secured. Consecrated virgins of the Lord, we will give into your hands our little girls, that they may grow up in health of body, in purity of soul, and in intellectual acquirement.' From you and from such institutions as this can we reasonably expect to see our daughters become ornaments of society, good mothers, or the beloved of the family circle.

"Thanks, then, to the people who, irrespective of creed, have so liberally contributed to the erection of this institution, whereby they share in the noble work of elevating the standard of morality and knowledge in this northwestern country. May God reward them all.

"And you, Sisters of Charity, who for eighteen years have received the great trust freely given by the people of this community, that of educating their daughters, be ever as you have been in the past, the safe guides of young womanhood, and continue to deserve the appreciation of all our fellow-citizens. Whilst blessing the corner-stone of the new St. Vincent's Academy, we bless you, those who assisted you, your pupils, and your works. Instruct in knowledge, form to piety, improve in character, and coöperate to mould and perfect with moral and intellectual endowments the hope of the land, the promising daughters of Montana, that our country, beautiful by nature, may be peopled by a pure, healthy, and intelligent generation, so that we may enjoy the blessings of a true progress and of true happiness, which will find its perfection in the eternal joys of Heaven."

There was also, at this time, urgent and pressing need of a new orphan asylum. There were forty orphans in the small building in the yard of St. John's Hospital, known

as St. Jerome's Asylum; in winter the rooms were too crowded, and in summer the yard was too small to give the children the exercise their age and inclination demanded. Mother Josephine was very anxious to secure for them a house where they could have the green grass, the free air, and hear the songs of birds; in fact, she wanted a *comfortable home* for them—a large, airy, cheerful, bright house, with an extensive yard, with trees, birds, dogs, cats, and in the course of time horses for the children to ride upon; in truth, she wanted for them everything that children ever desired and that is essential to their well-being and happiness.

But where were the means to come from to buy the ground and build the house for this purpose? Montana is a rich country, but gold does not grow upon the pine-trees with which the mountains are covered, to be picked as the Sisters needed. The Hospital had its poor to support and work for, and had for years clothed and fed most of the children at St. Jerome's.

The pressing necessity for the new asylum was talked over and about, until at last Mother Josephine determined to take a decisive step in the matter. Some years previous to this date, Sister Bertha and Sister Camilla were collecting in the mining-camps, when they met a miner by the name of *Tommy Cruse*, who asked their prayers for his success, that he "might strike a bonanza"—and he added, "If I do, your days of begging will be ended, for I will not forget you." The *bonanza was struck*, and in 1891 Mr. Thomas Cruse was a millionaire, residing in Helena in a palatial mansion.

Sister Bertha mentioned this incident to Mother Josephine, who thereupon decided to call upon Mr. Cruse and remind him of the promise of his early days. She did so, accompanied by Sister Bertha. Mr. Cruse did not directly answer, but expressed concern that Sister Bertha was still compelled to beg—saying he thought she had served her apprenticeship in that line of work. He dismissed the Sisters with a donation of a thousand dollars.

The Sisters then interviewed the more prominent business men of the city, by whom they were encouraged to proceed in an undertaking that would meet the approval and support of every humane person. Each one subscribed according to his means.

The next step was to secure a suitable location for the asylum. The Sisters all looked on the Prickly Pear Valley as the most desirable spot. Many were the anxious glances cast east, west, north, and south, but the Sisters said unanimously, "Let it be in the valley; there the children will have what they so much need—plenty of expanse; there they can have brightness and freedom."

The reverend Jesuit Fathers owned land in that direction, where it was their hope in the future to build a college for the Catholic youth of Montana. They gave a block of their possessions for the intended edifice, but, this not being sufficient for the house and yard, Mother Josephine purchased another block, three acres at \$200 per acre, and on this plot of ground the much-desired *St. Joseph's Orphans' Home* stands to-day.

After this purchase was made, two young men of the valley, the Rohan brothers, gave and assisted to plant one hundred shade-trees in the orphans' yard. The ground lies one mile north of the Northern Pacific Railroad dépôt, and about two miles distant from the Cathedral. The city of Helena lies to the northwest; on the north are the Broadwater Hotel and Fort Hawes; on the east is seen the smoke from the smelters in East Helena; and on the south is the prairie with a farm-house here and there, and in the summer-time numerous cattle roaming at their leisure on its grassy sward.

The orphans are allowed the privilege of using fifteen acres of this prairie land, and here a vegetable garden is planted. In spring wheat is sown, to be cut later as fodder for the two horses that were presented to the orphans by Mrs.

Henry Reed, formerly Miss Minnie Gallagher, one amongst the first boarders of St. Vincent's Academy.

The orphans not only possessed two horses in the beginning of their residence in the country, but also three fine milch-cows. Two of these cows were given by Mr. Neil Sullivan, of Blossburg; one of them had been stolen from him and he came to Helena to reclaim it, then had it driven to the Hospital for the use of the small inmates of St. Jerome's Asylum. Mr. Sullivan had given a fine one previous to this, and Mother Josephine sent one of the best from the Hospital. Mr. Thomas Powers presented Mother Josephine with a carriage for the use of the Home.

On the 8th of September, 1892, the corner-stone of the new Home was laid in the presence of a great concourse of people. The translation of the Latin document placed in the corner-stone reads as follows:

"Anno Domini, 1892, September 8, Feast of the Nativity of the Mother of God; Rt. Rev. J. B. Brondel, Bishop of Helena, Leo XIII. being the Pope of Rome, Benjamin Harrison being President of the Republic of the United States of America, J. K. Toole being the Governor of the State of Montana, J. C. Curtin being Mayor of the city of Helena, there being present Rt. Rev. J. B. Brondel, Very Rev. L. B. Palladino, S.J., Rev. Leopold Van Gorp, S.J., Rev. Pascal Tosi, S.J., Rev. C. G. Follett, and Rev. Francis Batens, solemnly placed this corner-stone of the Orphans' Home of St. Joseph."

The building, now complete, is one hundred feet on one front and eighty feet on the other, and four stories high. The foundation is stone, with brick above. It was ready for occupancy by the first of October, 1893. The first Sister Servant was Sister Mary Catherine Taylor, with Sister Mary Angela Fialon, Sister Placida Kennedy, Sister Bertha Crany, and Sister Ann Vincent Steinmetz as assistants.

The celebration of the *twenty-fifth* anniversary of the arrival of the Sisters in Helena, the 10th of October, 1894,

was, owing to matters of absorbing public interest at the time, closely followed by the holidays, postponed to January 22d. In response to the invitation to attend the celebration, Very Rev. Anthony Kuhls, a true and tried friend, wrote:

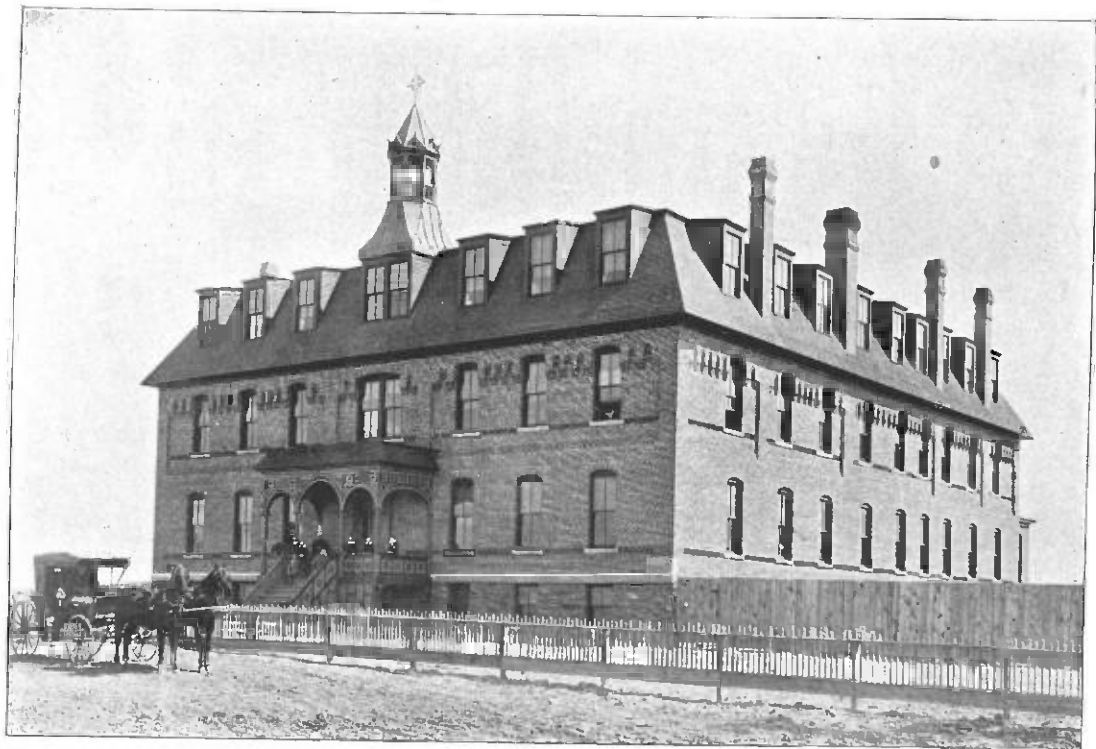
"Kansas City, Kas., January 16, 1895.

*"Dear Mother Josephine:*

"Whilst it is impossible for me to be with you in body on the 22d of January to celebrate your twenty-fifth anniversary in Montana, I shall be present in spirit, and write my congratulations on that joyful occasion.

"Had I wings, I would make an attempt to say Mass for you in your own Chapel. As it is, I must content myself with saying Mass for you and all your dear Sisters in Montana in my own cyclone church—i. e., the basement. May God grant the community yet many anniversaries like this, and may the spirit of St. Vincent guide and conduct his children safely through the future as he has done through the past. Keep up the spirit of simplicity, of charity, and of love, and you will be unconquerable. That spirit will not die, nor permit death to touch any body where it dwells. It is like a heavenly salt, permeating our corrupt beings. May the spirit of old never die out in your community. A spirit the pioneers and myself remember so well, and with joy and delight.

"A good many dear souls have left you during the last twenty-five years—some very dear to me. One of them is resting in the graveyard of Helena—a beautiful soul. R. I. P. You are one who saw the beginning and the end of this epoch of twenty-five years, for which you must give special thanks to the good Father in Heaven. I hope you will have good Father Palladino with you on that day to honor the occasion, and I will write to him to represent me in the festivities. There is hardly a place I love so much as Montana. I saw so much good and I was treated so kindly, more



ST. JOSEPH'S HOME, HELENA, MONTANA.



than usual, at my last visit—a visit I have always remembered with joy.

“Be kind enough to remember me to your good Bishop and to Rev. Father Palladino, and to all the good Sisters—especially to Sister Mary Aloysa and Sister Columba.

“Had I the purse of Thomas Cruse—and my own heart—I would endow your Orphan Asylum on this day for all time to come. As it is, I must content myself with the good will. Again wishing you God’s blessing,

“I am yours respectfully,

“*Ant. Kuhls.*”

For the celebration of the anniversary it was desired that a brief history of the works of the Sisters in Montana should be written. Who would, could, or should do it? was the question propounded.

The Sisters with one accord said, “Oh! ask *Father Palladino* to do it.” Every one knows Father Palladino, “who,” as is universally said of him, “is noted for his attainments as a scholar, as a skilled theologian, an eloquent logical speaker, and a man of more than ordinary executive ability.” And he is also noted for his kindness and humility. He was good enough thus to reply to the Sisters’ request:

“Gonzaga College,

“Spokane, Wash., August 15, 1894.

“*Rev. Mother M. Peter:*

“Reverend dear Mother,—With pleasure I shall do as best I can to prepare, as requested, a brief history of your Sisterhood and its branch houses in Montana, for the occasion referred to in your favor.

“I have written of the Sisters and their work at some length in my forthcoming ‘Indian and White in the Northwest,’ and what is scattered through that book can be put together and rearranged for the purpose. Many of the cuts in the book will also do good service in the sketch for the

Sisters, as they naturally belong to it. Thus, much time and expense can be saved, and the illustrations will set forth much better than the dead letter what the community has done in Montana.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Very truly and respectfully,

“L. B. Palladino, S.J.”

“The celebration yesterday of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Sisters of Charity in Helena,” said the *Daily Herald*, “was a notable event. It was participated in by old and young, Protestant and Catholic, the old-time citizens especially turning out to greet and congratulate the Sisters. ‘God bless the Sisters!’ was the key-note of the day.

“In the morning at the Cathedral High Mass was celebrated, Bishop Brondel being assisted by six priests. The music was Giorza’s First Mass, under Mrs. Fisk’s direction, with Mrs. Carter presiding at the organ.

“In the afternoon a reception was given by the Sisters at St. Vincent’s Academy. Among the guests from abroad the kindly face of Father Palladino was seen among his beloved people, and warm indeed was the welcome extended to him. Mother Amadens was present from St. Peter’s Mission, Mother of the Divine Heart, of the Good Shepherd’s, Sisters of Providence had come from Missoula, and there were old pupils of St. Vincent’s in the throng, many of them glad to come back and shake the hands of their faithful teachers once again and wish them all the success they deserved.

“The attendance in the evening at St. Aloysius’ Hall was the crowning success of a day without a blemish. Bishop Brondel was the chairmau of the evening and Major Maginnis acted as master of ceremonies. These gentlemen were accompanied on the platform by Father Palladino, Col. W. F. Sanders, ex-Governor Jos. K. Toole, Senator-elect T. H. Carter, and Judge McConnell.

"As early as seven o'clock the audience began to throng the dimly lighted hall, and when the lights went up and the orchestra began its overture about eight, the room was densely crowded.

"Speeches were made by Senator Carter, Col. W. F. Sanders, Judge McConnell, and Major Maginnis. The last speaker, in a peroration of singular beauty, declared to the Sisters, 'If every eye you have closed upon this hill and every heart you have comforted could this night emit a chord of music or a perfumed fragrance, the air would be sweet with music and the night would be filled with song.'"



## CHAPTER XXXVII.

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### THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, IN MONTANA,

On the Occasion of the

Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of Their First Arrival.

An Historical Sketch by the  
Author of

"Indian and White in the Northwest."



TO  
THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS,  
THIS HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THEIR WORK  
IN MONTANA IS RESPECTFULLY  
DEDICATED BY THE  
AUTHOR.

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REV. L. B. PALLADINO, S.J.

## I.

*Introductory.*

The 10th of October of the year of our Lord 1869 was a day of special interest to the people of Montana, and will be ever a memorable date in its history. On that day's coach from Corinne there arrived in Helena a small colony of settlers who came to cast their lot among us, but who were not of the kind that, in those days, sought the wilds and dug-up gulches of the Rockies. They all belonged to the gentler sex. Garb quaint and sombre, youthful looks and dignified bearing, graceful manners and smiling faces, all appeared to combine and render the little band to every beholder a vision as fascinating as it was novel. Who were they, whence had they come, and what brought the genteel and gentle travelers to our mountains? And, if they had come to stay, what record have they made?

Kind reader, scarcely a month hence will occur the twenty-fifth anniversary of the arrival in our midst of that first band of valiant women, who, followed by many others of the same religious family, have been at work among us, nursing our sick, caring for our waifs, educating our youth, and devoting their whole being to further the welfare of our people.

While the happy occurrence is to be fittingly observed, an historical account of their fruitful and beneficent labors during the period seemed not only timely and appropriate, but most desirable. The task having fallen to our lot, the best we could do was to repeat ourselves—that is to say, reproduce what is contained in "Indian and White in the Northwest," where the subject, forming as it does a not insignificant part of the history of Catholicity in Montana, has already been treated at some length and with no little

care. But while this will be, in the main, the course pursued in the following pages, we shall not omit to introduce additional variety of incident and detail, which, if superfluous and out of place in a book of wider scope and range, becomes indispensable here, owing to the more particularized treatment demanded by the theme, now itself no longer a part, but the whole subject to be treated.

We have been acquainted—nay, in close and continued intercourse with the community ever since its advent into Montana, and find, indeed, much genuine pleasure in giving testimony to the noble work, solid virtues, and excellent religious spirit of its members. But to proceed with order, before speaking of the branches and their fruit, it is necessary to say a word of the parent stock, and we therefore begin by giving first an outline of the Sisterhood and its origin.

## II.

### *The Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kansas.*

In 1812 Rev. Father David, one of the pioneer priests of Kentucky, conceived the idea of founding a community for the purpose of supplying female teachers for the diocese, under the auspices of Right Rev. Bishop Flaget. The zealous Father soon commenced the good work by congregating together a few pious girls of the surrounding country, who had long wished to devote themselves to God in the religious state. With his Bishop's approval, Father David formed his young Sisterhood according to the Rule and Constitution of St. Vincent of Paul for the Daughters of Charity of France, not varying in the least from either, with the exception of a few additional clauses which the difference of this country from that of France made necessary.

The Sisters commenced their labors near St. Thomas' Seminary, Bardstown, Kentucky, but in a short time removed to their new Convent, Nazareth, two and one-half

miles from Bardstown, which was then the Episcopal See. In a few years Nazareth became the Mother House of a large community, and as early as the year 1820 it had established branches in Scott County, Louisville, Yellowbanks, Elizabethtown, and Bardstown. In 1840 a colony of Sisters was sent to Nashville, Tennessee, the first established outside of Kentucky.

In August, 1819, Father David was consecrated Co-adjutor Bishop of Bardstown, but this did not prevent him from continuing the care and instruction of the Sisters of Nazareth, over whom he presided more than twenty years, as the Episcopal Superior. As time advanced the colony of Sisters of Nashville had increased to more than twice their original number. In 1851, six of these Sisters having determined to transfer their allegiance to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Miles, of Nashville, the other members were recalled to Nazareth, the Mother House in Kentucky. From these circumstances originated the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kansas, the first six having made their novitiate and profession at Nazareth, under the guidance of Rt. Rev. Bishop David.

In a few years the Sisters found they had made a mistake in locating in Tennessee, as they saw no possibility of extending the works of charity contemplated in the Rules of St. Vincent beyond that State. In 1858 circumstances occurred that resulted in their removal to the Northwest Territory, where an extensive field for the exercise of their duties presented itself.

In the fall of 1858 a Metropolitan Council was convened at St. Louis, Missouri, and Sister Xavier Ross, who was at the head of the Nashville colony, availed herself of this occasion to see one or more of the Suffragan Bishops of that See with a view to secure a home in the Northwest for the community. Upon her arrival in St. Louis she sought an interview with Father P. J. De Smet, S.J., with whom she had a reading acquaintance, and laid the whole case before him,

confidently asking his advice. The Father informed her that Bishop Miege, of Leavenworth, would attend the Council, stating at the same time that one of the Bishop's intentions, as he had learned from the Bishop himself, was to procure a colony of Sisters to teach in Leavenworth, and therefore he advised her to see his Lordship and confer freely with him on her affairs. Being called upon by Mother Xavier, the right reverend Bishop, who had already been notified of her project by Father De Smet, informed her that he would receive the whole community most willingly. By the end of February, 1859, the former Sisters of Nashville had passed under the jurisdiction of Bishop Miege, and, from the name of their new home, became known as the Sisters of Leavenworth, Kansas.

Of the six members who had been authorized by their Ecclesiastical Superior to transfer their allegiance to Bishop Miles, of Nashville, two died before the colony removed to Kansas, while a third one returned to the Nazareth Convent. Thus the three others, who were Mother Xavier Ross, Mother Vincent, and Sister Joanna, may properly be called the founders of the Leavenworth Sisterhood. These three remarkable women are still living, and not unknown in Montana, where, as will be seen later on, they have been on duty several years, the two former in charge of St. Vincent's Academy, and the latter of St. John's Hospital, Helena. Of the younger members of the Nashville colony, that is to say, of those who had joined the original band of six previous to their moving to Kansas, several also survive, and three of them reside in Helena. They are Mother Josephine, who is, and has been for many years, presiding over St. John's Hospital; Sister Placida, at the New Orphans' Home; and Sister Ann, on duty at St. Vincent's Academy.

Under the leadership of Sister Xavier, the new and independent Sisterhood increased rapidly in numbers, and spread out to other parts of Kansas, to Missouri, Colorado, Montana, and Wyoming. From the State of Missouri, however, they

subsequently withdrew to exercise their calling further west, where a newer and larger field was open for their labors. The members of the Order count to-day a little over three hundred, and conduct thirty establishments, several of which, as we shall see, are in our State.

### III.

#### *Branching Out into Montana.*

The Sisters had established only four houses in Kansas, when they were called upon to branch out into Montana. This occurred in 1869, and was brought about as follows:

Helena's future as a permanent place having ceased to be a matter of doubt, the project of bringing in some Sisterhood for school and hospital purposes commenced to engage the serious attention of the Fathers in charge of the Catholic portion of the community. Father P. J. De Smet, S.J., whose good offices and coöperation had been solicited and enlisted by Father F. X. Kuppens, S.J., in 1867-68, became much interested in the cause. It was for the good of a region that had been the favorite field of his former missionary labors among the natives, and he had promised to do all in his power to have Sisters go out to Montana, as soon as the people there would be ready to receive them. In the summer of 1869, Father Van Gorp, S.J., who had succeeded Father Kuppens, renewed the application and received the same assurance. Upon this favorable answer, he began to make ready, and, casting about for a suitable location, purchased several lots along the east side of Ewing Street, as a most desirable site for the object in view.

While Father Van Gorp was thus securing the place for a colony of Sisters, Father De Smet was at work to obtain the Sisters who were destined to occupy it. Shortly after receiving the last application from the mountains, he happened to meet the Rt. Rev. J. B. Miede, S.J., Bishop of Leav-

enworth, who had arrived in St. Louis on his way to Rome to attend the Ecumenical Council of the Vatican. He met him on the street, and there and then, after a few words of greeting and inquiry, claimed the fulfillment of the promise which the Bishop had made some time before, viz., to send Sisters to Montana when the Fathers there would be ready to receive them. Bishop Miege referred Father De Smet to the community in Leavenworth, saying, "Tell the Mother I am willing the Sisters should go, if they can be spared." Father De Smet lost no time. He called upon several wealthy ladies and solicited from them sufficient donations in money to defray all the traveling expenses of the Sisters to Helena, Montana. This accomplished, he took the first train to Leavenworth, and, on the day he arrived, sought an interview with the Council of the Sisters of Charity.

The reverend Mother and her Councillors, in grateful remembrance of the timely assistance rendered their Sisterhood by Father De Smet eleven years before, received his application with favor, and five members of the community were soon selected and ready for the long journey. The chosen ones were Sister Julia, the head and leader of the band, Sister Bertha, Sister Loretto, Sister Mary, and Sister Regina. Miss Rosa Kelly, who is still remembered in Helena as a young woman of rare musical talents, was also of the number. At Father De Smet's request, the little colony assembled in the parlor, and after his "inspection" he seemed to be delighted with their good spirits. There only remained for him to secure the railroad tickets and other fare to Helena. This was promptly attended to, and it was not until he had bidden the missionary Sisters good-bye on the train and had seen them speed along towards their distant home that Father De Smet felt that his mission was accomplished.

The Sisters left Leavenworth on the Feast of St. Michael, September 29th, and reached Helena October 10th. The pen glides smoothly and pleasantly over the journey, and spans the whole distance in less than two lines. But what a long,

weary stretch for the travelers! and what ill-usage, besides, of flesh and bone, limb and garment, to be churned in a Montana coach and over Montana roads eight whole days!

It was late in the evening when they landed from the stage, and, though eagerly expected, not the less unexpectedly did they arrive; for they reached Helena before they were known to have started from Kansas. Those were still the palmy days of bull-transportation in Montana, and to have carried the United States mail on bulls might have improved the service occasionally, as in the present instance. Father Van Gorp happened to be out on missionary duty in the southern part of the district when he heard that a band of nuns had passed on the coach bound for Helena. He started at once for home, and, heading off the stage, arrived just in time to receive and welcome the pilgrims. Being the first colony of Sisters to come into the Territory since its settlement by the whites,\* their arrival was an event of considerable interest, not only for Helena, but the whole of Montana.

#### IV.

##### *A Digression with a Point.*

Religious orders of women given to an active life and endowed with a missionary spirit are one of the brightest glories of the Church in the more recent times, and favored indeed is the community where one or more of these beneficent institutions is established. Whether by the bedside of the sick, or caring for and nursing the waifs and strays of the human family; in the school, in the parish church or mission chapel; at home or on the street, on their precious countless errands of mercy and charity, these valiant women by their

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\*A colony of Sisters had come to Montana previous to this date, that is, in 1864, but for the Indians. They were members of the Sisterhood of Providence from Montreal, Canada. See "Indian and White in the Northwest," just issued by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md.



lives, their habits, and their whole being, are everywhere a luminous and convincing argument, not less than a sweet and powerful incentive to elevate their fellow-creatures, and lead them to the knowledge, love, and practice of virtue.

That their presence must be particularly beneficial in new missionary fields appears evident from the fact that there the absence of all good example must needs render the profession and conduct of these pious women that much more exemplary; we mean that much more influential and effective unto the edification of others. Among many burning lights an individual one will scarcely be noticed, whereas, shining forth in the darkness of the night, it will attract the attention of and impress everybody. Just so in our case. The following incident will both confirm and illustrate our meaning, and though it occurred some time later on and in another part of Montana, it is not for that any less to our point.

We were going to say Mass early one morning, while in Missoula, when we heard loud sobbing, as of some one in great distress a short distance from where we stood. Hastening at once in that direction, we found at the door of the little church a tall, stout, rugged fellow, who looked the very picture of grief. That the man was in the lachrymose stage of a *bender* was the first thought that crossed our mind. On enquiring, however, what ailed and distressed him so, "Father," said he between sobs, "I cannot stand it any longer. I have been in the mountains the last twenty-five years and have not seen a priest or a church all this long while, and my life has been what you may imagine. I have just come to spend the winter in this town, and yesterday, while passing through here at the break of day, I saw the good Sisters from yonder plodding through the snow, to come and pray in this little church. The sight *stoned* me, and I have not slept a wink since. Please, Father, hear my confession; my pile is a large one, but, with the help of God and the example of those saintly women, I want to mend my ways and be a good Christian."

If so much is true of example alone, which, after all, is but the shadow of good conduct, what is to be said of the actual work itself, of lives unsparingly and heroically spent in the service of God and in behalf of youth and suffering humanity, particularly in places where piety and religion are conspicuous only by their absence; where educators are few, incompetent, or mischievous, and where ills and wants are as abundant as remedies and comforts are scarce?

However, as these great opportunities to do good depend here in great measure on the very poverty—nay, destitution, sometimes, of all things spiritual, on account of the scarcity of priests, it also follows that they who will labor in such fields for the good of others cannot help being *pinched* themselves occasionally by the wants of the situation and deprived once in a while of some of their ordinary spiritual comforts, such as daily Mass, weekly Confession, more frequent Communions, etc. That to pious souls, whose whole object in life is to glorify God by their own sanctification and that of others, such spiritual privations must be harder to endure than any material ones necessarily follows from the immensely greater value of things spiritual over things material, whether considered in themselves or as a means to the end of man's destiny. But who can doubt that God, in all such cases, will not make up the deficiency in other ways, best known to Him, and that His faithful servants will not be the losers, but the gainers? Does He lack means to do it? Or can it be imagined that a greater service is entitled to less recognition at His hands? Certainly it cannot be more pleasing to Him to have us enjoy His company than to have us quit it for awhile to do His bidding. And if to expect His help in ordinary circumstances through other but the ordinary channels of His appointing would be intolerable presumption, can it be less culpable diffidence on our part not to trust His special Providence in special emergencies? But let us return to the narrative.

## V.

*St. Vincent's Academy.*

Beyond purchasing a site for their residence, nothing had as yet been done by way of preparation to receive the new community. For, it was thought and with good reason, that the Sisters themselves, once on the spot, would know and plan out what might better suit their own requirements. Divided into three couples, the band shared first the hospitality of three Catholic families, Mrs. L. F. Lacroix, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. H. Galen, who treated their guests with exquisite kindness and the warmest cordiality.

A few days later, all the members of the colony found themselves reunited under one roof, in the temporary quarters that had been hastily prepared for them. These were in a small cottage that stood adjacent to the site intended for their permanent home. It was the former printing establishment of a newspaper, the old *Gazette*, conducted by Judge Wilkinson and Peter Ronan, from whom the premises were purchased by Father U. Grassi, S.J., in the winter of 1867-68. The Fathers, who had made the building their residence for about a year, now vacated it and turned it over for the use and accommodation of the Sisters. We much doubt, however, the veracity of the word *accommodation*, as applied in this connection. For what we styled a cottage was but a shanty, an unsightly and most wretched *shebang*. A floor of rough planks, four walls partly of battened boards, partly of pine slabs, bark side out, and a roof of poles covered with earth, and of many leaks, made the structure. It was, however, no small comfort to the Sisters to be all together and able to follow their community life. This alone made up for all the inconveniences of the dwelling.

By this time laborers and mechanics were already at work digging, blasting, and hauling material. Before long a conspicuous frame structure of modest dimensions began

to loom upon what had now commenced to be called Academy Hill. Some of the Sisters, in the meanwhile, went around soliciting assistance and contributions for their new home. They went from one camp to another throughout the Territory, and their appeals met everywhere, at the hands of the ever-generous miners of Montana, with a response that was not less cordial than substantial.

The buildings were ready for occupancy by the latter part of December, and by the beginning of January, 1870, St. Vincent's Academy, the first institution of the kind for the whites in Montana, was opened for the reception of pupils, both boarders and day-scholars. In providing for the girls, the wee lords of creation were not forgotten. The old *Gazette* building was fitted up into a class-room for them, and thus, with the opening of St. Vincent's Academy, a day-school for boys was also inaugurated.

The little colony of peaceful souls was only a short while in its new home, when its members had a rather gruesome glimpse of Western ways in a bit of early Montana history. Some three hundred yards east of the new Academy, and full in sight of its inmates, there arose, in what was called *Dry Gulch*, a grim, solitary tree, with a stout limb that projected from the parent trunk, almost horizontally, about eight or ten feet above the ground. The tree was of a very peculiar growth in many ways, and brought forth fruit betimes all of a sudden and of a most extraordinary kind. A casual glance at it one morning by one of the Sisters sent a shudder through her and all the rest. The tree had borne fruit during the night, and a human being was seen hanging from the limb we have just described. It was but a few weeks later when the deadly plant had become still more prolific, this time two human forms dangling from the ugly branch. A quarter of a century has not quite obliterated the ghastly visions from the minds of the beholders.

For those of our readers who may not be familiar with the early history of Last Chance or Helena, we add here, by

way of explanation, that the tree we have described had been selected by the Committee of Safety or Vigilantes of the district as a handy and inexpensive instrument to deal out summary justice to evil-doers, and has become historical under the name of Hangman's Tree.

The new school was well patronized from the opening, and the sons and daughters of several leading non-Catholic families were among its first pupils. The accommodations proved insufficient, and in a couple of years were enlarged to nearly twice their original capacity. Further improvements were made by Mother Vincent, who took charge of the Academy shortly after Sister Julia had been transferred to the newly opened Hospital, St. John's. We have already mentioned Mother Vincent as one of the founders of the Sisterhood, of which she had been the Mother for three years. She was a woman uncommonly well read, the tenacity of her memory being not less remarkable than the vast range of her information. During her Superiorship, the old *Gazette* shanty, an eye-sore—in the improved surroundings, was carted away and replaced by a neat frame structure of much larger dimensions. This new building served for a time as a boys' school, but subsequently, on the new institution becoming crowded, it was used exclusively for Academy purposes. It, too, some time later, was seized upon by the hand of progress, and made to disappear to gain room for further and more substantial improvements.

Sister Xavier Ross, the principal founder of the Order, and its Mother for several terms, was the fourth at the head of St. Vincent's Academy; and it is much to be regretted that the keen air of our mountains would not suffer that remarkable woman to remain some years longer in our midst. She was succeeded by Sister Josepha, who provided additional accommodations by constructing a convenient brick appendage to the principal building. The addition, notwithstanding its small dimensions, was very significant as an evidence of progress toward stability. It showed that

the period of temporary structures had passed away, brick and mortar now replacing the frail building material of former days.

Sister Josepha left her charge to assume another and much heavier one. She was elected Mother, and the office of Superior at St. Vincent's fell now to the lot of Sister Mary Baptist, to whom the new Academy owes its erection. The corner-stone was laid by the Rt. Rev. John B. Brondel in June, 1887. It being on the occasion of the Second Diocesan Synod, the function was conducted with unusual solemnity of circumstance and ceremonial. While the elegant and stately pile is to-day among the finest structures and a most conspicuous ornament of Helena, in its arrangements nothing was omitted which might be conducive to the health, progress, and comfort of the pupils. By adding to those already spoken of, Sister Columba, a woman of considerable experience in educational matters and who has ably conducted the institution for the last two years, we shall have mentioned all the Sister Servants, whose combined efforts have made the glorious past that crown St. Vincent's Academy on this the twenty-fifth anniversary of its existence.

But was victory ever achieved or laurel won by general without the devotedness and bravery of the rank and file? Even so in our case. Together with those who have been at the head, we would fain mention each and all of those who as teachers, assistants, or in other capacities, have had, no less than the leaders and founders, their own share in making the institution's history. But, however pleasing the task might be, the little time at our disposal does not allow us to speak of each one individually and in detail. We, therefore, can do no more than give the names of a few; we mean those only whose particular mention seems to be demanded by their longer years of service.

Sisters Alberta, Benedicta, Clotilda, and Mary Sebastian have been among the successful and efficient teachers in

St. Vincent's from the earliest seventies, while Sisters Alphonsa, Patricia, Modesta, and Mary Salome have conducted for years domestic departments with considerable industry and painstaking fidelity. Sister Alphonsa has been the tinkering—we beg pardon—the mechanical genius of the establishment, and her inventive ability to devise means to an end extends over every branch of domestic economy, from stopping a leak in a tea-kettle to one in a roof; and from repairing a shoe or hooping a tub to plastering a wall. Nails, hammer, and saw are as familiar to her as the scissors, the broom, and the needle. True, the productions of her mechanical skill may not always possess the finish that they would receive at the hand of the professional, but then, they are not less useful for that in their own kind and way.

Somewhat later additions to the staff of St. Vincent's Academy were Sisters Mary Gabriel, Rose Vincent, Mary Kilian and others, but they have worked not less faithfully and successfully than those who had come at an earlier hour. Sister Mary Gabriel is still fondly cherished and greatly missed by her many pupils. Sister Rose Vincent has had in her keeping for many years the wee tots on Catholic Hill, the little boys of the parish; and not these only, but a great variety of plants and growing things in beds and pots. She is a consummate florist, and her matchless plants and fresh flowers have imparted a special beauty to God's altars in the Cathedral at every recurring festival for years. Sister Mary Kilian presided for a long time over the musical department. She has since gone to enjoy and take part in the music beyond, as will be mentioned further on. Sister Mary Borgia was also on the Academy's staff for some years. To these we should join Sisters Francis de Sales, Basilissa, and Pancratia, not, however, on account of length of duty, but just because their services were cut short and brought to an end too soon. But we shall refer to them more conveniently in another place.

Passing now from the Sisters to the pupils, the attend-

ance at St. Vincent's Academy has been all along as fair and as satisfactory as perhaps could be reasonably expected for the times and under the circumstances of persons and things. It must be borne in mind, however, that the Sisters began their educational work in our midst when the youth of our country were still, so to say, in their swaddling-clothes. Further, owing also in great part to the fewness of grown-up children in families, sons and daughters, as they became old enough to be serviceable, instead of being sent to school would be kept at home to tend stock, milk cows, or mind the baby; or if they went to school, it was only for a few months in the year. This will explain why, notwithstanding the superior advantages offered by this institution, we meet with no graduating class until sixteen years after its commencement, that is, 1885. It was then that three young ladies, Miss Sarah Brady and Miss Mary Dunn, both of Boulder Valley, Jefferson County, and Miss Kate Coleman, of Nevada Creek, Deer Lodge County, received the first diplomas bestowed by St. Vincent's Academy. The other graduates were as follows: 1887, Miss Olive Morse, from the Gallatin Valley; 1888, Miss Caroline Menolkoch and Miss Annie Morse, the former from the Judith, the latter from the Gallatin Valley; 1889, Miss Amie Rosebaum, Miss Mamie McEvilly, and Miss Mary McHugh, all from Helena. The last graduating class was that of 1891, when diplomas were conferred on Miss Josephine Hermann, Miss Lizzie McEvilly, and Miss Agnes Cooney, all three of Helena.

The new Academy can accommodate close on to one hundred boarders and some two hundred day-pupils. For the last three or four years, forty boarders and one hundred and thirty day-scholars, most of these in their younger school days, have made up the average yearly attendance.

The Parochial School department for boys is also taught by members of the Order attached to the Academy. Sisters Loretto, Benedicta, Mary Sebastian, and Rose Vincent being those who have been connected with it from the



start, or the longest. Sister Loretto and Sister Benedicta were the first to teach our boys on Catholic Hill, and some of their pupils are to-day among the successful and leading men in Montana. The veteran teacher, however, of this department was Sister Mary Sebastian, her services in that capacity having extended to almost twenty years. The school is named after St. Aloysius, and counts to-day about one hundred boys in attendance. Three of the Academy Sisters are now detailed to teach the boys.

The members of the Sisterhood who form the present community of St. Vincent's number sixteen, and we may as well close the twenty-five years' record of the institution with their names. They are the following: Sisters Columba, Ann, Alphonsa, Evangelista, Mary Aloysa, Rose Vincent, Mary Salome, Mary Cecilia, Lucy, Mary Pius, Dyonisia, Rose Mary, Vincent Marie, Clementine, Mary Evangelist, and Mary Matthew.

## VI.

### *St. John's Hospital*

Just as appetite betimes comes with eating, so also no sooner had St. Vincent's Academy been started than a hospital was felt to be more needed than a school. And not without reason; for, comparatively, there were as yet but few children in this new country, whereas the number of miners sick or disabled by accident and in great want of proper care and patient nursing was considerable. Thus the establishment of St. Vincent's Academy naturally led to and hastened in many ways that of St. John's Hospital, the second Branch House of the Sisterhood in Montana.

Suitable buildings were contracted for in the spring of 1870, and erected during the summer and autumn. The location chosen lay west of St. Vincent's Academy and beyond the little church, which stood between, about half way. The

ground had been secured some time previous by Father Van Gorp, and was in many respects a most eligible site. Another colony of Sisters, who were to conduct the establishment, arrived in the meanwhile from Leavenworth, and a couple of them started out to solicit assistance from the people, meeting everywhere with the most gratifying success. By the end of October the new Hospital, a neat frame structure of moderate dimensions, was ready for the reception of patients, and opened its doors November 1, 1870, under the name and patronage of St. John the Baptist. The members of the community first in charge were Sisters Julia, Modesta, and Mary Teresa. Sister Julia, as we have seen, was the first Sister Servant of St. Vincent's Academy, and by passing now to the management of St. John's Hospital, had the privilege of being the first Sister Servant of the first two houses of the Order in Montana.

The Hospital proved at once, as had been anticipated, a most signal blessing for Helena and surrounding camps, sufferers being brought in from far and near, a distance sometimes of seventy miles and more. The accommodations were soon found to be insufficient, and another structure, intended for the Sisters' own dwelling, was added to the original one. Scarcely two years later, more room being required, Sister Loretto, who had now replaced Sister Julia as the head of the institution, enlarged the premises to almost twice their former capacity. And still further improvements were rendered indispensable by the ever-increasing number of calls made upon the charity of the Sisters. At the beginning private patients only entered the Hospital, but ere long public charges also, that is to say, the sick poor of Lewis and Clarke, Jefferson, and Meagher counties were confided to the Sisters' care. This arrangement, while securing better treatment for the indigent sick, was also less expensive to the county, and thus, both the unfortunate themselves, not less than the general public, were benefited by it. Later on, however, some wise officials of the county

of Lewis and Clarke one day made the astounding discovery that, in the case of public charges, a poorer treatment, but costlier withal, was more conducive to the common weal and preferable to the one that had the disadvantage of being better and costing less. On the strength of this argument, unintelligible to plain common sense, but clear enough in the sight of an axe-to-grind policy, or in that of bigotry and prejudice, the indigent sick of Lewis and Clarke County were taken from the Sisters and sent again to the "poor-farm."

This was claimed as expedient, and we ourselves heard some of the gentlemen of the board advance the plea at the time on the ground that the too good care that the Sisters took of the patients increased the number of applicants for admittance into the Hospital, and was thus a detriment to the tax-paying portion of the community. Apart from the humane philosophy that seemed to underlie the reasoning, the philosophy of spoiling the loaf lest some hungry fellow should ask for a piece, it was remarked to those gentlemen that the Sisters by law could admit as a county patient no one who was not sent in as such by the commissioners themselves, or their authorized agent, the county physician, since the issuance of hospital permits rested exclusively with these, and not with the Sisters. Now, those applicants, so anxious for the honor and privilege to pose and be ranked as county paupers, were really destitute sick and entitled as such to be cared for at public expense, or they were not. If they were, how could the board refuse them? Was there not a poor fund provided for the purpose? And let it be said to their honor and credit, no more humane disposition, substantial sympathy, and unstinted liberality toward suffering fellow-beings was ever displayed than by our early Montana people. If they were not, and yet hospital permits were given to these applicants, with whom could the blame rest but with the board or its authorized officials, by whom alone the permits were granted?

There is, however, still on record in the office of the county clerk the official report of the physician employed at that time by the board of commissioners, wherein the Sisters were charged "with feeding their patients on pious talk instead of well-prepared and wholesome food." If that gentleman had been, as he professed to be, a worthy son of Esculapius, he would have known that a little pious talk at the lips of a gentle Sister of Charity never broke anyone's bones; and that, on the contrary, even in the general opinion of the medical fraternity, it has frequently been a healthful diversion, a soothing balm for many aches, as well as an agent of uncommon healing virtue for more than one sore and distemper. Evidently the report was drawn up for a purpose. But the accusation, in so far as it charged the Sisters with want of care for their patients, was so absurd in appearance, not only in the opinion of the whole community, but in that also of the commissioners themselves, that, as we have seen, the plea of *too much care* was set up by them to justify their action. And what else could have better disproved the charge brought against the Sisters? It was not care that those gentlemen wanted, but *no care*. Accordingly, by means of *straw bids*, the sick poor of Lewis and Clarke County were deprived of the Sisters' nursing and sent back to the straw beds of the "poor-house."

The Sisters nursed and cared for the indigent sick of this county from 1871 to 1880, and for those of Meagher and Jefferson counties from 1872 to 1886.

Besides these public charges, they had also in their keeping at this date the insane and mentally deranged from the whole Territory. At first, there were only two or three of these unfortunates, but as time went on their number increased, and larger accommodations had to be provided for them at a considerable outlay by Sister Loretto. This was the first insane asylum in Montana, and remained an adjunct of St. John's Hospital for several years. Later on, however, someone's philanthropy discovered in the in-

creased and ever-increasing number of lunatics the chance of a lucrative occupation. The upshot was that the insane were now legislated out of the Sisters' care and placed in the hands of others, who have had them in their keeping ever since.

Some time after, Sister Josephine, who had now succeeded Sister Loretto, remodeled the quarters that had been occupied by the insane and fitted them up for the care of orphans of both sexes. The place, thus renewed and transformed, opened its doors in April, 1880, as the St. Jerome's Orphan Asylum, the appellation being derived from the baptismal name of the first orphan admitted. This establishment was also the first of its kind in the Territory; and thus the Sisters of Leavenworth, Kansas, have the honor of having conducted the first insane asylum as well as the first orphanage in Montana.

How many little ones have found in St. Jerome's Orphan Asylum a home, and more than a home's fostering care, at the hands of the Sisters! Who will not wonder when it is here stated that the Sisters have had to depend entirely upon private beneficence for the support and maintainance of their charges! But modern philanthropy hates God more than it loves man, and it therefore legislates the needy and helpless out of all State assistance sooner than have the help reach the unfortunates through the God-fearing hand of a Sister of Charity. The Orphan Asylum remained an annex of St. John's Hospital up to last year, when, as will be related in the proper place, it was transferred to a more eligible site and became a separate establishment.

After presiding over St. John's Hospital for several years, Sister Josephine became Mother Josephine, having been elected and put at the head of the Order. The place left vacant by her promotion was now filled successively by Sisters Mary Baptist, Mary Lawrence, and Joanna.

In the summer of 1883 Helena heard for the first time the whistle of the locomotive, and the Northern Pacific Rail-

road, that had been struggling for several years to accomplish the feat, spiked, finally, the last nail of the steel highway that brought Montana in close communication with the outside world, east and west. The influx and increase of population, as well as the rapid transformation that followed, can be easily imagined.

In the new state of things St. John's Hospital became inadequate, and was replaced by a large and substantial structure of brick and stone, erected by Sister Joanna. The plans were prepared gratuitously by Mr. W. Sweeney, of Emmitsburg, Md., at the request of his brother John, an old-timer and a highly respected citizen of Helena, who not long after passed away in the same building in the erection of which he had taken so much interest. The corner-stone was laid June 24, 1884, by the Rt. Rev. John B. Brondel, on the occasion of the first Diocesan Synod. The ceremony was, consequently, more than usually impressive, thirteen of the clergy, the largest number of priests that had ever come together in Montana, being present. The original building, constructed fourteen years previous, was moved aside just enough to make room for the new one, and when the latter was completed, the former was disposed of as old lumber. The appendage used for the Sisters' own dwelling was joined to what had been the Insane Asylum, and became for the time part of the orphans' quarters. Of the old landmarks, the only one that still remains serviceable is the addition erected by Sister Loretto. Being veneered with brick, it could be utilized in the plans, and was left to form the rear part of the new edifice.

Sister Joanna saw the new St. John's Hospital completed, and on her being recalled to Kansas, some time later, the charge fell again into the hands of Mother Josephine, who to this day is presiding over the establishment. There have been cared for and nursed by the Sisters in St. John's Hospital, in the twenty-four years of its existence, eight thousand four hundred patients, a yearly average of three

hundred and fifty. The Hospital can accommodate thirty-six patients in private rooms and a little over as many in wards. The present number of Sisters on duty here is nine.

## VII.

### *St. Joseph's Hospital—Deer Lodge.*

The third Branch House of the Order in Montana is the Hospital under the name and patronage of St. Joseph, in the beautiful little town of Deer Lodge, and established by the persistent endeavors of Rev. R. De Ryckere, the pioneer priest and dean of the secular clergy of the State. It was first opened October 9, 1873, in a log cabin that stood on the corner of Third and D Streets, and which had been formerly used for county purposes. The Sisters remained in these temporary quarters till February, 1874, when they moved to their new building, a convenient two-story frame structure erected on the elevated plateau in the northeast part of the town. The members of the community first assigned to St. Joseph's Hospital were the following: Sisters Gertrude, Placida, Mary Bridget, and Mary Lewis.

After the bloody and desperate battle fought at Big Hole, August 7, 1877, on hearing that there was a Sisters' hospital at Deer Lodge, General John Gibbon at once moved his command in that direction, in order to place his wounded men in the Sisters' care. St. Joseph's Hospital proved a God-send for the brave fellows, who never forgot the untiring attention they received at the hands of their kind nurses. It may also be well to mention in this connection that no sooner had the news of the battle, with a call for medical aid and other assistance, reached Helena, than a couple of Sisters, Benedicta and Mary Ligouri, accompanied by one of the Fathers, were on their way to the scene of action to offer their services in behalf of the wounded. The act was much appreciated by officers and men, and General Gibbon in his

official report made reference to it in terms not less grateful than complimentary.\*

The members of the Order who had in succession, from first to last, the management of St. Joseph's Hospital were Sisters Gertrude, Mary Ignatia, Mary Xavier, Mary Baptist, Ann Joseph, Ann Teresa, and Mary John, the present incumbent. Considerable improvements were made on the premises at different times. The substantial brick structure which now replaces the original frame is the work of Sister Ann Joseph, who has been the longest in charge, and whose sterling worth has endeared her to every one in Deer Lodge County. The new Hospital can accommodate twenty people in private rooms and thirty in wards, and its appointments are both convenient and comfortable.

Private patients are nursed and cared for, as well as public charges. These latter are the indigent sick of the county, and the fact that their sick poor have been and are still entrusted for keeping and care to the gentle, unselfish, and God-loving Sisters of Charity is indeed of no little credit to the practical common sense and humane feelings of the people of Deer Lodge.

Five members of the Sisterhood make the little community of this Branch House. Sister Mary Lewis, whom we have already mentioned as one of the founders, is still at her post of duty and one of the number.

## VIII.

### *St. Mary's Hospital—Virginia.*

St. Mary's Hospital, in Virginia, Madison County, was the next Branch House of the Order in Montana.

At the repeated and pressing solicitations of Rev. Francis Kelleher, the priest in charge of that mission, three mem-

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\*For more particulars about the Big Hole battle, and other incidents which are merely alluded to in this paragraph, the reader is referred to "Indian and White in the Northwest."



bers of the community, Sisters Louise, Leo, and Irene, with the one first mentioned at the head of the little band, were assigned to Virginia in 1876, and opened St. Mary's Hospital, in what had been the former court-house of the county. Owing, however, to the exodus of the miners from that once famous mining-camp, the foundation was not to be a permanent one. The calls upon the charity of the Sisters became gradually so few that they no longer seemed to justify the continuance of the Hospital. The Sisters, in consequence, withdrew, closing the place in 1879, scarcely four years after it had been opened. Their departure could not have been more regretted than it was by the good people of Virginia and all the vicinity. But Sisters of Charity were never meant to be ornamental.

## IX.

### *St. James' Hospital—Butte.*

The establishment coming next in order and whose history we shall now briefly chronicle is St. James' Hospital, in Butte.

In a large mining community like Butte, where dangers and accidents to limb and life were not only a daily occurrence, but almost without number, nothing seemed to be more keenly felt than the need of a Sisters' hospital. Rev. J. J. Dols, the first resident priest of the place, undertook to supply the want, and before long the sick and disabled miner of that phenomenal camp and its surroundings found in the newly established Hospital, named after St. James, attentive and skillful nursing, together with the care and all the comforts of a home. It was opened for the reception of patients November 15, 1881; Mr. John Hennessy, who entered upon the same day, being the first to be cared for within its walls.

The handsome and massive brick and stone edifice is built in the shape of a carpenter's square, the first wing having been erected in 1881, the second in 1889-90. It is five stories high, with a capacity for more than fifty private-room patients, and as many beds in wards. The accommodations and appointments are of the best, and are unsurpassed in any establishment of the same kind in Montana.

The members of the Sisterhood first assigned to St. James' Hospital were Sister Mary Ignatia, who was also the first one in charge, with Sisters Mary Xavier, Mary Serena, Hilaria, and Mary Paul as her assistants. Those placed successively at the head, after the first one already mentioned, were Sisters Philomena, Ann Teresa, and Sister Mary Sebastian, who has presided over the institution for the last two years. The present community is composed of eight members. The average number of patients yearly cared for in St. James' Hospital has been five hundred and seventy-six. The sick poor of the county were confided to the Sisters for several years, that is to say, from 1881 to 1883; and again from 1886 to 1892. Since the latter date, the county has established a "poor-house" for all its charges.

## X.

### *St. Mary's Academy—Deer Lodge.*

We must now return to Deer Lodge, and briefly summarize the history of St. Mary's Academy which, leaving out the Virginia Hospital, is the fifth establishment of the Order in Montana.

A substantial structure of brick and stone, intended for a Sisters' academy, was begun by Rev. R. De Ryckere as early as 1878-79, and work on the same continued at intervals for a period of about three years. The premises that had remained unoccupied a year or so longer after completion were opened as St. Mary's Academy, September 4, 1882,

with Sister Evangelista in charge, and four other members of the community as her assistants. These were Sisters Placida, Camilla, Sophia, and Rose Vincent. The gratifying and well-deserved patronage the Academy met with from the start soon rendered indispensable larger accommodations. The want was supplied by Sister Evangelista, who, at the cost of nearly twelve thousand dollars, more than doubled the capacity of the original premises.

Attractive and quiet surroundings, together with superior appointments for the health, comfort, and progress of the pupils, make St. Mary's Academy one of the best educational institutions for young ladies. It has accommodations for sixty boarders and some forty day-scholars. The first graduate of the institution was Miss Rose Picard, now Mrs. Francis Conly, Deer Lodge, who received her diploma in 1889. The next to graduate were Miss Ellen T. Henneberry and her sister, Miss Margaret Mary, from Dillon, both of whom completed their studies in 1891.

Sister Evangelista, after presiding over the institution for several years with great satisfaction, returned to Kansas, and the place was then filled in succession by Sisters Mary Angela, Mary Regis, and Mary Olive, the last named being the present Superior. All told, seven members constitute the second community of the Sisterhood in Deer Lodge.

The Rev. R. De Ryckere will ever be entitled to the gratitude of the Deer Lodge people for having been the principal agent in securing for them two such excellent institutions, St. Mary's Academy and St. Joseph's Hospital.

## XI.

### *St. Ann's Hospital—Anaconda.*

The last hospital to be mentioned is St. Ann's, in Anaconda. This was, at first, a private concern, a sanitarium erected, owned, and conducted by lay people. While the

Rev. P. Desiere, the zealous pastor of Anaconda, was planning to have a Sisters' hospital in this new and growing community, the owners of that establishment offered to sell out for a consideration of some twenty thousand dollars or thereabouts. The purchase was consummated in the summer of 1889, and the premises, all equipped as they stood, passed into the Sisters' hands July 26th. On that day is kept the Feast of St. Ann, and hence the name of this new Branch House of the Order. Sister Irene has been at the head ever since the Hospital became the property of the community; Sisters Cornelia, Mary Thomas, and Generosa being her first companions and assistants. At present six members of the Sisterhood are attached to St. Ann's.

The capacity of the Hospital has been more than doubled within the last year; and when all the improvements now being made are completed, the establishment will be the largest of its kind and the best equipped in the State. At present, it accommodates twenty-two patients in private rooms and one hundred and five in yards.

## XII.

### *St. Patrick's Parochial School—Butte.*

Not quite two months after the opening of St. Ann's Hospital in Anaconda, another colony of the Order was sent to Butte to open and conduct the Parochial School of St. Patrick. The building was erected in 1888-89 by the united efforts of Rev. H. Van de Ven and Rev. Van den Broeck, who were then in charge of the Butte Mission. The edifice is an imposing brick and stone structure 70x80 feet, four stories high, and furnished with all the latest improvements. It has cost \$65,000 in United States coin, with a large additional amount of aches and worries.

The school was first opened September, 1889, with Sister Loretto in charge, and Sisters Anacleta, Constantia,

Mary Cecilia, Mary Pius, Francis de Sales, and Henrietta as her assistants. Another member has been added since to the staff, making altogether a community of eight. The school is graded, and boys and girls are taught together in class. The number of pupils in regular attendance has been, in round figures, close to four hundred. Besides the ordinary branches commonly taught in all graded public schools, the Sisters teach music on the piano, organ, guitar, and other instruments. It was our pleasure to assist at a repetition of the closing exercises of the school held in the opera house at the end of last June. The success was not only remarkable, but a surprise to many, and reflected more than ordinary credit, not less on the cleverness of the pupils than the ability and efficient work of the teachers.

### XIII.

#### *St. John's Orphans' Home—Helena.*

This is the eighth establishment directed by the Sisterhood in Montana, and the last on our list.

As related above when speaking of St. John's Hospital, an orphanage for children of both sexes had been conducted by the Sisters for several years in connection with that institution. This arrangement had been found satisfactory so long as the orphans were few, but as their number increased the premises—never the most favorable for an orphan asylum on account of the location and limited space—became inadequate and undesirable. Upon this, Mother Josephine, a true mother to every motherless child coming in her way, set to work, resolved to provide the homeless with a home that, as to site, size, and comfort, should leave nothing to be desired. Her efforts were crowned with gratifying success, even beyond her own expectations; and since last October some seventy-five helpless little ones have been housed in one of the best, most comfortable, and most solidly built

structures in Helena. The building, furnishings included, will cost nearly forty thousand dollars.

The new Orphanage is a very desirable location, just outside the present city limits to the north. The site was donated by the Jesuit Fathers. The edifice is an imposing pile of stone and brick, 80x100 feet, three stories high, with stairways and floors of hard maple wood. It is heated throughout by hot water, and so constructed and arranged in all its appointments that the boys' department is entirely separated from that of the girls. It can easily and comfortably accommodate two hundred orphans. Its construction was begun in 1892, and continued through the spring and summer of 1893. It was the only building that went up in Helena during that unparalleled season of depression and financial embarrassments. But the cause of the orphan is God's own cause, and no runs can exhaust the banking resources of His providence. They rest on better than the best gilt-edge securities of our financiers.

When transferred from the old quarters to their new home, October 8, 1893, the orphans in the Sisters' keeping counted forty-two, and their number has almost been doubled in the last eight months. How are so many needy and helpless ones clothed, fed, and maintained? Entirely by private charity, and by Him who clothes the lilies of the field and feeds the ravens and little sparrows of the air.

Our boasted civilization will never stand more confounded and self-convicted than by the irony of its own inventions and doings. We are a liberty-loving people, and have written on our Magna Charta freedom of worship and non-interference with any one's conscience and religion. And yet, with our humbug of non-sectarianism, we make non-religion the condition without which no State help may reach the needy. That is to say, we both make religion a disqualification for citizens to be employed by the State to its own benefit and the benefit of others, and force every citizen who may be unfortunate enough to become a public

charge to either accept State aid at the hands of non-religion, or go without it and perish.

Sister Mary Catharine was the first member of the community in charge of St. Joseph's Orphans' Home. She remained, however, only a short while, Sister Mary Baptist having succeeded her a few months later. The other founders were Sisters Bertha, Eugenia, Crescentia, and Mary Angela. Sister Bertha is the only one of the original band of five who came to Montana a quarter of a century ago, and who still remains on duty in the State.

We cannot part with St. Joseph's Orphans' Home without a special reference to a handsome and costly gift made to the institution by the Galen family of Helena. It is a beautiful marble altar, the first one of the kind in the whole Northwest, erected in the Orphans' Chapel as a memorial of the lamented Mrs. Matilda Galen, an industrious and most exemplary Christian woman, whose devotedness to the cause of religion and many deeds of kindness towards the needy and afflicted will ever commend her to the grateful remembrance of all who knew her. Husband and children could not have better interpreted the wishes of wife and mother than by the erection of a monument that is in itself and its adjuncts so expressive of religion and charity, the distinguishing characteristics of that beautiful soul. May she rest in peace!

#### XIV.

##### *Fruitful Work and Faithful Workers.*

With the record of St. Joseph's Orphans' Home, we have presented the history of each and all establishments owned or conducted by the Sisterhood in Montana. Eight distinct communities, with an aggregate number of sixty-seven members, two academies, four hospitals, one orphanage, and two parochial schools, are a fair showing for

the first twenty-five years' existence of the Order in this part of the Northwest. This gratifying success—we might say glorious past—of the Sisterhood in Montana, is the result of the combined labor of each and all the members who have been at work in this portion of the Lord's vineyard; each and all of them, from first to last, have made the history which we do but poorly sketch.

Of all these toilers, some were early on the field; others came later, some at the sixth, some at the ninth, some at the eleventh hour. Some *"have borne the burden of the day and the heat,"* others died, and went to receive the reward of their service. Several passed to other fields; four or five have returned to the world they had forsaken. We leave the last ones out, with a fervent prayer that the good they did in religion may still stand to their credit, as a profitable investment, at the last reckoning. A few of the early laborers have come back, and are again, or have been till quite recently, for more or less time, at work in our midst. These are Sisters Loretto, Alberta, Mary Baptist, Benedicta, Mary Bridget, Crescentia, Evangelista, and perhaps others, not now present in our minds.

Of those who *"have borne the burden of the day and the heat,"* that is to say, who are still and have been in Montana ever since they first arrived fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five years ago, some—Sisters Bertha, Alphonsa, Mary Salome, and Mary Sebastian—have been already mentioned. To their number should be added Sisters Mary Ligouri, Ann Vincent, Mary John, Irene, Mary Agnes, Genevieve, and likely some others whose names we cannot recall.

## XV.

### *At Rest.*

There only remains to close our record of the laborers, by a brief reference to those among them whom the Master has called unto Himself, bidding them rest from further



toil. Proceeding with those who went to the Lord from our midst, Sister Cleophas was the first to be summoned. A hard and cheerful worker, she was also a long and patient sufferer, and died the death of the just February 11, 1882, at St. John's Hospital, where she had been ever since her arrival in 1872.

The next to be summoned, a year later, was Sister Mary Xavier, who had also come to Montana in 1872, and who, after being stationed for a time in Helena, then in Deer Lodge, had been assigned to Butte, where she went to her rest, July 1, 1884. Not least among the many acts of her self-sacrificing charity was her going to nurse the wounded on the battle-field of Big Hole in the place of another companion, Sister Benedicta, who, having become indisposed in the first part of the trip, could proceed no further than Deer Lodge.

The third to pass away was Sister Mary Paul, a precious soul and much beloved by the pupils of whom she had charge, first at St. Vincent's, then at St. Mary's, Deer Lodge. There she slept in the Lord, March 22, 1886.

Sister Francis de Sales is still mourned, both by her companions and her pupils of St. Vincent's Academy, where pneumonia, after a few days' illness, carried her off, December 10, 1887. She was a woman of solid piety, uncommonly bright and refined, whose gentle disposition and kind ways made her a favorite with every one who knew her.

The last to pass to her reward from our midst was Sister Basilissa, youthful in years, but mature in wisdom, one who possessed the happy secret of winning the hearts of all the little ones entrusted to her care. She peacefully breathed her last in Helena, November 24, 1891, ending her pilgrimage at the age of twenty-four.

All these spent several years of their lives in Montana, instructing our youth, nursing our sick, edifying us all by their virtues and exemplary conduct. All lie at rest in Helena soil, and perhaps it will be found one day that the

remains of these pious women, instruments as they were of so many heroic deeds of religion and charity, have also proved a better and more solid foundation for the stability and future prosperity of the town than brick and mortar, nay, even gold and silver. For, after all, virtue and religion have been, are, and will ever be the best corner-stone for the stability and true prosperity, moral and material both, of every commonwealth.

Passing to those who were called to their crowns after having left Montana, Sister Regina, one of the five pioneers that came to the West in 1869, was the first. She died at the Mother House, May 5, 1875, at the youthful age of twenty-six, and shortly after she had been recalled from this field, where her delicate health had been gradually declining. Several companions, Sisters Bernard Mary, Helena, Mary Margaret, and Modesta, went to join her at different dates. The last to follow were Sisters Pancratia and Mary Kilian, who died, the former April 30th, and the latter August 3d of the same year, 1893. All these spent some years in Montana, from whence, however, they were afterwards recalled to end their days where they had begun their religious life, at Mount St. Mary's, Leavenworth, Kansas. But, although dying and at rest far away, their work and good example while among us will ever entitle them, no less than their companions who repose in Montana soil, to the grateful remembrance of all Montana people. May each and all rest in peace!

These departed pioneers have been succeeded by new recruits, who, by assuming the names of the deceased, whose posts they also fill, not only replace, but, so to say, reproduce and revive in their own persons the former occupants. Thus, several whose deaths we have chronicled, Sisters Cleophas, Francis de Sales, Mary Paul, Mary Xavier, etc., survive at the present day in Montana in their successors and namesakes. It will be well for the reader who is not familiar with the subject to bear this in mind, lest he

should charge the writer with first burying his heroines and making them found and conduct schools and hospitals afterward.

## XVI.

### *New Recruits.*

And thanks be to God that, if not many, at least some few of the Order's recruits have gone forth from our own midst.

Montana is, perhaps, as yet too young a community to be a nursery for either the convent or the altar. As with the date palm, which is of slow growth and always barren of fruit in other but tropical climes, so with vocations to religious life or the priesthood. They are slow to form, and usually do not germinate, much less do they ripen, except in a high spiritual temperature. Now, forming communities have not yet been shone upon long enough by the sun (supernatural charity) to bear this kind of fruit or bring it to maturity. Our Western people, moreover, are hankering as yet too much after the gold and silver that brought them into the country for many of them to fall in love with and be smitten by the charms of evangelical poverty. Still, this notwithstanding, the virtues and most exemplary conduct of the members of the Sisterhood among us have been effectually instrumental in leading some of our young women to follow them and embrace the same manner of life. A last word about these choice and chosen souls will both complete our sketch and finish our task.

The first young woman to join the Order was Annie Brown, a former pupil of St. Vincent's Academy and the daughter of John Brown, of Phillipsburg, Deer Lodge, now Granite County, who entered the community in November, 1874. She received the holy habit and the name of Sister Bernadette on the Feast of Corpus Christi, May 17, 1875. She is now stationed at St. Mary's School, Kansas City,

Kansas. Her example was followed, some two years later, by Kate Hawkes, from Helena, who took the name of Sister Laurentia, and is at present at the Cathedral School in Leavenworth, Kansas.

At a later period three other young ladies, also from Helena, were admitted into the community. They were Kate and Mary Murphy and Maggie McAuliffe. The first mentioned, now Sister Mary Ida, is on duty in Leadville, Colo. The second, known in religion as Sister Mary Ivo, is at present at St. Ann's Hospital, Anaconda; whilst the third, whose religious name is Sister Bernard Mary, is stationed at St. Joseph's Hospital, Denver, Colo. Later still, Josephine Miehle, also from Helena, joined the Sisterhood, receiving the name of Sister Mary Benedict. Her present home is St. Joseph's Hospital in Denver.

The last one from Montana to seek admission into the community was Mary Keiley, of Nevada Creek, Deer Lodge County, where she was born May 16, 1872. She entered November 6, 1891. Another still to be added to the select little band is Mary Lynch, whom we had almost forgotten. She entered in September, 1880, but died while still a Novice, June 2, 1881, and stole both the habit of the community and Heaven, by being admitted to her profession on her death-bed.

May the example of these brave and pious Montana women be followed by many more, by as many, at least, as are the members of the Order at present toiling in our midst, and in our own behalf. May He, also, *who giveth the increase*, continue to bless the Sisterhood, and render its second quarter of a century in Montana as fruitful in good deeds and merits as He has done the first.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

*Early Catholicity in Montana.\**

BY LUCIEN F. LA CROIX, OF HELENA, MONTANA.

Nothing better illustrates the catholicity of the Church of Christ than many incidents connected with the foundation of the Church in Montana. The almost fabulous accounts of discoveries of gold in that far-away and unknown region had attracted people from every country in the world, and never was there a more heterogeneous gathering of men than formed the population of Montana. Looking back through a long vista of years, and bringing to mind the most striking characteristics of the pioneers of this country, we behold a race of men conspicuous for the possession of all the most shining virtues that ennoble mankind. With a rough exterior and but little regard for the conventionalities and polish of cultured communities, they had a high appreciation of and respect for the laws of the land, and were especially noted for their liberality and love of fair play. A man stood upon the pedestal of his manhood and all recognized the validity of his claim. The early Catholics of Montana were like their brethren in the matter of civic and social virtues. They were foremost in the establishment of a territorial government, and were always found staunch defenders of the law. Coming from every country

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*\*To the Reader.*—The following paper has just been placed at our disposal by its esteemed author, Lucien F. La Croix, one of the pioneer Catholics of Montana, whose name has been mentioned several times in connection with that part of our history that treats of the Helena Mission. It contains interesting particulars on the beginning of the Church in Helena and on the coming of the Sisters of Leavenworth into Montana. Throwing, as it does, additional light on these subjects, Mr. La Croix's paper is not only of special interest, but most important. We reproduce it here in its entirety as a valuable contribution to the Early History of Catholicity in Montana.  
—Rev. L. B. Palladino, S.J.

In the world, possessed of all the peculiarities and eccentricities of their different nationalities, upon one subject they stood on common ground—the heritage of Faith.

In the city of Helena was soon felt the want and necessity of a church and the ministrations of a pastor. There was prevalent a rather vague idea that Montana was attached to the diocese of Leavenworth, but the worthy functionary of that place had taken no concern for his far-distant children. With an energy and enthusiasm born of their love for Holy Church, they awaited not the movements of high dignitaries for the fulfillment of their desires. Helena had been visited occasionally by the Jesuit Fathers on their travels through the Territory, and on such occasions the Holy Mass was celebrated in any vacant cabin that could be obtained for the purpose; and well and painfully does the writer remember the efforts that were made to cover the rough and unplastered walls, and give a decent appearance to the rude dry-goods box that was to serve as an altar.

It was known that a piece of ground had been staked off by Governor T. F. Meagher for the church. A committee had been appointed to look for the ground. Accordingly, they proceeded up Broadway to a point opposite the present court-house, when they discovered that access to the church ground was interfered with by a fence extending along the south side of Broadway. Ewing Street was not then opened south of Broadway. The committee crossed the fence and going to the building, then occupied by the *Gazette* printing office, conducted by Messrs. Wilkinson and Ronan, were told that Judge Wilkinson owned the ground enclosed by the fence. They represented to him that they were appointed to look after the ground belonging to the Catholic Church, and that preparations were in progress for erection, at an early day, of a church, but they had just discovered that access to their ground was blocked by his fence on Broadway. At once taking in the situation and not giv-

ing the speaker time to finish his speech, the Judge said, "Is that all?" and taking an axe he demolished the obstructing fence for a distance of about seventy-five feet, and stopping to take breath, he said, "Now you will have a free passage to your church." The Judge is not a Catholic, and his generous act is now mentioned after so many years in recognition thereof. Passing on, they came to a small piece of ground enclosed by a frail fence. In those days it was the fence that was expensive, not the ground. After consultation, it was concluded that the quantity of ground secured was not sufficient, and that the prospective needs of the church required that they should take up a tract of one hundred feet from north to south on the summit of Church Hill, and extending from Ewing to Warren Street. The wisdom of their action has been apparent ever since, as the ground is now covered by the church, the Bishop's residence, St. John's Hospital, and St. Aloysius' Hall.

The Catholic population of Helena and vicinity was estimated at three thousand, and so urgent and unanimous was the sentiment for a church that meetings were held, the general want was discussed, a subscription was raised and arrangements were in progress for the building of the first Catholic church in Helena. There were numerous contestants for the building of that church, but the award was made to John M. Sweeney, who desired the work, not for the money he could make out of it, but that he might gladden his old mother's heart by building a Catholic church. About the time the church was nearing completion, Father F. X. Kuppens, S.J., passed through Helena on his way to St. Ignatius, and he was consulted regarding the getting of a priest to reside permanently in Helena. The reverend Father was fully convinced of the needs of the people, and advised that a petition, numerously signed and addressed to Rev. Father Grassi, S.J., should be gotten up, and said that he would be the bearer of it, saying at the same time that he would get a scolding for doing so. The petition is now care-

fully preserved among the archives of the church. In September, 1866, Father Kuppens and Father D'Aste were sent to take charge of the new church, and on November 1st following, the first Mass was celebrated in it. And thus was accomplished a work of which the pioneer Catholics of Helena may well be proud, recognizing, however, the spirit of God which guided them.

The conditions of the country at that time were such that serious accidents were of frequent occurrence, and the poor accommodations offered by the authorities for the care of the unfortunates were so striking that there arose a general desire that Sisters of Charity might be invited to establish a hospital in Helena. Mr. Lucien P. La Croix, on the occasion of a business trip to St. Louis, was entrusted with a mission to Mother Xavier, Superior of the Order of the Sisters of Charity at Leavenworth, Kansas, urgently requesting that Sisters might be sent to Helena. In the month of January, 1867, he started from Helena by stage-coach on a journey to the States, which lasted twenty-one days—and this was then considered pretty good time. Exposure to cold, the jostling of the coach, and loss of sleep during the first few day of travel made the journey exceedingly painful, but afterwards these inconveniences were scarcely felt. After arriving at Leavenworth and being installed for the night in a fine feather-bed in Bishop Miege's residence, the messenger was wonderfully surprised to discover that such an excess of comfort was positively more than he could bear, and while overpowered Nature compelled him to toss from side to side in the hope of winning much-coveted sleep, how he longed once more for a seat in the stage-coach, that he might be cradled to sleep by its lunging as it whirled over mountain crags, descending thousands of feet to the open plain below.

The messenger, anxious to succeed in the object of his mission, and finding the good Bishop very averse to parting with the Sisters, taxed his ingenuity in offering arguments



to overcome his objections. But the Bishop, who was a cunning Jesuit, skillfully parried the replies, and, as a *polite Frenchman*, found no difficulty in evading the subject by passing the cigars. The good Mother, however, received the visitor most cordially, and expressed herself as most desirous of acceding to the invitation, but by their rules they were under the direction of Bishop Miege, who was very averse to granting his permission. The Mother wished the people of Helena not to despair of having Sisters in their midst; she would always bear them in mind, and hoped to gratify their wishes before very long. It was in 1869 that the venerable Father De Smet used his good offices with the Bishop of Leavenworth, and the result was that in the month of October of the same year the people of Helena were gladdened by the arrival of five Sisters from Leavenworth, viz.: Sisters Julia, Regina, Bertha, Loretto, Mary, and Miss Rose Kelly.

In the twenty-five years that have elapsed since the Sisters came to Helena, the beneficent Providence of God shines forth in the establishment of an elegant Seminary for young ladies, a spacious and well-appointed Hospital and an Orphans' Home.

And now we behold accomplished the prophetic utterance of Father Kuppens, "This rocky hill will bloom like a garden of roses."

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

Mother Xavier in the month of November, 1893, had attained the age of eighty years, her mind was still bright and active, but physically she was extremely feeble—she suffered from many of the ills incident to old age. She passed her time principally in her own room, reading and writing. It was with difficulty that she would make her way to the Chapel, but when once there she would kneel as erect as the youngest Novice in the house. On leaving the Chapel a Sister would assist her to return to her room.

She continued thus during the year '94, but in the beginning of 1895 it was remarked that her feebleness was increasing. It was nearly impossible to communicate with her except by writing or signs—her ears being so sensitive that she seldom used her dentiphone.

In March she could no longer leave her room, and on April the 2d she breathed her last. A few days before her death she said to a Sister, "My life seems to me like a dream!"

*"The storm that wrecks the winter's sky  
No more disturbs her sweet repose  
Than summer evening's latest sigh  
That shuts the rose."*

When Father Palladino heard of Mother Xavier's death, he wrote: "In my humble opinion Mother Xavier was a person of remarkable parts, and no ordinary woman. The years I had the pleasure to know her, I could not help admiring her tact and prudence, and that considerate, I might say, exquisite regard for the feelings of others, which is never found except as the fruit of sterling charity and utter effacement of self. Her even temper, always serene, always bright and cheerful, could not but spring from the same root, particularly so when one brings to mind the bod-

ily ailments her diminutive frame was subject to. I shall ever cherish a respectful and loving remembrance of that favored soul."

In like strain wrote others who had known Mother Xavier. Sister Aloysia Daly, of the Cornette Sisters of Charity, wrote as follows:

"St. Rose's Industrial School,  
Washington, D. C., May 23, 1895.

*"Dear Mother Mary Peter:*

"Your two dearly prized letters, bearing dates April 11th and 25th, with one from Sister Anacaria, were received some weeks ago, and it would seem I was obliged to defer until this beautiful feast to answer.

"I was indeed as much pleased and grateful as if both letters had been written to myself, for, as you are aware, I loved Mother Xavier devotedly. I venerated her as I would a saint!

"It was one of the sweetest pleasures of my life to have known her so intimately during the decade of years that our mutual duties and relative positions towards each other afforded so many opportunities of meeting and corresponding, and I can truly say, I was on every occasion more impressed and edified. May her dear gentle spirit rest in peace!

"Rather, as I trust, may she—our dear Mother Xavier—be occupied in smilingly looking down upon her dear community (the children of St. Vincent, no matter under what garb, the world over) on this blessed Feast of the Ascension, and praying fervently, more fervently now than ever, for all of us.

"I rejoice to recall the fact that, during her very first visit to St. Mary's Asylum, St. Louis, where I was then stationed, Mother Xavier kindly asked me to enter into a pious contract with her—"Union of prayer for our united intentions." We exchanged pictures as *souvenirs* of our promises

until we should meet in Purgatory or in Heaven. And at our *last* meeting at St. Mary's Asylum, Baltimore, I think 'twas in '76, we renewed our pious contract, feeling sure, as we both did on that occasion, that most probably we would never again enjoy the pleasure of meeting this side of Eternity! Need I add, dear Mother, since learning of our little saint's death, I pray to her as many times as I pray for her, and I am confident she includes me with her *very own*!

"How much I would like to see her life written and what a joy and consolation 'twould be to her dear community in Kansas! What a stimulus in the pursuit of virtue, for all who would peruse its edifying pages!

"For surely Mother Xavier bore the mark of a predestined soul—from her earliest years to the last one of her precious life the *Cross* was hers, that *Cross* for so many years patiently, silently, and with such a lively spirit of faith carried *lovingly*, and which in the end proved her joy and consolation! May my end be like unto hers.

"I must not omit telling you of having received a nice, kind letter from Sister Adelaide about the time of dear Mother Xavier's death, but, of course, did not learn from it all the particulars which I have so gladly received through yours.

"With love and thanks, dear Mother,

"In the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary,

"Ever yours devotedly,

"*Sister Aloysia Daly.*"

At the time of Mother Xavier's death, Mother Josephine, who had charge of St. John's Hospital, Helena, was manifesting signs of ill health. She was relieved of active duty and sent for a while to Butte. She derived no benefit from the change, and she then went to Deer Lodge, but, as her strength continued to decrease, she was brought home to the Mother House.

Mother Josephine's health improved somewhat after her return home, and it was thought she might eventually

recover, but this hope was lost after a few months, and it was seen that death was not far off. After severe sufferings, heroically borne, she went to receive her reward February 7, 1898.

Rev. Father Kinsella, Chaplain of the Soldiers' Home, preached her funeral sermon, taking as his text: "Who will find me a valiant woman? The price of her is as things from afar and from the remotest coast."—Proverbs, chapter xxxi., verse 10.

"God is wonderful in His saints. The heroes and heroines of virtue, who have appeared in every age have reflected His wonderful love, His great mercy and His fatherly providence. It is that love that brought Him down to earth, it is that mercy that lifts us up to Heaven, while His providence leaves naught to chance, but orders all things sweetly for His own glory and for the good of His creatures. Glory, therefore, be to Him alone, and blessed forever be His holy name.

"As man is made in the image and likeness of God, the life of man may, by grace, be made to reflect the divine life, and human action may thus become the visible result of the invisible workman.

"God's inspiration has never ceased to quicken the heart of mankind, for His power remains as it was in the beginning, even as now, and for evermore.

"He has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the strong, and the foolish things of this world to confound the wise.' Yea, 'It is from the mouths of infants that He receives perfect praise.' All history confirms this. The abandoned infant on the waters of the Nile becomes the leader of his people and the law-giver of the nations. The gentle Esther saves her people from the decree of death, and the weak arm of Judith puts a whole army to flight. Locusts and wild honey sustained the half-naked body of him who was the greatest born of woman, and from the manger

came 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' O, how great is the love and the mercy and the providence of God!

"Christian ages are luminous with instances of this kind. The apostles all belong to this class. The life of St. Augustine is a monument to the mercy of God. St. Benedict, St. Francis of Assisi, St. Ignatius, blessed Margaret Mary, Joan of Arc, St. Vincent of Paul, Mother Seton, Mother Xavier of this community, and Mother Josephine, whose *requiem* we chant to-day, were all striking instances of the power of the God's love and God's providence working in this world.

"Mother Xavier, first Superior of the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, was a woman of remarkable qualities. Blessed with an enlightened mind, and a strong will and a kind heart, she did and dared more for God's honor and glory than is given to ordinary mortals to accomplish. When we take the circumstances into account, and the materials with which she had to work on the barren plains of Kansas forty years ago, we are filled with astonishment at the marvelous results. Such women are the salt of the earth. She was 'a valiant woman' truly, and her name shall be in benediction in this Western land for ages yet to come!

"Such a luminary, however, would lead us to suspect that lesser lights revolved around her—twilight came at last, and amid the thickening shadows the stars appeared; the evening star, the brightest intellect of all, was venerable Mother Vincent; but the light that ruled the night of doubt and darkness and storm was Mother Josephine. This woman was a splendid figure. Great in heart and mind and soul and frame, she was aided by the grace of God to put her grand faculties to the very best possible use."

The reverend orator then gave a brief summary of her life and works, and concluded by saying: "The past few months were spent in prayer and in acts of resignation to the will of God. On last Friday she completed, to her great

delight, the devotion of the nine first Fridays in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. Finally, full of trust in the mercy of God, and fortified by all the consolations of religion she resigned her noble spirit into the hands of Him who gave it. May she rest in peace, for to such as she the promise made by our Lord when He said: 'Come to Me, all you that labor and are heavily burdened, and I will refresh you.'

"Sweet rest, sweet rest! O, the toil and the tears and the struggle of a burdened life! 'Come, my love, my dove, my little one, and I will refresh you.' 'I Myself will be your reward exceeding great,' for 'I was hungry and you gave me to eat; thirsty and you gave me to drink; naked and you clothed me; I was sick and in prison and you visited me. Come, cease from toil, lay down thy burden and I will refresh you.' 'The one talent I gave thee thou hast increased it a hundred-fold. Because thou wert faithful in little things, I placed thee over many; enter now into the joy of thy Lord. Enter, fear not—thy wedding garment has been spun from the web of life, and the warp thereof is the love of God and the woof is spun from human sorrow, for thou hast loved thy God with thy whole heart and thy whole soul and thy whole mind, and thy neighbor even as thyself. Thou hast kept the lamp of faith replenished with the oil of good works; now thy Bridegroom cometh. Enter, O wise virgin, enter into the joy of the Lord.' "

## CHAPTER XL.

Seventy members of the community have died since its foundation in 1858 to the present year, 1898. Of the number, twelve are buried in Montana, one in St. Louis, Mo., one in Wyoming, three in Colorado, and one in Salina, Kansas—the remaining fifty-two are sleeping in the peaceful cemetery of Mount Olivet at the Mother House.

Several of these deaths have already been recorded in the course of this narrative, and the remainder deserve a page—not because they were striking figures in the history of the community as few amongst them distinguished themselves in any especial manner—they were generally only "Sisters" amongst other Sisters, leading in the eyes of the world only common-place lives.

"The moon and the stars are common-place things,  
And the flowers that bloom and the birds that sing;  
But dark were the world and sad were our lot  
If the flowers should fall and the sun shine not!"

Sister Cornelia Curran's death was the only one of the year 1870. A year passed; then for the three following one Sister a year died: Sister Mary Gonzaga Devine died October 2, 1872; Sister Mary Basil Williams, October 25, 1873; and Sister Mary Olive Smith, December 13, 1874.

In the year 1875 four Sisters died: Sister Mary Serena Harrington, January 12th; Sister Regina Dempsey, one of the pioneer Sisters of Montana, who was brought home in a failing state of health, died May 5th; Sister Mary Cecilia McMahon, a Novice, June 6th; and Sister Mary Jerome Nagle, June 29th.

In 1876 Sister Mary Loyola Hogan, who was holding the office of Procuratrix at the Mother House, died January 17th, and Sister Emilda Traynor, whose death was men-



tioned in the chapter on the "Mission at Lawrence," died February 12th.

Sister Mary Pius Black, a Sister beloved by all, was the only member of the community who died in the year 1877. She passed away at the midnight hour Christmas eve, just as High Mass was begun. There was an odd superstition amongst the Sisters to the effect that, if a person died on the eve of Christmas, the body would never decay. When the remains of the Sisters were removed from the parish cemetery in 1884 to be transferred to the community burying-ground, there was much curiosity to view the body of Sister Mary Pius, who had been dead seven years. It was found when the coffin was opened to have suffered the fate of the other bodies—"Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

One Sister died in 1878, Sister Ignatia McCormack, on October 24th.

Three members were claimed in the year 1880—the year 1879 having passed without a death. The first of the three was Sister Mary Ursula Sebus, on February 3d, after suffering long and severely from that dread disease, cancer. Sister Agnes McGrath died at the Mission House in Salina on March 20th, and Sister Mary Alacoque Malone, niece of Brother John Lawless, S.J., one of the early benefactors of the Leavenworth community, died October 29th.

Three members also died in the year 1881. The first was a Novice, Sister Mary Basil Lynch, on June 2d. The next victim of this year was the "little martyr of obedience," who was also a Novice—Sister Leocritia Carroll—and whilst writing this name, the name of this beautiful saintly little Novice of St. Mary's, the image of other virgin saints—Saint Agnes, Saint Lucy, and Saint Agatha—appear to our mental vision, and among them we fancy we see our dear Sister Leocritia, as we have often observed her, with radiant face, downcast eyes, and the peace of Heaven on her countenance!

She seemed thoroughly impressed with the truthfulness of the saying of the Imitation—"that a watch over the senses is the foundation of purity, the discipline of peace, and the mirror of devotion."

When Sister Leocritia was preparing to make her First Communion, she had asked as a favor of our Lord that she might die a martyr for His sake, and a little martyr of obedience she died.

The Novices were waxing the floors of the Academy, and the oil and wax had to be heated before using. This fatal morning, July 7th, the two ingredients were put into an iron kettle and placed on the stove, where, if left too long, they would ignite. Sister Leocritia, as being most trustworthy, though so young—she was just eighteen—was given charge of the kettle, with the injunction not to let it out of her hands. When it was sufficiently heated she tried to lift the kettle from the stove, but could not, and the next moment the oil blazed up and enveloped her in the flames. She still held on to the handle of the kettle, until the Sisters who were working near by rushed to her aid, and extinguished the blaze with their aprons or whatever they could find convenient.

They carried her to the infirmary with her habit and clothing burned off, and the flesh dropping from her hands and arms. The priest and doctor were at her side as soon as possible. The doctor pronounced her burns fatal, and Father Downey prepared her for death. She was perfectly conscious, and had a sweet smile for every one entering the room. The harrowing event occurred about nine o'clock on the morning of the 7th, and in the early hours of the 8th the little martyr had gone to receive her crown.

The Sister who had taken the habit with her came into the room a few hours after the sad catastrophe, when Sister Leocritia turned to her with a bright smile of triumph, and said, "I got ahead of you, Sister Juliana." They were

both to make their vows in a few months, and she was permitted to make hers on her death-bed.

Dear little Sister Leocritia, pray for us!

The third death of this year was that of Sister Rosalia Casey, who contracted a severe cold while teaching in the damp basement of St. Patrick's Church, Kansas City, Mo. This cold resulted in a lingering consumption, of which she died November 26th.

1882 passed without a death, but 1883 claimed three members of the community. Sister Mary Cleophas Gullfoyle died at St. John's Hospital, Helena, Montana, February 11th, and was the first of the Leavenworth Sisters to be buried in that distant clime. Four days after, February 15th, at the Mother House, Sister Blandina McCarthy died. The weather was so intensely cold and the ground so stiffly frozen that it was found impossible to bury her in the parish cemetery, then the usual place of interment for the Sisters. Her body was kept two days waiting for the weather to moderate. At the expiration, finding no indications of warmer weather, a grave was dug with much difficulty in the grounds west of the Academy, and there, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, in a biting cold wind, was the body of Sister Blandina deposited, and there it remained until the next year, when it was transferred to the community's new cemetery, Mount Olivet, northeast of St. Mary's Academy. Sister Bridget Byrne, who has been mentioned as one of the faithful workers in the early days of the struggling little community, was the last to die this year. She fell into a decline and was sent to St. Louis for special treatment, and here she died on July 27th and was buried in the graveyard of the Sisters of Charity of that city.

1884 is a memorable year from the fact that the new cemetery, Mount Olivet, was blessed for the burial of the Leavenworth Sisters. Sister Mary Xavier McLaughlin died July 1st of this year, but she was not the first to occupy

the new cemetery. She died in distant Montana, in Butte, but was taken to Helena for interment. Sister Florence McDonald, who died September 8th, was the first interred in the new Mount Olivet. In the fall of this year the bodies of all the Sisters who had been buried in the parish cemetery were brought here.

Sister Mary Zita Sullivan, who had charge of the "little girls' dormitory" at the time of the deadly cyclone of 1882, was the only death in 1885. She died on January 21st, after lingering some time with that dire disease, pulmonary consumption.

At St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Leavenworth, on March 2, 1886, Sister Mary Joseph Taylor, one of the original "Twelve" Sisters, died after a laborious life. She had long been a patient sufferer from heart disease. On March 22d of this same year, in Deer Lodge, Montana, Sister Mary Paul Fay died. Her remains were taken to Helena for burial. The last death of this year, 1886, was that of Sister Mary Margaret Quinlan, who died at the Mother House on the 15th of September.

There were two deaths in 1887: the first, that of Sister Lucilla Ryan at the Mother House, March 11th; and the other a very unlooked-for one—that of Sister Francis de Sales Cannon, who, much to the grief of her pupils, died of pneumonia after a short illness at St. Vincent's Academy, Helena, Montana, on December 10th.

The next year, 1888, passed until December 1st without a death in the community, but on this day Sister Bernard Mary Pendergast died, after a long and painful illness.

In the first month of the next year, 1889, on the 26th, Sister Mary Berchmans Walsh died at the Mother House. At the same time in the infirmary was Sister Modesta O'Hara, who had been ill for months and whose death was certainly expected to take place before that of Sister Mary Berchmans, but she lingered until February 14th.

Sister Mary Helen Mackin was the only one to die in 1890, on February 27th.

In 1891, Sister Antonia died January 13th at the Mother House, and on November 24th of the same year Sister Basilissa Fitzgerald died at St. Vincent's Academy, Helena, Montana.

Sister Helena Donnelly was the first one to die in the year 1892. February 6th, and her death was followed by that of Sister Mary Kostka O'Connor on February 11th. In this same year, on October 1st, Sister Philomena Quinlan died at St. Joseph's Hospital, Laramie, Wyoming. Her remains are buried there.

The year 1893 was rendered a very memorable one by the tragic death of Sister Joseph Marie O'Connor at St. Joseph's Hospital, Denver, Colorado, on January 16th. Sister Pancratia Cannon was the second of the four deaths of this year. She was brought home in failing health from St. Vincent's Academy, Helena, and died at the Mother House, April 30th. On the next day, May 1st, at Salina, Kansas, Sister Justina Mackin died. She was buried there. On August 3d of this year, Sister Mary Kilian Fleckenstein died, making four deaths in one year—so many in so short a space of time had not occurred since 1875, a period of eighteen years.

There were two deaths for the next year, 1894: that of Sister Mary Frances McMahon, on May 26th; and that of Sister Mary Gregory Shanahan, who died December 7th, the day after the new Chapel was dedicated. Hers was the first corpse to enter its walls.

Venerable Mother Xavier, whose death has been noticed elsewhere, was the first to open the death-roll for the year 1895. She died on April 2d. Her death was followed by that of Sister Mary John Boyle on June 8th. In the same month, on the 21st, Sister Perpetua Cummings died at St. John's Hospital in Helena, Montana. There were two more deaths in this year: Sister Mary Benedict Miehle, who died

July 25th, at St. Ann's Hospital, Anaconda, Montana; and Sister Mary Gabriel Hess, who died August 27th, at St. John's Hospital, Helena, Montana.

Sister Gertrude Ryan was the first of five Sisters that death claimed in 1896. She was another member of the original "Twelve" members of the community. She died on March 20th, after a short illness. At St. Joseph's Hospital, Denver, Colorado, Sister Anastasia Vasey, a faithful, hard-working Sister, who had been in the community in the days of the "starving time," died June 9th. In Helena, Montana, at St. Joseph's Orphans' Home, on August 22d, Sister Jovita Jennings died. On October 13th, Sister Mary Veronica O'Connor died at St. Ann's Hospital, Anaconda, Montana. The last death of this year was that of Sister Mary Finbar Corkery, a Novice, on November 7th. She was admitted to vows on her death-bed.

There were six deaths in 1897: Sister Seraphine Hammond died January 15th. She was one of the first boarders of St. Mary's Academy on Kickapoo Street, and niece of the old friend of the community—Dr. M. S. Thomas, whose name has occurred in these pages. Sister Mary Loretto Curry, admitted to vows during her illness, died on February 11th. On May 9th Sister Mary Ann Moran died, of whom a Sister wrote on the day of her decease:

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!" How readily these words come to mind when we take up our pen to speak of the Sister who this morning was called to her reward.

"Sister Mary Ann's death, coming in our Mother's month and on the Feast of St. Joseph's Patronage, was a fitting close to the life with which for more than a quarter of a century she edified the community. Hers was but another of those hidden souls, which, unknown and unnoticed, give out a fragrance of virtue detected only by those of refined sensibilities in matters spiritual.

"And now that she is gone, and the presence of death

leads to reflection, even we of the common kind can see that hers was a life favorably marked by Heaven. Lacking the mental gifts and bodily grace which the worldly-wise deem needful, she nevertheless applied herself to her occupation and acquitted herself of her duties with a fidelity and exactness which would put to shame many of us more robust and physically better endowed.

"Obedience, simple and born of faith, respect for Superiors and her Sisters, gratitude for trifling favors—these, with a cheerful endurance of affliction and a lingering illness, were her characteristic virtues, and in their light the shrivelled form has a beauty not of earth.

"'Mere choice, or temperament,' those of little faith may say, to content one's self with a life of quiet peace and prayer; and 'lack of intelligence' to await with patient longing the moment to see Mary in a splendor Heaven wrought, and far transcending in beauty that which our crude fancy lovingly contrived, and to be led by her to look upon the human face of Jesus; and 'mere chance' that such a life should close in early May and on a feast when we love to believe St. Joseph holds the keys of Heaven. '*Ite ad Joseph!*' May our Sister know the full significance of these words to-day, and may it be her happy occupation in Heaven to obtain for each of the community a death precious in the sight of the Lord."

There was another death in May of this year: on the 15th Sister Mary Annunciata Counihan, a Novice, died at St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Leavenworth. Sister Barbara Vohs died August 7th, and Sister Ann Joseph Dwyer on December 6th.

The first death of 1898 was that of Sister Adelaide Callahan, on January 20th, at St. Joseph's Hospital, Denver, Colorado. Mother Josephine's death, on February 7th, was followed by that of Sister Mary de Chantal Hall, on March 11th. Sister Mary de Chantal was one of the first boarding pupils the Sisters had at the old St. Mary's Acad-

emy in Nashville, Tenn. On the 23d of July Sister Mary Bridget O'Rourke died at St. Ann's Hospital, Anaconda, Montana, and was buried there. At the Mother House Sister Mary Luke Burke died on July 28th, and on August 20th Sister Mary Assissi Meagher, a Novice, who was admitted to vows on her bed of death and went to our Lord with a smile on her face. On November 2d, Sister Ann Davis died at St. Joseph's Hospital, Deer Lodge, Montana. She was one of the original "Twelve." Her remains are buried in Helena.

With the death of this Sister our task, our pleasing task, is ended, and as farewell, we gratefully say that we are glad "to have had the honor of depositing upon the silent shore of Memory *images* and *precious thoughts* that shall not die and cannot be destroyed."

*Finis.*